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JERUSALEM AS BESIEGED BY TITUS



THE
LITERARY
AND
THEATRICAL
MAGAZINE
FOR
THE CITY AND EMPIRE
OF JERUSALEM.

BY
M. DE BAROLLET

AND
OTHERS.



EWISH FAMILY ON MORN ZION

TO

THE REV. F. A. BARTLETT,

This Memorial of Jerusalem

IS INSCRIBED BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

P R E F A C E .

THIS little work is the result of a visit to Jerusalem in the summer of 1842. Before that period, the Author was quite unable to form any distinct idea of its appearance from then existing works: not so much from the absence of graphic descriptions, for such abound, as from the desultory style of the writers, and the absence of a connected plan, together with the want of *correct* and *well-chosen* Views.

On this last point he may perhaps be deemed to arrogate too much, yet his conviction is honest, that *no* Views of Jerusalem, *at all* valuable for the purpose of topographical or historical illustration have yet appeared, though so many have been published, which as works of art are very beautiful. This led him to form the idea of attempting to give a clear, connected, and accurate view of the City, by gradually tracing its progress from the earliest period of authentic history, restoring its past appearance by a careful study of existing data, and exhibiting its present condition, in a series

of Views *chosen with express reference to historical illustration*, and in which the *local character* should be the only object, and where, at every step, the past and present should be compared.

If the student who reads the history of Jerusalem in the Scriptures, or in Josephus, or the pages of later historians, can find in this little work any assistance in bringing before him a *picture* of what they *describe*, the principal object of the writer is gained.

The restoration of the ancient City was prompted by the admirable work of Dr. Robinson, to whom all travellers are deeply indebted. The Author has availed himself of his researches and suggestions; and though in some respects differing in opinion with the learned professor, it would be wrong not to state, that if there be any merit in the attempt, it is due to him, the first writer who has thrown any light upon the subject.

The small size of the Illustrations occasions some obscurities; they are presented, however, as *generally* faithful and correct, nothing being added for mere picturesque effect.

The Author's inexperience in literary composition will, he trusts, excuse several faults; but he ventures to hope, that by entering into his plan, and following it out with care, the reader may obtain a tolerably clear idea of a City so deeply interesting to his best associations.

The warm thanks of the Author are due to his friend Mr. Catherwood, for his interesting article on the enclosure of the Temple of Solomon, and for many valuable suggestions.

London, April, 1844.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE sale of an edition of this work, with the favourable notices of the journals, induce the writer to hope, that the object he had in view in its publication has in some measure been realised. This, be it remembered, was less to produce an amusing, than useful manual; to give a systematic and correct, though not highly graphic portraiture of a City, which had always before been treated as a subject for poetical and picturesque effect. In revising the work for a second edition, some views have been modified by further inquiry and correspondence. It is gratifying to the writer, and may be a source of confidence to the untravelled reader to know, that the good selection and general accuracy of the illustrations have been admitted by those best competent to form a judgment of them.

The numerous and lengthy quotations have been, with reason, objected to. These were owing to the

writer's wish to render his work useful, by distinctly identifying the scenes described both in the Bible and other books, in order to which, he gave at full length the passages relating to them, which, though not necessary for some readers, appeared so perhaps for the majority. The meagre description of the siege by Josephus, and other historical sketches, were introduced only to enable the reader of better and fuller histories to understand exactly the localities of the city, as alluded to in them. A considerable number of quotations, however, are omitted in this edition, and the space occupied by original and useful matter.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT does not enter into the plan of the author of this little work to give a detailed account of his route to Jerusalem ; suffice it to say, that by the wild scenes of the Lower Danube, the imperial beauty of Constantinople, and the classic islands of the Archipelago, touching at Rhodes and Cyprus, he reached Beyrouth, on the Syrian coast, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, in the month of June, from whence he decided on going to Jaffa by sea. A few notes of this coasting voyage are given by way of introduction.

We reached Beyrouth in the morning, and by the kindness of Mr. Heald, a British merchant, were enabled to make arrangements for setting off with the land-breeze in the evening. Out of a crowd of dubious characters, who presented themselves as servants, we selected one who had travelled with Captain Basil Hall and other Englishmen, and had been broken into their ways : his name is Achmet, and we will venture to

say, that he will prove an acquisition to any traveller in Palestine.

On going on board in the evening, we found our open craft small and felucca-rigged, manned by half-a-dozen Arabs and a Reis, or captain, whose negociation with Mr. Heald afforded me a useful practical lesson, seeing that from one hundred piastres for one passenger, he came down to sixty for three. After this I always found that it was better to save time and expenditure of breath by offering, at once, half the price demanded on similar occasions—which was still a sufficiently generous, not to say exorbitant, remuneration. Our company was motley: we had the post of honour upon the ballast in the stern of the boat; forward were various Turkish passengers. One had accompanied us from Constantinople, where he had bought a young female slave, probably as a cherisher of his old age, whom he kept strictly cooped up: for all this he was a perfect patriarch in appearance, and went through his devotions with great punctuality.

After the comforts of a good steamer, it was rather rough work in this open craft, which, in addition to other inconveniences, had “a most ancient and fish-like smell,” while there was nothing to repose on but the ribs of the boat, and ballast of sand and shingle. On this we spread our cloaks and baggage, and occupied ourselves for some hours in the difficult study of the

“ softest corner” for our night’s repose. The land breeze had not sprung up ; the evening was soft and cloudy ; the boats rose slightly on the glassy heave of the sea, shooting up their picturesque masts and rigging among the stars ; the evening gun was fired from an English frigate lying near, and the notes of our national hymn, always so touching in a foreign land, burst magically from her decks. By degrees the sounds of dogs and men ceased from the town, and perfect silence was established : the moon rose above Lebanon, and was reflected in a long trail of silvery light upon the sea. Soothed by the influences of the hour, after an exciting day, we lay down, covered with our cloaks, and slept till midnight.

We were suddenly awakened by the noise of the sailors, who, with wild Arab chants, were heaving the anchor and spreading our broad latine-sail : the breeze had sprung up, and softly and swiftly our bark ran out of the harbour into the open moonlit sea : a second time we lay down and fell asleep. Such interruptions are common in the East, where the sweetest and deepest repose is generally under the canopy of heaven.

Awaking on the morrow, in the broad sunshine, we found that we were running along the coast of ancient Phœnicia ; a narrow line of fertile plain, backed by the magnificent ranges of Mount Lebanon, rising gradually one above another, and dotted with convents and villages,

up to the very snow on their summits. All this ground was familiar to me. I looked up at the hills above Sidon for Djouni, the residence of Lady Hester Stanhope, (now no more,) whom I had seen there on my first journey. We ran close off the city, (Saida,) rising picturesquely from the blue sea, with her old Gothic castle, a little the worse for the last bombardment. A little further, Sarepta* (Sarafend) appeared on a hill, overlooking the ancient “coasts of Tyre and Sidon.”

We sat under the shadow of our sail and breakfasted, our coffee making the round of the crew and company. Notwithstanding our rough accommodation, our spirits were buoyant as the day; a light breeze urged us steadily on our course through the rippling waves, and we were running along a coast of great beauty and of imperishable renown. Tyre soon appeared—a low rocky point projecting into the sea. The plague was among her scattered habitations: these, of course, are on the *island*. The sand has gathered about Alexander’s causeway, forming a broad way to the inland plain, where there are a few fragments of aqueducts, and scattered vestiges of antiquity, on the supposed site of the city on the mainland. For the cry from her thousand ships and crowded port, there is nothing but silence and

1 Kings, chap. xvii.

The ancient city, however, stood, it is supposed, on the plain beneath, extending to the sea.

a few fishing-boats, and we should have run past the spot without notice, had we not known that a great commercial city once existed there—the “London” of the old world.

The day wore away as we reached the shores of Palestine proper, which burst upon us just beyond a bold promontory, called “the White Cape,” from the appearance of its cliffs. Here the hills of Nazareth and Zafed, the long range of Mount Carmel dropping into the sea, and a wide extent of plain, came into sight; a beautiful, but lifeless expanse; upon the distant summits we thought we could make out some of the strong castles of the Crusaders. Among the hills of Gallilee, thus opening before us, was spent all the youth of Jesus; these valleys and plains must have witnessed his earliest wanderings. Far different are our associations, as the white walls of St. John of Acre are seen rising out of the waves, on their rocky reef, with the Mount of Richard, the now silent plain where the Crusaders encamped, and which once resounded with their tumultuous onset. As we sail past, scene upon scene arises before the mind, of bloody siege by land and sea. At the S. E. angle stood Napoleon, directing, in vain, assault upon assault, foiled by the chivalry of the British hero; while, in their turn, the British have left sad traces upon the crumbling walls. Not a solitary figure was seen on their ramparts, and the city looked wholly lifeless and forsaken as we passed. Years ago we stood on Mount Carmel,

and asked ourselves, as we looked upon this “Key of Syria,” whether her fill of blood was yet measured:—the last “pacification” of the East was a fearful answer. We may repeat the question, and time will probably bring forth a similar reply; for when that land becomes the prize of contending nations, Acre cannot fail again of her harvest of slaughter.

The breeze had suddenly increased almost into a gale, and the sea rolled heavily into the bay: we began to think of anchoring at Caipha; but as we came on, labouring under the rocky point of Mount Carmel, a change took place, almost with the suddenness of magic. The sun was setting, broad and red, and when his disk touched the stormy horizon, the wind instantly dropped, and left us tossing about in an agitated sea, crimsoned with the reflection of his fiery beams, which lighted up the solitary white walls of the convent on Mount Carmel, and the far distant hills of Galilee, with a dying splendour. It was a moment of wild and glorious beauty. With a light breeze we ran along the shore towards Cæsarea; passing in the dark the remarkable ruins of Castel Pellegrino, one of the chief strongholds of the Crusaders in Palestine. The night was cloudy, the moon pale and sickly; all along the desolate plains, we heard the wild unearthly shriek of the jackal, roaming among its ruins; and the low dull roll of the surge upon the beach, increased the poetic melancholy of the place and hour. No other sounds now break “the

mournful silence of that shore, “which once echoed with the world’s debate.”*

I was obliged to sit up on the watch, lest the Reis should take advantage of my sleep to run on past Cæsarea, the fair wind tempting him to do so: when a few instants’ slumber overtook me, he was quietly slipping out of sight of land, with a view to *forget* the whereabouts of the ruined city—but this manœuvre was defeated by my vigilance; and, as the moon was fading in the sky, and the dawn appearing over the distant mountains of Samaria, we ran abreast of the shapeless ruins of the once famous seaport of Herod. The sailors lowered a small boat, and we rowed ashore. A long pier of solid workmanship projects into the sea, of Roman construction,—perhaps the mole mentioned by Josephus,—and on this, ruin upon ruin, are the remains of a structure of the middle ages, once apparently a church; at some distance north, in a parallel line with the mole, a great number of broken columns lie scattered on a reef of rock. Here was probably the port, where St. Paul, sailing for Italy, took leave for ever of Palestine. Gaining an elevated spot, we cast our eyes around, to see if there were further vestiges, but could discover nothing, except a few fragments of the wall of the Gothic city rising above its fosse, half buried in the wild herbage which spreads over the desolate plain.

* Gibbon, speaking of the Crusades.

Again on board, the wind dropped, and almost at the end of our cruise we lay unsheltered in our open boat, with the “ennui” of a dead calm and a monotonous sandy coast. Could we have perceived on shore any signs of life, we should have landed and endeavoured to procure horses; but as it was, resignation, of which the Oriental traveller comes by degrees to have a great stock, was our only resource during the hours that passed before we reached the dull walls of Jaffa. This city of almost fabulous antiquity is on a bold hill; its buildings are gloomy and ruinous, and its port dangerous. The arrival of a ship of war could hardly have created more sensation, than did that of our paltry bark; people were on the roofs of their houses, or glancing from their wooden lattices; and, as we neared the shore, a mighty Arab vociferation arose, in the midst of which we landed in triumph, and were instantly seized on by a considerate and most polite person, who enjoys the valuable privilege of providing English travellers with horses. Under his guidance, we clambered through ruinous streets and arched passages into the upper part of the city, in search of the worthy native who acted as British consul. Hungry and tired, we listened with impatience to a long and feeling detail of the oppressions of our old allies, the Turks, who, thanks to us, are now enabled to do pretty much as they please, till at length some refreshment was presented us, and a bed prepared in

the middle of a large and dreary hall. Recollecting former nocturnal vigils here, we entered it with misgivings, nor were we at all mistaken; and to add to our misery, a violent storm of wind and rain prevented us from seeking repose on the terrace without. This was our second sleepless night consecutively, kept awake as we now were by swarms of Consular vermin.

Early in the morning our preparations were completed, and our baggage arranged, and taking leave of our hospitable host, with the devout hope that we should never trouble him again, we urged our horses through the ruinous streets, and issued into the open country. After the storm in the night, the morning air was exquisitely fresh—the blue arch of heaven most glorious. Now, indeed, we felt that we were in the “Land of the East, the clime of the sun;” but a few hours’ ride from the object of our pilgrimage. And beautiful were the gardens of Jaffa, through which we rode. Here the “graceful waving palm” rose into the sky, charged with her clusters of dates, and rustling with the softest of sounds in the summer air; the broad, dark-leaved, overhanging fig dropped her fruit into the path; the golden citron, with the delicate vermillion-flowered pomegranate, and the clustering vine, richly mantled over the sandy soil. The gardens abounded in rose and jasmin trees, and a variety of odiferous flowers. Beneath the deep shade of the carob-tree the white-veiled women grouped round the fountain.

The village chief, his dusk face, piercing eyes, and white teeth, overshadowed by his golden-striped head-dress, passed by on his glossy Arabian, his gun and sword and brilliant trappings glittering in the sun ; and long files of camels, charged with merchandize, on which women and children were often seated, slowly paced along, projecting their strange shadows on the glowing sand. Every object was strikingly novel in character, and independent of its picturesque beauty, was linked by a delicious association with our earliest dreams of Biblical scenery and incident. Such are the chances of Oriental travel ; days of weariness and nights of watching ; — but then, *hours* of intense enjoyment, gathered up by memory as her treasure for after life.

Three hours' ride brought us to Ramla, beautifully situated above the plain of Ludd, (Lydda,) and Saron, (Sharon,) among groves of palm and prickly pear, possessing, too, a very singular tower, of Saracenic architecture, formerly intended as a minaret,* though appearing rather like the belfry of a Christian convent. We made no stay here, anxious to arrive, if possible, that evening at Jerusalem ; but in crossing the plain we encountered the noon-tide heat of a Syrian sun, and were annoyed by swarms of gnats, and parched by intolerable thirst. The water in our leather bottles was soon exhausted, and had not the peasant girls

* Robinson.

brought us a welcome supply, as we went through the villages, anxious to gain a few paras from the passing stranger, we should have suffered cruelly. In the afternoon, we entered the hills, having on our right Amwas, or Emmaus, and soon after we came upon a well by the road-side, most welcome to us in “that dry and thirsty land.” Grouped around were a motley host of tired wayfarers. The Arab sheik, letting down his water-skin into the well, drew thence to supply his fainting steed, drinking from a hollowed stone, flocks of glossy-haired goats and sheep, with loud bleatings, surrounded their appointed trough, which it required the constant labour of several women to keep full, and caravans of camels, relieved of their burdens, were reposing around, their drivers eagerly crowding to the brink. We were as weary and as thirsty as the rest ; and letting down our jars, indulged in long and repeated draughts, and stretched in the shadow of a huge rock, enjoyed an hour of delicious repose. In the afternoon we resumed our course, and entering the hill country of Judea, threaded narrow gorges,* where a few resolute men might keep an army at bay ;† and thence ascended hill after hill, round

* I regretted afterwards that I did not take the pass of Beth Horon (Beit-ur) through the hill country of Judea. It is a few miles to the north of that by which I traversed it, and as direct from the sea-coast, but of this I was not at the time aware.

† Here was perpetrated the recent murder of the two Pashas who were going to Jerusalem, by order of Abu Ghush.

and rocky, yet bearing on their summits neat villages, surrounded by olive-groves and corn. Upon one of these, which proved, on inquiry, to be Kuryet el-Enab,* the ancient Kirjath Jearim, we descended “at shut of eve,” and its sheltered, beautiful appearance irresistibly invited us to repose. On the flat roof of the principal house the “elders” of the village were seated, quietly chatting and smoking in the coolness of the evening air. We applied for a resting-place, and were conducted to the court of a mosque, in the centre of which were a tall palm and a fountain; and shortly after the Sheik, of the family of Abu Ghûsh,† sent us some dishes for our supper, and came down himself to visit us.

Notwithstanding our fatigue, and the inviting nature of our quarters, we found it impossible to sleep. We were but three hours’ distance from Jerusalem. Rising at midnight, we pursued our way by the light of the innumerable stars—glorious in the blue depth of an Asian sky. Not a sound was heard but the tramp of our horses’ hoofs upon the rocky pathway. The outlines of the hilly region we were traversing were dim and indistinct; far grander than they would have appeared by the light of day. We soon came to the tremendous descent of Wady Beit-Hanina, long and slippery, over slabs of rock, and deep gullies worn by

* Robinson.

† Indeed we believe no other than the redoubted chieftain himself.

the winter rains ; with many a slide, and narrow escape from falling headlong, we reached the bottom in safety, where we found caravans of camels and asses, with their guides asleep by the wayside, waiting for the morning light to enter the city gates. We pursued our way along the wild and stony path—an hour yet remained—one of strange and indescribable excitement. I had stood alone within the awful circle of the Coliseum, when faintly touched by the light of the rising moon, and had watched the lunar rainbow spanning the eternal foam which rises from the base of Niagara ; but this nocturnal approach to the ancient capital of Judea, across her bleak and desolate hills, awoke a more sublime and thrilling emotion. The walls of that city, the scene of events which must ever remain the most touching in their influence upon the human heart, which I had so long and earnestly hoped to see, were, after one disappointment,* at length at hand. As the stars began to fade from the heavens, and the dawn to break over the eastern mountains, I sought to pierce the gloom which wrapped the silent region around ; but nothing could be distinguished, and it was not till the first red glow of

* When on occasion of a visit to Palestine some years before, on landing at Jaffa, I found the country in a state of commotion, which rendered it impossible for myself and companions to reach Jerusalem.

morning glanced over the eastward hill-tops, that I caught sight of the city. There was nothing grand or striking in the vision—a line of dull walls, a group of massive towers, a few dark olives, rising from a dead and sterile plain, were all that met the eye; yet, enough that this was Jerusalem—the Holy City: her mournful aspect well suits with the train of recollections she awakens.

We had to wait some time outside the Jaffa Gate before the Turkish sentinel unbarred it. It swung slowly open, and our horses' hoofs first sounded on the broken pavement, and we advanced among ruinous heaps and waste places. Passing beneath the stern Tower of Hippicus, with its Roman basement, we turned up a narrow lane which led us to the highest part of the city, then the station of the British Consulate, whither we repaired, in hope of meeting with an old school friend, Mr. Johns, who held the appointment in the absence of Mr. Young, and who was also the architect of the new church on Mount Zion, connected with the Episcopal mission. My reception was warm and cordial, and it was arranged that during the day I should accept his hospitality, and at night repair to a cell in the Latin convent, with which I had every reason to be satisfied, as, after late watches in open boats and elsewhere, a clean bed was no small luxury, though with sheets of penitentiary coarse-

ness. This convent is, next to the Armenian, the best resting place in Jerusalem, and, as most travellers remain there, I shall, in describing the city, always set out from it.

After mutual greetings and home news over a good breakfast, we laid down our plan of operations. Mr. J. was already familiar with every part of the city and its environs, and we repeatedly visited together the principal objects of interest. The first thing was to make the circuit of the walls, and looking out of the casement I perceived that we were close upon them: they nearly resemble those of York and other ancient cities in England, having steps, at intervals, leading up to the battlemented breastwork; we ascended just at the western extremity of the city, whence the wall gradually descends the slope of Acra, towards Bezetha. The morning was very favourable—gray and cloudy; the light and shade swept fitfully over the city and hills—sad, stony, and sterile, dotted with a few dark olives; bringing out successively into strong relief every point of interest. From these Saracenic ramparts we were looking down upon the high rocky plain, N.W. of the city, where, from the earliest time, so many armies have ranged their standards against her: the Assyrian, Roman, Persian, and the toil-worn Crusaders, with their heroic leader, Godfrey of Bouillon. Passing the Damascus gate and advancing to the N.E. angle of the wall, the

view over the interior of the city becomes very striking. That platform with the noble mosque once sustained the temple of Solomon ; beyond is the proud height of Zion ; nearer is the Sepulchre. Deep beneath the whole length of the city-wall, the valley of the Kidron unrolls her memorable scenery, sacred to holier associations than those of warring hosts. That dark plot of olives, in the cleft of the glen, is Gethsemane—above rises the Mount of Olives. The eye wanders from point to point, and it is some time before we are able to realize that in very certainty the scene of so many wonderful events is spread around—that just below are the same paths trodden by Jesus of Nazareth—the very shades to which he retired, and from which he was led to crucifixion upon the dome-covered mount of Calvary, which seems as if we can almost touch it.

Still following the battlements we come to the boundary of the Mosque of Omar, which obliges us to descend, and, passing through St. Stephen's Gate, pursue our way outside the wall inclosing the Mosque ; struck with the singular character of the masonry, large stones of great antiquity forming the basement, and the upper portion formed of smaller, evidently built at a later period into the irregular remains of those below. Here is an ancient gate, with a double arch of Roman architecture, closed up with Saracenic stone-work, through which, tradition says, that the Christians will again enter the city

in triumph. Proceeding along under the wall, we have the rocky Jewish burial-ground, with the tomb of Absalom, at a great depth below, in which both Jews and Mahometans place the scene of the last judgment; the Messiah standing on Olivet, while Mahomet will sit on the fragment of a pillar projecting from the wall.

It is at the S. E. angle of the enclosure that we meet with a most remarkable display of the large masonry before noticed, which exists at intervals all round its area, and must be of great antiquity, at least as old as the time of Herod; perhaps even Solomon may have stood on the very spot, watching the progress of the stupendous work. Still further along the wall is a most extraordinary piece of patchwork, built up across the Tyropeon, of stones of all shapes, sizes, and dates, wrecks of successive periods, mementos of revolution upon revolution. It is overhung by the mosque el-Aksa, and above waves a solitary palm. The wall now climbs the breast of Zion; it is wholly Saracenic, and runs across what was formerly the centre of the city. On the level brow of the hill is a group of buildings, containing the legendary tomb of David, and around it are scattered the cemeteries of the Protestants and Armenians. From hence, following the wall, we come to the towers and fosse of the citadel, where it becomes necessary to descend into the Valley of Hinnom, and soon

after reach the Jaffa Gate, not far from the spot we set out from.

The circumference of the city wall, according to Robinson and others, is something less than two and a half English miles ; and allowing (*vide map*) that the whole of Zion, down to the valley, and a considerable portion of ground north of the city, was formerly enclosed, it would still give it a circumference of but about four miles ;—narrow limits for the population it is said to have contained, especially as so large a space was appropriated to the temple. Here we are justified in rejecting the statements of Josephus, and, in confining our belief to his general description of the quarters of the city, the direction of the walls, and such particulars as he could not well have been mistaken in, or have had any tendency to exaggerate.

We were now familiarized with the position of the principal objects in the city and neighbourhood, and enabled to arrange our description of them in different walks, taking care that one point of view should fill up the deficiencies of another, and no part remain without illustration. But before entering upon this principal object we shall endeavour, in a brief chapter, to bring our survey of the modern city to bear upon the past ; to trace the gradual progress of the ancient city, and to body forth the description by Josephus

of her appearance in the time of Christ, the most deeply-interesting period of her history. Furnished with this general idea, and means of comparison, he will proceed with greater profit and interest to the investigation of the modern city.

ANCIENT JERUSALEM.

IN endeavouring to form some idea of the early condition of a city whose many revolutions have effaced all but its natural and unchangeable landmarks, and some few vestiges of its former greatness, we have sought to compare the scattered notices in the Bible, and the more exact description of the Jewish Historian, with the present state of the fallen capital, guided in so doing by the valuable researches of Robinson and Catherwood. But so much obscurity still hangs over the subject, that beyond those few points which may now be considered as reduced almost to certainty, we can but offer what appear probable conjectures, founded on a careful examination of the spot.

When the Israelites under Moses, after their long sojourn in the desert, hovered on the lofty ridge of the Moab Mountains above the Promised Land, their eyes wandered over deep valleys and rugged hilly ranges, to the Mediterranean Sea. At their feet was the long deep basin of the River Jordan, running through a most luxuriant scene of cultivation into the Dead

Sea:—Jericho with her groves was right over against them, on the further edge of this valley. Beyond this the view glanced over a wild sea of hills, extending in breadth more than twenty miles towards the coast, broken into ravines, and affording, along the highest central ridge, many strong posts, still to be identified by their Arab names, such as Gibeon,* Michmash,† and others, in the midst of which stands Jerusalem, then the hill-fort of the *Jebusites*, the most important in position of them all. The approach on every side but the north is difficult, and easily defended, as, during the eventful history of the city, has often been proved. Beyond Jerusalem the hill-country gradually sinks into the plain of the sea-coast, where Joppa and Cæsarea are situated, to which we have alluded in our introduction.

Supposing ourselves next before the city itself, in the centre of this hilly plateau, we must be struck with its remarkable position. The diagram on the next page gives the natural formation of its site, when Zion alone was built on. This hill, the boldest and most extensive in the city, is separated from *Acra* and *Moriah* by a narrow ravine, called the *Tyropeon*; and it is defended on two sides by the *Valley of Hinnom*, uniting at its base with that of the *Kidron*, or *Jehoshaphat*, which, beginning in the high table-land north of the city, sweeps round and in the same manner defends *Acra*.

* El-Jib. † Muk-mas.—ROBINSON.

and Moriah. These hills were also separated by an interval which, though partly filled up, still exists.

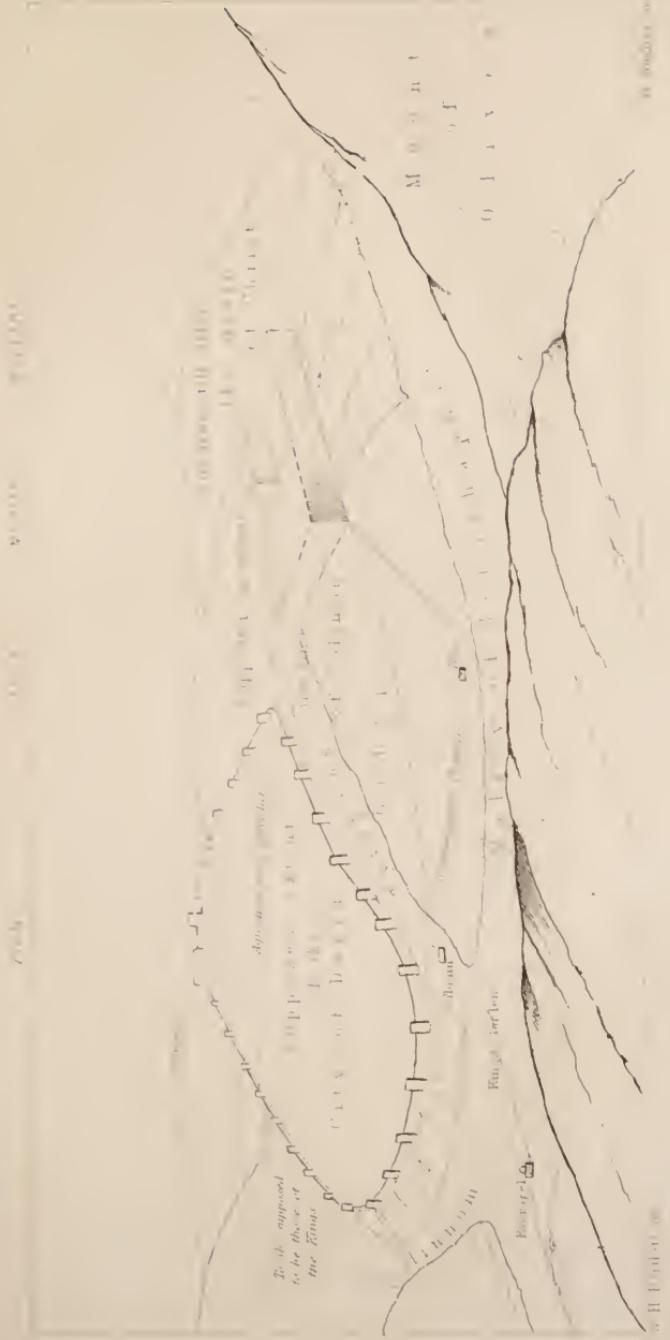
Thus defended, the only part of the site of Jerusalem at all weak was the plain on the north. An account of the final capture of Zion by David* is contained in the second Book of Samuel, chap. v. When this monarch made it his capital instead of Hebron, and gradually subdued the surrounding tribes, it must have received a great accession of buildings; but whether they extended far beyond the hill itself, except as rural suburbs, is doubtful. We know that at this time Moriah was thus occupied, by the mention of the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, where the plague was stayed.

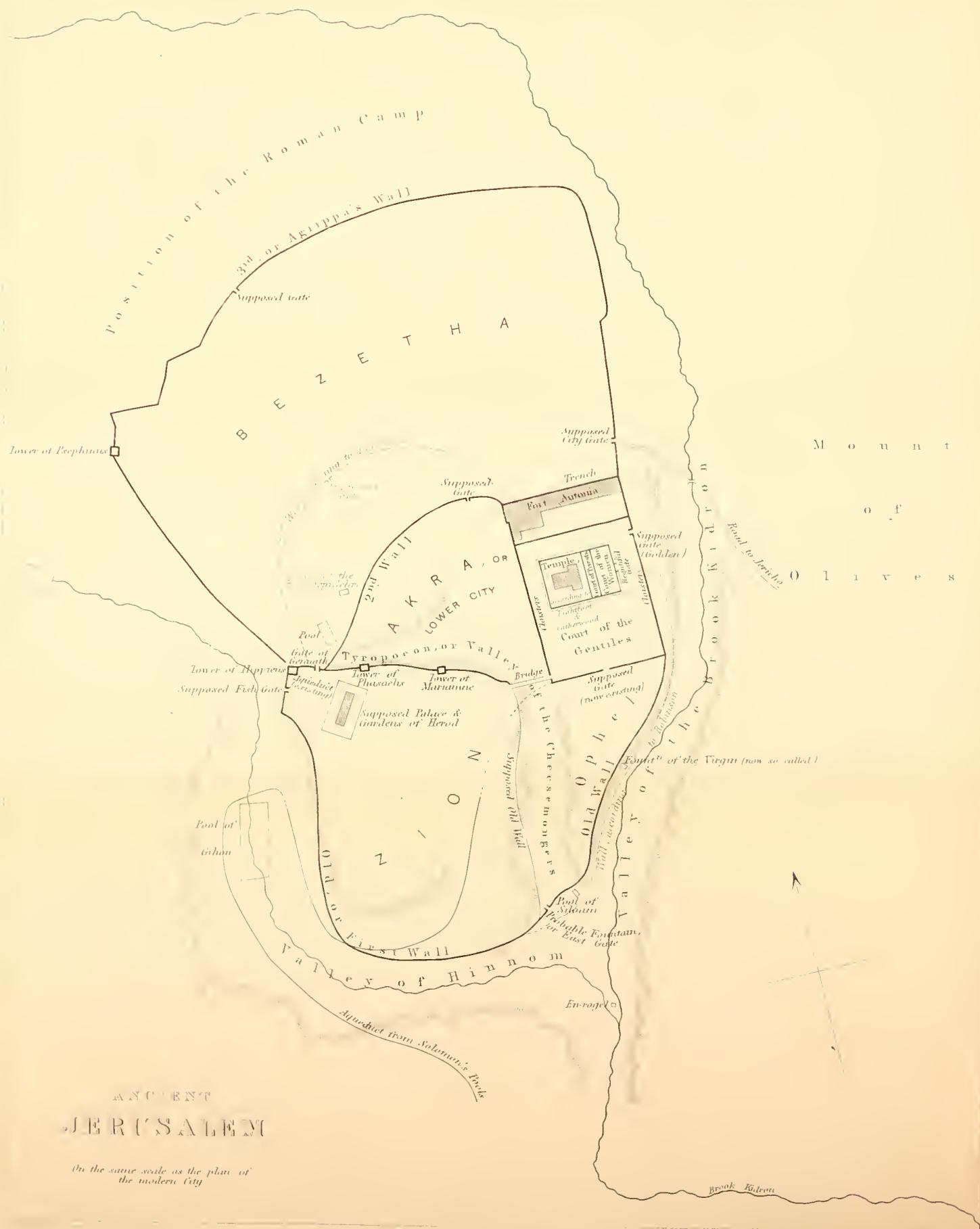
The first act of Solomon was to fulfil the pious intention of his father, David, which had been set aside by the wars in which he was engaged, that of building a temple on Moriah, to the God of Israel. Messengers were sent by him to Huram, King of Tyre,† to make arrangements for a supply of timber from Lebanon,‡ and

* Before this period, the Israelites had never been able to take the upper city when the surrounding country and even the lower town was reduced.

† 2 Chronicles, ii.

‡ So nearly has the cedar disappeared from Lebanon, that there are scattered about the environs of London, within twenty miles' distance, far more of these beautiful trees than exist upon their original and poetic soil.





to seek the assistance of a skilful architect, who is particularly described as the “son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, and his father a man of Tyre, skilful to work in gold, and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber; in purple and blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving, and to find out every device which shall be put to him.” Of the gorgeous temple thus reared by the united skill of Tyrian and Jewish builders, we are unable to form any distinct idea. Its architecture being derived from the Tyrians, was of course similar to theirs; but few monuments of this once proud and flourishing people exist. One remarkable fragment of a late period, near Tunis, is in a Græco-Egyptian taste.* The style of the temple we should imagine to have been more decidedly Egyptian; but all is conjecture, beyond the fact that it stood on Mount Moriah, and that it must have occupied the site of the present Mosque of Omar.

By consulting the diagram it will appear that the rocky top of Moriah, sloping rapidly towards the south, required the work of art and labour to level it, and render it fit for the platform of the temple. This is indicated by the *dotted lines*, which answer in their general character to the appearance of the present site of the Mosque of Omar. (*See “View from the Mount of Olives.”*)

* Of which there is a drawing in the portfolios of Mr. Catherwood.

The extent of the city in the time of Solomon is doubtful, though, we may probably be right in supposing that the Hill of Acra was at this time enclosed, and that the wall took the direction indicated by the *dotted line*, sweeping round from the N. W. angle of Zion to the temple, and thence descending into the valley of the Kidron, inclosing Ophel and joining the old Zion wall, at the mouth of the Tyropeon, at which period it may be conjectured that the pools of the Virgin and Siloam were formed, and the rocky channel between them excavated. As copious supplies must have been required in the temple, the aqueduct from the pools beyond Bethlehem, as well as one somewhere to the north-west of the city, now concealed, may also have entered into the plan. It cannot but be remarked, however, how narrow is the space thus enclosed, and how little it answers to our ideas of the extent of Solomon's capital, still we cannot assign to it a wider range, looking to the nature of the ground and the fact that Bezetha was not at that time walled in.

It seems probable also, that the sterile environs of Jerusalem were, at this period, converted by labour and irrigation into a scene of comparative fertility and beauty. The cedar, brought perhaps from Lebanon, is particularly mentioned among the ornaments of the city. "And the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones, and *cedars made he* to be as the sycamore-trees, that

are in the vale in abundance ;" and another enumeration of the works of the philosophic monarch—

" I made me great works : I builded me houses: I planted me vineyards ;

" I made me gardens, and orchards, and I planted trees in them of *all kinds of fruits*.

" I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees"—

may also have referred to the pools and fountains surrounding the city, by which its environs were fertilized.

Such within and without was Jerusalem, at this "high and palmy" period. But even during the reign of Solomon her greatness began to decline, and the revolt of the provinces, through which the lucrative commerce of the East had enriched Jerusalem, the division of the tribes, and the establishment of the rival city of Samaria, with the misgovernment and crimes of the idolatrous kings, brought her political importance to a close. We have nothing to indicate any remarkable changes in the city, until the siege and captivity in the time of Jeremiah.* If a second wall was not already built by Solomon, to enclose Acra and Moriah as well as Zion, (as indicated in our diagram,) his suc-

* It is supposed that the temple enclosure, unfinished by Solomon, was completed by his successors—and to this period Dr. Robinson refers the bridge.

cessors must have raised one, which would have made Jerusalem a “compact city.” Manasseh, we read, “built a wall without the city of David, on the west side of Gihon, even to the entering in at the Fish-gate,* and compassed about Ophel, and raised it up a very great height,”† and we find that this was to repair the breaches made by the Assyrians in one before existing.‡

The destruction of the city and temple by Nebuchadnezzar was complete; yet some portions, at least, of the foundations of the enclosing wall must have remained; and it is an interesting question, whether the great stones now existing around the area are really the same, as Robinson and others suppose. (*See View of Arch.*) On the return of the Jews, and the rebuilding of the temple, the old site would naturally be re-occupied. “Many of the priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy. So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy, from the noise of the weeping of the people; for

* May we not suppose this gate to have been that to which the supply of fish from the sea-coast was brought; nearly identical in position with the Jaffa Gate.

† 2 Chronicles, xxxiii. 14.

‡ When Joash, king of Israel, came from Samaria against Jerusalem, he “brake down the wall” for four hundred cubits distance.”—2 Chronicles, xxv. 23.

the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." Though the temple was rebuilt, the city walls were not restored until some time after, by Nehemiah, who gives a minute detail of the progress of the work. The greater part of his localities we have no clue to, but there are a few which may, perhaps, be identified, as the "Gate of the Fountain," "the wall of the Pool of Siloam,* by the King's Garden," and the general direction of "the stairs that go down from the City of David," or Zion, into the valley below. Ophel, which quarter was occupied by the *Nethinims*, or servants of the temple, was again enclosed. The same extent was probably still occupied, for "the city was large and great, but the people were few therein, and the houses were not builded." Unable as we are to trace the exact history of its changes during the long and eventful interval from this period to the reign of Herod, it may yet be reasonably conjectured that the space enclosed by the walls was always nearly the same. Herod restored the city and temple to more than pristine magnificence (soon to be followed by complete and final destruction): the anarchy, after his death, was succeeded by the sway of Rome, a rebellion broke out under Vespasian, and the Roman armies did not leave Jerusalem, till scarce "one stone upon another" remained of all her recent splendour.

As this City of Herod is the Jerusalem of the New

* Nehemiah, iii. 15.

Testament, the scene of Christ's ministry and death, we should naturally be anxious to possess even an imperfect account of it, in order to compare its details with the modern city ; and thus to establish, or set aside, its local traditions connected with his history. Such a description we have, from one who was not only a witness of the siege, but who was acquainted from childhood with every part of the city, “ his daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.” It is evident, as already stated, that his account is chargeable with gross exaggeration, as to measurements and numbers ; and perhaps, also, as to the magnificence of particular buildings. When we are informed that two millions of people* were cooped up in a city, whose circumference at the best never exceeded a space of about four miles, we know that liberal allowance must be made for the statements of such a writer: this, however, does not invalidate his testimony as to the general events of the siege, the relative position of the walls, &c. ; and on these points we may rely more fully on his account, which, though in some respects confused, places before us a singularly grand idea of the short-lived magnificence of the ill-fated city.

We will endeavour, before we briefly trace the progress

* This was at the time of the passover, and including fugitives from the surrounding country. It seems difficult to believe that Jerusalem ever contained more than 150,000 inhabitants—if, indeed so many.

of the gradual destruction of the city, to place it before the eye of the reader. It is necessary to state what are the foundations of this attempt. We think it will be quite evident, that whatever changes may have taken place as to details, the general *site*, the position of the temple, and even the course of the walls, are sufficiently identical to admit of but little doubt.* There is not the slightest ground for supposing that the modern Zion, Moriah, or Aera are not the same as the ancient. We have, then, the same general framework that we had in the time of Solomon; and the minute account of Josephus enables us to fill up the picture, provided we can establish some admitted points of identity in the *buildings* also. Fortunately these are not wholly wanting: a portion of the temple-wall undoubtedly remains,† as well as a fragment of the bridge connecting it with Zion;‡ and there can be little doubt that a portion of the Tower of Hippicus, so important a starting-point in the ancient topography, is still standing.§ These fragments of the very structures described by Josephus, so important in their relative position to the rest of the city, enable us not only to lay down the position of the edifices of which they form a portion,

* We know of no theory to the contrary but that of Dr. Clarke, mentioned in our description of Mount Zion, which is wholly untenable.

† See list of Views.

‡ Ditto, ditto.

§ Ditto, ditto.

but also to deduce that of others, with a near approach to probability.

The view* is from an imaginary point; its position may be considered as above the Hill of Offence, (*vide Map*,) so called, because supposed to be the scene of the idolatrous compliances of Solomon, and the site of a temple to Ashtoreth.†

The eye will at once recognize the general divisions of the city. Zion is on the left; the Valley of Hinnom at its base; Moriah in the centre; Acra and Bezetha beyond. The whole course of the Tyropeon, not as now, much filled up with rubbish, is seen as a boundary between Zion on one hand, and Acra and Moriah on the other. All these points may be compared with the sketch, p. 22.

Jerusalem was at this time fortified by three walls, except where the abrupt ravines encircling it rendered only one necessary. The *first*, or most ancient wall, may be traced in the view, from the Tower of Hippicus, (the high tower on the left,) running S.E. round the heights of Zion—along the ridge of the Valley of Hinnom, across the Tyropeon, by the Pool of Siloam,

* To anticipate any criticism, we beg to state that there is an error in the perspective, both of this and the skeleton view of the modern city, which consists in representing *more* of the east side of the temple and wall than could be seen from the supposed point: the inaccuracy is trifling, and was incurred with the view of exhibiting it more clearly.

† 1 Kings, xi. 6.—Paradise Lost, Book I.

as far up the Valley of Jehoshaphat as the modern well of the Virgin, whence it ascended to the eastern corner of the temple. From Hippicus it descended, on the other hand, along the edge of the Tyropeon, separating Zion from Acra, down to the western cloisters of the temple, and though (probably from an oversight) it is not mentioned by Josephus,* it must have continued along the edge of the Tyropeon, down to the Valley of Hin-nom, near Siloam, forming, in fact, the original wall of Mount Zion before Acra was added. Thus this wall enclosed the whole of Zion, and the lower part of the ridge of Moriah below the temple, as far as Siloam, called Ophel, which quarter was inhabited chiefly by the servants of the temple. There are two doubtful points as to its direction; the first, whether it *included* the fountains of Siloam and the Virgin, or ran above them; the second, whether it ran in front of the temple, thus forming a double defence, or merely joined it. With regard to the first, when we take into account the importance of these two fountains, and that they are connected by a channel cut with great labour through the rocky hill of Ophel, we should hardly have conceived that they were excluded from the city. But a passage in the speech of Josephus to his countrymen, during the siege by Titus, distinctly speaks of Siloam, as

*Robinson.—His reason is conclusive—that when the Romans had taken the temple, they had still to reduce the upper city, which could not have been the case if open on this side.

without the city. He appeals to the Jews whether the fact, that Siloam and the other fountains beyond the walls which had refused to flow when in *their* possession, but were now pouring forth ample supplies for the Roman army, did not plainly prove their being forsaken by God. Beside this express mention of the fountain as without the walls, we must remember, that if Josephus's account of the triple defences is correct, that part of the city in which it was situated (*if within the wall*) was *not* then in possession of the Romans, but of the Jews themselves. It is more probable too, in a defensive point of view, that the wall should have run along the high precipitous ground, than that it should have been brought down so low as to include the pool of the Virgin. The reader will then please to remember, in his examination of the view, that the wall probably ran higher up the ridge of Ophel than is there represented. As to the second question, whether it ran in front of the temple, thus forming a double defence, as supposed by Dr. Robinson, it may be said that the natural steepness of the site, taken in connexion with the stupendous masonry of the temple wall, must have defied all attack from this quarter. Nor is there any trace of its foundations.

* A correspondent suggests that the city wall might have run *between* the pool and watercourse of Siloam, so as to exclude the former, and yet preserve to the city the use of the latter. (*See View and Account of the Pool of Siloam.*)

Such then, at this period, was the Hill of Zion, the ridges which are now covered with corn, being then the most magnificent part of Jerusalem. Besides the tower of Hippicus, Herod erected two others, on the old wall, (a little to the right of that tower *in our view*,) named after his deceased brother, Phasaelis, and his wife, Mariamne. Josephus enlarges on the strength and beauty of these towers, and places within their shelter, on the summit of Zion, the palace of Herod himself, with its gardens and fountains, its baths and porticoes, overlooking the whole city. Around it were probably grouped the principal palaces of the nobles, and an open place, called the Xystus, for public concourse, was in this neighbourhood. The hill communicated with the temple by a bridge, the remains of which still exist, as before stated; this is restored *in the view*.

The course of the second wall has been subjected to more controversy than any other point of the topography of the city. Josephus describes it as starting from the gate Gennath, near the tower of Hippicus, and encompassing the northern quarter of the city, as far as Fort Antonia, at the N.W. angle of the temple court. As it is impossible to say exactly where this gate was situated, and even if that could be determined, what was the course of the wall thence to the fort, two theories have been maintained, the one including, the

other excluding, the site of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Its general direction is obvious enough *in our view*, crossing the Tyropeon and the upper part of Acra.

The quarter of the city thus enclosed, communicated with the temple by flights of steps and causeways: it must have been the chief seat of business, as in the present day. Here were crowded together the narrow streets of the various craftsmen, among which the soldiers of Titus were entangled and repulsed. It was *without this wall* that the crucifixion took place.

The third, or outer wall, did not exist in the time of Christ, but was built shortly after by Agrippa, to enclose a populous suburb which had extended to the north, and had it been completed with the strength he designed, would have long protracted the fall of the city. Its course was from the tower of Hippicus to that of Psephinos, on the extreme west, (in the distance *of our view*,) a lofty bulwark, which commanded a view of the Jewish territory, from Arabia, on the east, as far as to the sea. This at least appears to be the sense of the passage, though it is very doubtful if the Mediterranean could really have been seen. It thence swept round E. by S. passing near the Monument of Helena, and joined the old wall in the valley of the Kidron, i. e., as we suppose, the temple wall, or perhaps one connected with the adjoining fort. Having endeavoured to explain, as clearly as the

case admits of, the nature of these defences, the temple and Fort Antonia next require notice.

The general history of the temple, to the time of Herod, has already been briefly traced. This monarch rebuilt it, with its surrounding cloisters, in a style of great splendour, as well, probably, as the bridge connecting it with Zion. The area on which it stood is described, in general terms, as a square, surrounded by a wall and cloister; within this vast enclosure, called the court of the Gentiles, was a second court, also surrounded by a wall; to this there was an ascent by a flight of steps; on its east side was "the Beautiful Gate." This was again divided into the courts of the Women and the Priests, beyond which latter stood the temple itself, its golden front reflecting back "a fiery splendour when the sun rose above the mountains of Arabia." Of its position we give a general idea *in our view*, but of its gates, cloisters, and splendid external decorations we are deterred from offering any detailed illustration, both from the difficulty of the subject, as well as from the suspected exaggeration of the historian. The architecture of this temple was probably Greek or Roman, fancifully applied, and not, like that of Solomon, of a Tyro-Egyptian character.

Southward of the temple is seen the quarter called Ophel, which communicated with it by a gateway, perhaps the same still existing, (see description of

the great mosque.) It extended towards the Pool of Siloam, near which, just below the supposed east or Fountain Gate, tradition places the “king’s gardens,” mentioned by Nehemiah.

The tower or fort of Antonia is placed by Josephus at the north-west corner of the temple area, and described as standing *on a rock*, (exactly answering the present site of the governor’s house.) It was strong and extensive, communicating with the outer court of the temple, and it was divided by a deep trench from the suburb of Bezetha on the north, which is still presumed to exist in the traditional pool of Bethesda.*

Such was the city—grand, stern, and impregnable in aspect, encompassed by its surrounding hills and ravines. Thus it might have burst upon the vision of Jesus and the tempter, described in “Paradise Regained,” as passing through

The air sublime,
Over the wilderness, and o’er the plain,
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers;
And higher yet the glorious temple reared
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster—tipt with golden spires.

* According to this account, before the erection of the third wall, this fort and trench must have formed the northern defence of the city.

Let us, before we pass on to describe its destruction, sum up for a moment the New Testament associations connected with our view. We have before us the theatre of the principal events of the life of Christ, while at Jerusalem. From the brow of the sacred hill, then covered thickly with the tree which has given it its eternal name, he looked over the magnificent city, to which his disciples, in their pride, called his attention, and wept over its approaching ruin. Down the slope of Olivet he had approached the city, and passing into the depth of the valley of the Kidron, ascended to the Temple, amidst the loud hosannas of the multitude. He must have either entered it directly by the Gate, conspicuous in the temple wall, or by one further to the right, which led into the city, and thence into the court of the temple. The outer court of the Gentiles is that from whence he expelled the money-changers, and here, and in the inner, he taught daily to the people. The deep groves through which he passed on the sides and at the base of Olivet, are those to which he was accustomed to retire with his disciples, and to traverse on his way to Bethany ; and here tradition has given the name of the Garden of Gethsemane to a group of ancient olives, in the depth of the glen, and has also pretended to identify the scene of the ascension, and of the prophecy of the ruin of Jerusalem.

It was most probably in Fort Antonia that Jesus was

brought before Pilate, and, according to tradition, at a later period here Paul narrowly escaped the infuriate Jews, being borne by the soldiers from the cloister within its shelter.* On the swell of Acre beyond the *second wall*, the crucifixion took place.

But a few years after this event, as is well known, Jerusalem was encompassed by the Roman legions. We will briefly trace the progress of its destruction, principally to assist the reader of Josephus in understanding the *localities* of his account of the siege, which are, however, often as vague as his estimate of numbers must be exaggerated.

Long before the Romans appeared before Jerusalem, its devoted inhabitants had become the prey of civil discord. Eleazer, the head of the Zealots, (so called from their determination to reject all compromise with the Romans,) was opposed by the moderate party, who sought peace from a conviction (but too well founded) of the hopelessness of resistance. While the most bitter animosity existed between them, the subtle and unscrupulous John of Gischala entered the city, on his retreat from Galilee. At first his artful policy induced him to affect a neutrality; but when the people, led on by Ananus, the high-priest, and goaded to madness by the crimes and oppressions of the Zealots, in a moment of resistless fury drove them into the

* Acts, xxi. 30.

second court of the temple,—where they remained shut up,—by representing himself the friend of the popular party, he then obtained the office of mediator. Once among the Zealots, he threw off the mask, declared himself their partisan, and advised them to send privately for assistance to the Idumeans. A messenger stole forth, and in a short time a host of these fierce tributaries arrived before the walls. Ananus harangued and endeavoured to disperse them; but possessed, as they were by a conviction that the Zealots were the friends of liberty, it proved in vain. While they remained excluded from the city a terrible storm arose, and profiting by the noise and confusion it occasioned, the Zealots sawed open one of the temple gates, stole past their enemies, and opened the city gates to their infuriated allies; who ascended into the city and overpowered the guards. A fearful slaughter of the people took place. Ananus was put to death, and the wretched people were hopelessly given up to all the violence and rapine of the contending factions.

Eleazer and John, partners in oppression, were soon at deadly feud between themselves. The former seized the *inner*, while the latter possessed the *outer* court of the temple, where a constant conflict was kept up, and the stores wasted in reckless and drunken extravagance. Such was the misery of the people that they willingly admitted a third party into the city, to check the others;

a man who, like John, had gathered together a band of robber associates, and wasted the surrounding country.—This was Simon, the son of Gioras, who occupying the *upper part of the city*, directed thence his attacks against the Zealots in the *temple*.

While the resources of the city were thus wasted by civil dissension, Titus advanced with the Roman army, and took up his position along the north-west wall, judging it impracticable to force the city in any other direction. The position of his camp is indicated *in the view*, occupying the high ground, extending from the head of the Valley of Hinnom to that of Jehoshaphat. A legion may also be seen encamped at the foot of the Mount of Olives.

The factions within the city were now compelled to unite for its common defence; and whatever may have been the cruelty of their conduct to the herd of famishing inhabitants, (and it should not be forgotten that this is narrated by Josephus, their bitter enemy,) we cannot refuse them the meed of praise for daring and determined valour: step by step they defended what was to them the city of God, as well as of their fathers; sustained in their heroic endeavours, we cannot doubt, by the belief that, in their darkest hour he would appear gloriously for the deliverance of his chosen people, and the confusion of her pagan oppressors.

After a narrow escape, while reconnoitring, from a desperate sally of the Jews, Titus proceeded to level the plain, pitching his tent, as in a central position, near the tower Psephinos, and approaching his engines to the wall, in spite of every opposition from the besieged, he succeeded in erecting his battering-rams against its weakest portion. Fierce conflicts took place around these engines, the Jews repeatedly sallying forth with torch and sword to destroy them. To cover the attack, and drive the besieged from the ramparts, three mighty towers, one of which fell in, were advanced to the wall, and every kind of missile thence showered so continually upon the defenders, that they could no longer venture to appear, and, as usual, drop large sacks to break the force of the terrible battering-ram, which threatened soon to effect a breach: the balistas and catapultas, too, engines of great power, similar to gigantic cross-bows, were incessantly hurling into the city huge stones, which beat down whole ranks.



Our sketch is intended to illustrate the mode of attack. In the foreground are the towers covering the attack of the battering-rams ; a *balista* is still nearer. Behind, the *third or outer wall* is seen extending to the tower of Psephinos on the extreme right. The *second wall* may be traced from the Antonia and temple, up to Hippicus, forming the second line of defence to be forced, when the first was broken.

The *first wall* was abandoned by the Jews, who retreated behind the *second*, which now became the object of a general attack. To John was confided the defence of Fort Antonia, and to Simon that of the rest of the wall, to its junction with the old one. The same measures were resorted to for the reduction of this as of the other ; the great engine was brought up—incessant conflicts took place, in which the besieged, as well as the Romans, displayed the most desperate bravery. At length a small breach was made, and the troops poured into the narrow and crowded streets of the lower city. There they were entangled and attacked from the roofs and side-alleys with such fury that, after a considerable loss, they were compelled to retreat without the wall ; and it was some days before Titus regained his advantage, and ventured to re-enter the streets of the lower city, which were defended, like Saragossa by the Spaniards, or Mexico against the troops of Cortez.

In the meantime famine, the most fearful and extreme,

was preying upon the wretched inhabitants; whole houses were full of dead, and the fierce defenders of the city remorselessly tore the last morsel from the perishing woman and child. The measure of woe was indeed full—within the city was death in his direst and most fearful form; the weak were the prey of the strong; and the sword of the domestic oppressor hung over the heads of any who sought to escape to the Roman camp. Aware of the deep misery of the Jews, and no less satisfied of their unyielding courage, Titus, for a while, ceased from his attacks. For several days his legions defiled, in the pomp of war, around the city, with a view of exciting terror in the want-stricken inhabitants. But though multitudes of the dying wretches would have hailed the Romans with transport, the stern factions were fixed in their determination. It was in vain that Josephus harangued his countrymen; they hurled back reproaches in his teeth, and defied the Romans to wrest from them “the City of God.” Thus repulsed, Titus resolved to surround the city with a trench, and, by cutting off all possibility of supply, to leave the famine to do its awful work unchecked. Josephus describes the trench as extending from the camp of the general (now fixed in Bezetha, *within* the old third wall,) along the valley of the Kidron, and by the edge of the Mount of Olives, and by the high rocky ground above the village of Siloam; thence probably pass-

ing near the foreground of our view, it swept down past the king's gardens, and up what is now called the Hill of Evil Counsel, and encircling Zion and Acre, was joined again to the camp. It was surmounted by thirteen garrison towers ; and such was the ardour of the legions, that it is said to have been completed in three days. It is described as five miles in circumference, which would make that of the ancient city to be about four, or perhaps a little more, considering that it was drawn through the centre of Bezetha, and not round the entire wall.

This measure, of course, increased the famine to the utmost. Fearful stories of its ravages were current in the Roman army. “ The hands of the pitiful women,” it was said. “ had sodden their own children for meat,” and the heaps of rotting bodies, thrown over the walls, attested the extremity of their distress. The city had become a pestilential charnel-house, and yet its chief bulwarks, the Antonia, the temple, and the upper city, remained untaken. After repeated attacks had failed, Titus strove to rekindle the failing courage of his troops by an energetic address, and a forlorn-hope was urged to scale the wall, but after many instances of heroic valour it was repulsed. Still the fort was breached and crumbling, and the Jews, worn out with their incessant exertions ; one night while they lay in troubled sleep upon their arms, the trumpet sounded, and the Romans

poured through the breach into the ruinous bulwark. A terrible conflict took place—friend and foe were indiscriminately hewn down in the darkness—the Jews retreated within the shelter of the temple-court below.* This was at length taken, and the Jews retreated within the second. If the reader will again consult our view, he will form some idea of the desperate situation of the band of fanatic heroes, who with no hope, save, perhaps, the still abiding one of Divine deliverance, were cooped up in these narrow confines, from whence was no escape but through the midst of their enemies. Rallying around their temple, hemmed in by the burning cloisters, for the Romans had set fire to them, they determined to die in its defence; nor was it long before their fatal hour drew near.

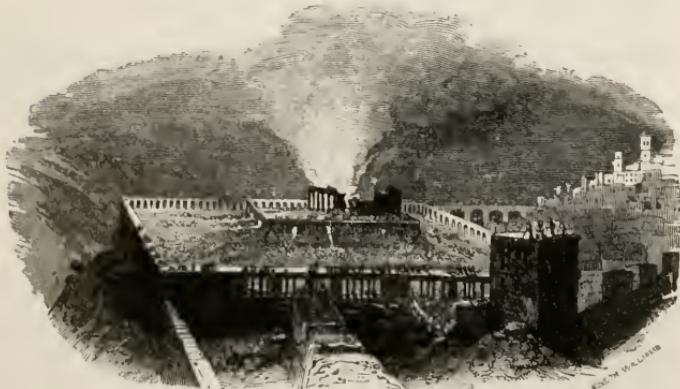
Titus had been struck with admiration at the splendour of the temple, which it had cost him so dear to approach and examine; and it was his earnest wish to save it from the flames, by seizing the cloister, and

* In the account of Josephus a *considerable space* is supposed between the Antonia and the temple; and building upon this, Dr. Robinson has adopted the supposition, (*vide* account of great mosque,) that the ancient temple area occupied about two-thirds of that of the present mosque. That some barrier existed on this side is evident from the statement of Josephus, that a considerable time elapsed before the Romans possessed themselves of the great Court of the Gentiles.

driving out the Jews. Thus resolving, he retired to rest in the Antonia, intending on the morrow to try a general assault. But a trifling incident defeated all his wishes. The Jews had ventured to sally forth from their burning hold, and the Romans driving them back, burst with them through the gates, and reached the temple.—A wild and sudden impulse seized them; discipline was absent, and a soldier mounting upon the shoulders of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into the sacred building. As the flames sprang up, the Jews uttered a cry of despair and vengeance, and madly rushed upon the swords of the Romans; the rage and hate of the soldiers irritated by the long-protracted defence of the city, now found an awful issue: the carnage at the foot of the blazing building was horrible. In the midst of the tumult, Titus and his officers burst into the court, crying to the soldiers to extinguish the fire; but all efforts were in vain: to the rage of vengeance was added the thirst of plunder, inflamed by the sight of the splendid interior of the temple, glittering in the red light of the flames. He entered, and renewed his endeavour to save it, but was compelled to retire by the resistless progress of the conflagration.

“ It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings

fell in with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate-towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up, and groups of people were seen watching, with horrible anxiety, the progress of the destruction: the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiers, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents, who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration, and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights: all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men, who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation."*



The sketch will assist the reader's idea of the locality

* Milman.

at this moment. In the foreground are the ruins of Fort Antonia; below is the great Court of the Gentiles; within this the *inner* court, and the blazing temple. On the right is seen the bridge, along which the desperate Simon and John, having cut their way through the horrible confusion, effected their retreat into the upper city, whose towers are lighted up by the conflagration.

Jerusalem had now fallen, so far as the spirit of her defenders was concerned. The temple was destroyed; all illusion was at an end; God had visibly forsaken his people. Yet the upper city remained untaken. Weary of slaughter and destruction, Titus addressed the defenders across the bridge communicating with it—but they refused to surrender. Some time was consumed before banks could be raised against the wall, on the steep edge of the Tyropeon. It was not defended with the wonted Jewish courage; but when the Romans joyfully burst into the last stronghold of their enemies, they found little but silent streets, and houses full of dead bodies. The chief authors of the war, Simon and John, long baffled all search: John at length surrendered, and was spared, and sent to Italy. Simon lurked for some time among the temple vaults, but was obliged to come forth, and was reserved to grace the triumph of the Roman conqueror.

We shall briefly trace her subsequent history, so far

as regards the changes in the site and appearance of the city. Of all the splendour we have endeavoured to represent in our engraving, few vestiges remained. A portion of the western wall, inclusive of those bulwarks, the towers of Hippicus, Phasaelis and Mariamne, was left standing as a memorial of the triumph of Titus, and also as a shelter for the Roman camp left behind by him. Zion and Aera were ruined; the second and third walls had already been destroyed in the progress of the siege. Of the temple and its cloisters, no one stone remained upon another; but the lower courses of the walls of the great area were preserved by the very destruction of the upper, which overwhelmed and sheltered them, and they remain to this day, and, to all appearance, will remain for ages, awful memorials at once of the past splendour and misery of Jerusalem. The bridge was probably then broken down, but a portion of the arch still points out its position.

We have, preserved down to our own times, a contemporary representation of the captives bearing the



vessels of the temple, in the sculpture within the triumphal arch of Titus at Rome. It is of deep interest as their only authentic memorial of the worship of the Jews. The sketch is reduced from the work of Piranesi on Rome.

As we descend the stream of time from the period of this memorable siege, we find few data for tracing the changes in the appearance of the city. She long remained in ruins, but gradually arose from her ashes. On the commencement of a fortress by Adrian, the Jewish people again broke into a revolt, and another sanguinary war, which ended as before, in their subjection, was waged under the standard of the famous Barcochab, the false Messiah. Adrian then completed his design, and raised a temple to Jupiter on the site of that of Herod, and it is also supposed, though this is a matter of controversy, desecrated those of the crucifixion and entombment, venerable in the eyes of the Christian population, which had gradually been forming, by the erection of a temple to Venus. The limits of this city, long known as *Ælia Capitolina*, were probably nearly the same as the present. When under Constantine, Christianity became the established religion of the Roman empire, he built a splendid church upon the spot which had been covered, as above stated, by heathen structures.

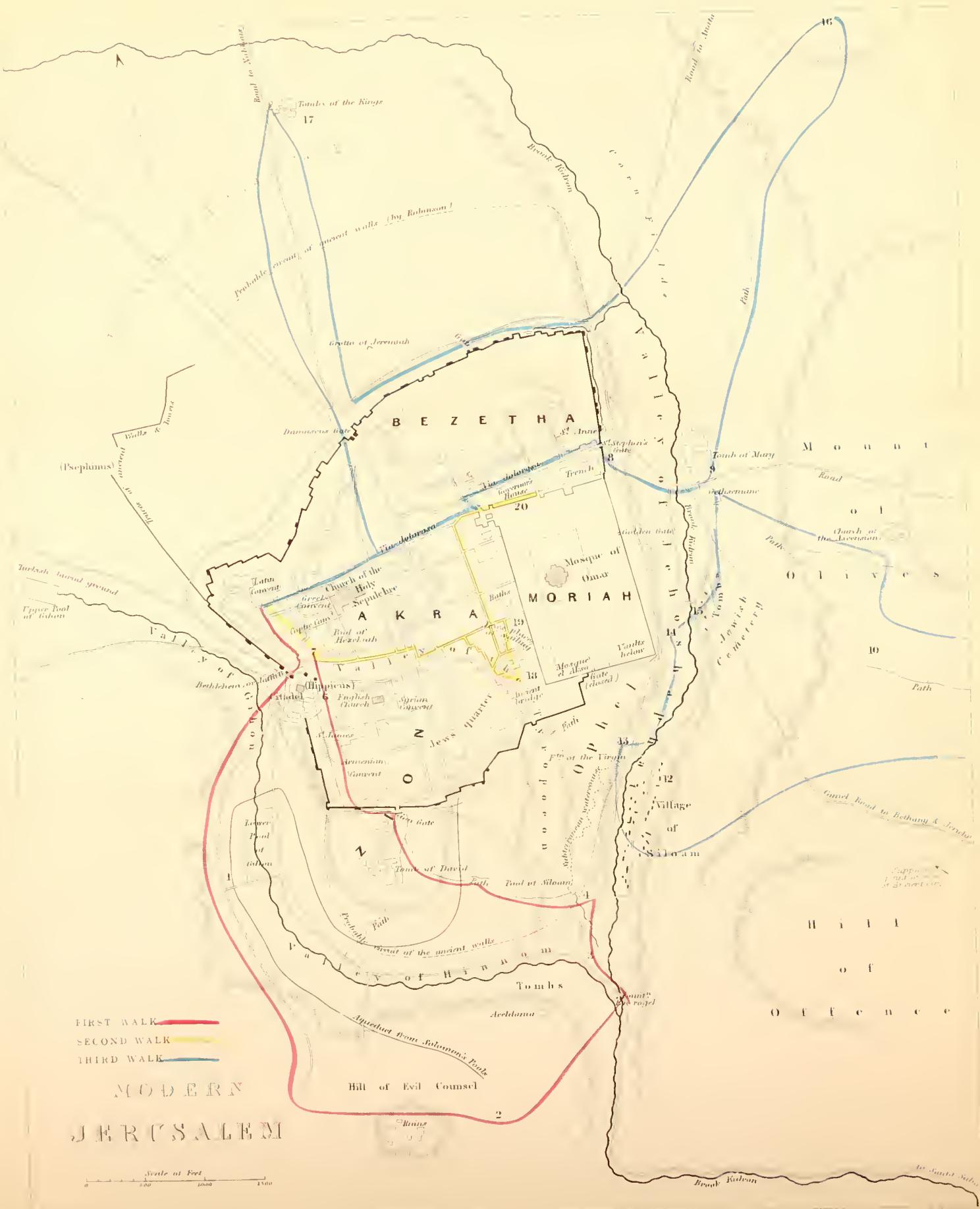
Jerusalem was thus rendered for many years the centre of the devotion of the age; and as the fond wish of the pious pilgrim sought to discover every spot of sacred interest, it was equally the advantage of his spiritual guides to find them for him. Not that we are justified in supposing that all were pure inventions, but that in the absence of all accurate topographical research, the general credulity assigned, without hesitation, what appeared to be the most probable sites of Biblical history, as well as others arising out of legendary additions, such as the tomb of the Virgin, and the dwelling-place of prophets and apostles. On the accession of Julian, with a view to humble and confound the Christians, he invited and assisted the Jews to rebuild their temple; but the progress of the work was interrupted by what appeared miraculous agency. Explosions from the subterranean vaults—arising from some unknown cause—terrified the workmen; and the death of the emperor, which occurred not long after, put an end to the attempt. The general character of the architecture of Jerusalem must now have resembled that of Constantinople itself, while its extent was probably about the same as at present, its churches and convents, of Byzantine architecture, rose among the wrecks of the Pagan temples of Adrian. Hosts of pilgrims poured into Palestine. Monastic life was everywhere established, and the traveller sees in the gloomy solitudes of St. Saba, and the inac-

cessible crags of the Mountain of the Temptation, thousands of cells hewn in the rock, once tenanted by as many enthusiastic anchorites. The relics of holy men, natural objects of veneration to the pious mind, as they became in the popular superstition embued with wonder-working powers, were sought with such ardour, that a regular trade in them was soon established. Jerusalem, the centre of this degeneracy, now naturally became the chosen seat of every corruption ; a terrible visitation awaited her. The Persians, under Chosroes, stormed the city, destroyed the churches, and massacred hosts of the inhabitants. His ravages received a check from the Greek emperor Heraclius, who entered the city, bearing on his shoulder the holy cross. This temporary occupation by the Persians was but a prelude to its conquest by the Saracens, under Calif Omar, when the religion of Mahomet became established. It was at this period that the city began to assume its present appearance. The noble mosques of Omar and el-Aksa, still standing, and other Saracenic buildings, were then erected. The temporary occupation of Jerusalem by the crusaders has left few traces, except in the Church of the Sepulchre: they destroyed nothing beyond the Mahommedan emblems. The Turks, who succeeded them, and who have ever since held possession, have moulded the scene of so many revolutions into its present form.

To sum up our examination—of the time of Jewish glory under Solomon there are but few vestiges, of the long interval between his reign and that of Herod, nothing that we are able to identify—of the works of this splendid tyrant, there remain several interesting relics ;—such as the tower of Hippicus, and, unless we suppose them to be of a more ancient date, the temple wall and bridge. The *Roman* architecture of Adrian is swept away, if we are not to refer the Golden Gate to that period ; and there are few traces of the *Byzantine* of Constantine, Justinian, and the early ages of Christianity. The principal part of the existing city is of *Saracenic* architecture, with later additions by the Turks. But after all these mutations, the site is the same, unchanged and unchangeable ; and whatever disputes may arise as to particular points, the “city itself,” to use the words of Lamartine, “is a monument the eye cannot be mistaken in ;” the unquestionable scene of so many events, for ever memorable in the history of our race.

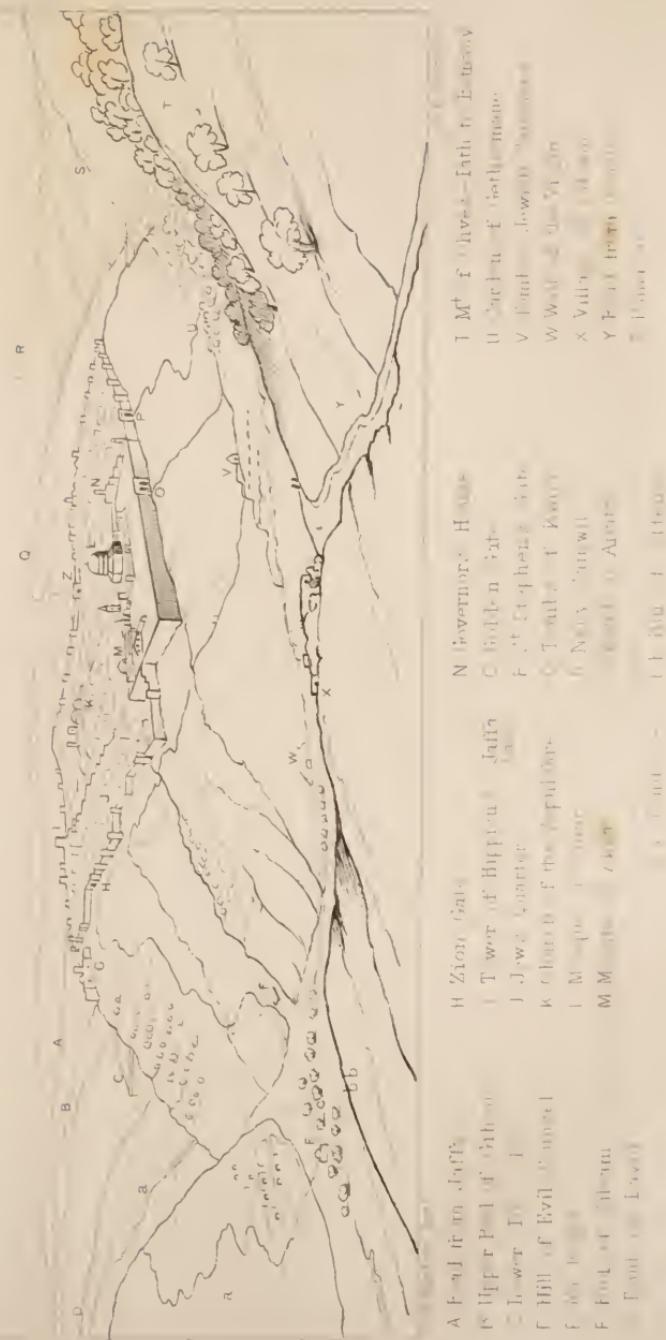
We now hope that we have succeeded in conveying to the reader a *general* and *distinct* impression of the ancient city. Aware that many details may be disputed, and perhaps set aside, we are quite prepared to find ourselves in error, and can only claim the humble merit of directing attention to the subject, and furnishing some data for the judgment of others.

The reader is next invited to walk with us around the modern city, and at every interesting spot to recal its ancient associations, and to fix its image in his mind, so far as our materials will enable him to do so.



MODERN FRIENDSHIP
ACRA
MORIA.

20 N



WALK I.

MOUNT ZION.

FROM THE LATIN CONVENT BY THE JAFFA GATE AND THE LOWER POOL OF GIHON TO THE HILL OF EVIL COUNSEL, RETURNING BY THE WELL OF JOB—THE POOL OF SILOAM—THE TOMB OF DAVID—THE ZION GATE—THE ARMENIAN CONVENT—THE CHURCH OF ST. JAMES—THE TOWER OF HIPPICUS, AND THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

“ His foundation is in the holy mountains.”

“ The Lord loveth the gates of Zion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob.”

“ Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.”

“ And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her, and the Highest himself shall establish her—”

Such was the city of David three thousand years ago, the scene of not a few of the events of his singular career, which are commemorated in his Psalms, and the sepulchre of himself and his descendants.

In tracing the early history of Jerusalem under his rule, as described in scripture, we should bear in mind that it is to this most ancient portion of the city that it refers, and that the other quarters of Acræ, Moriah, and Bezetha were, at a later period, successively added to its narrow confines. The “Royal City” of David was indeed little better than a hill fort, the wild hold of a successful chieftain, whence he might descend upon his enemies as an eagle from his eyrie. The ages which have elapsed since that early day, while they have witnessed the rise and fall of the city and people over whom he ruled, have only served to increase and extend, to the earth’s remotest bounds, the knowledge and appreciation of his Psalms; and thus a glory will ever be reflected back upon the bleak and forsaken hill, where he lived and died, and lies buried.

We need hardly say, that there can be no remains of what was once the city of David. Monkish traditions, indeed, pretend to point out some, but they are wholly destitute of foundation; a vast accumulation of débris, from thirty to forty feet in depth, has buried every fragment of it. But though the *surface* of the hill may have somewhat changed, its general form and character are, and ever must be, the same. Our first walk shall be devoted to its examination: a reference to the map will show the course we



LOWER POOL OF GIHON.

J. WHIMPER



pursue. In this, and our other excursions, we shall assume the Latin Convent as our starting-place, because it is the usual abode of travellers while at Jerusalem.

Descending the steep narrow street in which it is situated, we reach the Jaffa Gate, having on our left hand the Citadel, which we will describe on our return. On issuing forth we find ourselves on the shelving brink of the Valley of Gihon ; and descending into it by the Bethlehem road, we reach in a few minutes a remarkable excavation, which is represented in the annexed cut.* The road is seen descending from the gate down into the valley, across its open fields of corn, which thinly covers the bare and stony soil ; a few scattered olives, grey and silvery in hue, and the rugged Gothic outline of the walls and towers of the citadel, add to the sombre character of the view. The pool itself is formed by the erection of stone barriers across the valley, by squaring the rocky sides, and clearing out the soil. On the level ground, higher up the valley, is another ancient pool of much smaller dimensions. These are called the Upper and Lower Pools of Gihon. They are now in a ruinous state, and quite dry. These works are certainly of very high antiquity, and we may regard them as unquestionably Jewish, perhaps of the time of Solomon, to whom the remarkable pools near Bethlehem, constructed for the use of the city

* 1 on the Map.

of Jerusalem, are also attributed.* The aqueduct from these last mentioned pools is seen passing over the valley, on nine small arches; it bends round towards the temple, and is supposed to enter its area. In the foreground is a reservoir connected with it. A peasant is drawing water from it, and another holding open a large skin ready to be filled, while women are waiting for a supply, and cattle drinking from a hollow trough. Flocks are seen scattered about the valley, and crossing the stone dam of the pool. On the left hand is the road to Bethlehem.

From this point the Valley of Hinnom, descending rapidly, forms a rugged glen between the steep side of Zion and the Hill of Evil Counsel. This latter, as will be seen by a reference to the plan, is a bold height, exactly opposite to Zion, and equally rocky and precipitous; and from its summit we obtain a grand and commanding view, which embraces many important points in the topography of the city.† We have been obliged to reduce our sketch to a small scale, and can give only its more prominent objects. On the left of the view is seen the west angle of the city wall. We recog-

* Dimensions from Robinson:—

Length along the centre	592 feet
Mean breadth	260
Depth	37

† 2 on the Map.



MOUNT ZION FROM THE HILL OF EVIL COUNSEL

E. PRYER

nise the ground we have previously traversed, the Lower Pool of Gihon being very prominent, and the Valley of Hinnom; but the bend of the valley at this point prevents us from seeing the towers of the citadel, which are concealed by the advanced crest of the hill. Thence, by a succession of rugged terraces and broken steeps, Zion descends to the utmost depth of the Valley of Hinnom, at the point where it meets the Valley of Jehoshaphat, sweeping round from under the temple, whose course may be traced between the great mosque in the centre of the view, and on the other hand the high tops of the Mount of Olives, and the sepulchral crags of the village of Siloam.

This is the best view of the mount that can be obtained, yet it fails in two material points. The course of the deep valley, which intervenes between it and Moriah, is not seen, though it may partly be traced; and the extensive level space on the top of the hill is concealed by the walls of the city.

With a recollection of the topography of the ancient city given in our introductory chapter, we shall have no difficulty in bringing before the mind's eye its ancient condition. The fort of the Jebusites, the "upper city," occupied the crest and level of the hill; the lower town probably extended nearly to its base, and a strong wall encircled the whole. In the time of David, its general appearance must have been the same, but with

an increase in the number and beauty of the buildings. On the brow of the hill, a noble and commanding position, overlooking the rest of the city and the deep valleys and rugged mountains which stood round as bulwarks and defences, emblematic of the protection of Jehovah to his chosen people, stood the palace of the poet-king. Near this spot the tradition of the “Pool of Bathsheba,” recalls the passion and crime of the monarch; and retreating from the side of Zion, from his rebellious son, he paused and wept on the side of Olivet, which is seen the distance of our view. The level platform of the mosque on Moriah, is the spot where the “plague was stayed.” The scattered allusions to his favourite dwelling-place are still appropriately descriptive of its general position and character; but where is the splendour with which it was invested by his imagination? Who can see, in the bleak, unpicturesque hill before him, surrounded with gloomy ravines and arid and desolate ridges of naked rock, that Mount Zion, “beautiful in situation, the joy of the whole earth,” of which glorious things are said not only in the Psalms, but throughout the whole range of Hebrew poetry? Its dull slopes, once covered with towers and palaces, and thronged by a people whose bones are mingled with the soil, are now terraced and ploughed, and but sustain a poor crop of wheat and sprinkling of olive-trees. Broken paths descend into the valleys below; and a flock of goats, with a solitary shep-

herd, or at long intervals an Arab woman, slowly mounting the steep ascent, alone relieve the melancholy vacancy of a scene, which in general is silent as the grave.

The Valley of Hinnom is here seen in its full extent, skirting the base of Zion, from the high ground west of the city to the extreme point on the right, where it meets the Valley of Jehoshaphat. This is one of the most remarkable features in the scenery of Jerusalem, and of the worst renown in her history.

The deep shades of this glen, as is well known to the reader of scripture, witnessed

“ ——— the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah,”

their sanguinary worship of the gods of the surrounding nations, of which Milton has given a catalogue.*

“ Ahaz,” we read, “ burnt incense in the Valley of the son of Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abominations of the heathen, whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel; he sacrificed and burnt incense on the high places, and on the hills, and under every green tree.” Hezekiah, however, took away the altars that were in Jerusalem, and cast them into the

* “ The pleasant *Valley of Hinnom*, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.”

See PARADISE LOST. Book I.

brook Kidron. Manasseh, next in the sad list of idolatrous kings, caused his children to pass through the fire, in the valley of the son of Hinnom.

An impressive scene occurring here, is brought before us in the book of Jeremiah. The prophet takes a potter's earthen bottle, and summoning the ancients of the people and the priests, goes forth to the "Valley of the son of Hinnom which is by the entry of the east gate." Here he denounces the idolatrous cruelties practised in the blood-stained glen, and threatens Jerusalem with the deserved and terrible retribution which befel her in the destruction of the city by the Babylonians, and the captivity of her children.

There is something in the scenery of this valley, and the hill above, its tombs hewn in the rock, long since tenantless; the gray gloom of its old fig and olive-trees starting from the fissures of the crags—the overhanging wall of Zion, desolate almost as in the time of her captivity, that forcibly recalls the wild and mournful grandeur of the prophetic writings. Within it too, is the traditionary "Aceldama," or Field of Blood, of the traitor Judas; a small plot of ground, overhung with one precipice, and looking down another into the glen below, on which is a deep charnel-house, into which it was formerly the custom to throw the bodies of the dead, as the earth was supposed to have the power of

rapidly consuming them. This place was selected as the burial-place for pilgrims who died at Jerusalem in the middle ages. Such are the scenes that have passed in Hinnom—it is like the scroll of the prophet, “written within and without with mourning, and lamentation and woe.”

Before we descend from the summit of the Hill of Evil Counsel, we should perhaps notice a theory of the celebrated Dr. E. Clarke, that this was the real Mount Zion, Hinnom being the Tyropeon, and the present Mount Zion the Hill of Aera. (*See Plan.*) This wild notion, which unsettles at once all the topography of the city, has been well disposed of by Dr. Robinson. Zion, we know, communicated with the temple-courts by a bridge, and a portion of that bridge still remains, leading plainly across to the present generally-admitted site; whereas, the hill on which we stand is nearly a mile distant across hill and valley, as may be seen by referring to the view, and never could have communicated with it, either by a bridge or otherwise. We should not have noticed this almost-forgotten theory, but that we are anxious to establish the fact, that no doubt can reasonably arise as to the principal features of the city and its neighbourhood.

There are scattered ruins about the crest of the hill, which it is impossible to give any account of: tradition, however, which has given to the hill itself the name of

“The Hill of Evil Counsel,” because here, it is supposed, that the priests and elders took counsel to destroy Jesus, has dignified their shapeless remains with the title of the House of Caiaphas, the high-priest, and head of the guilty confederacy. Besides the view of Zion, which we have represented, the hill commands, on one hand, the plain of Rephaim, crossed by the Bethlehem road, where, in the time of David, the Philistines encamped against Zion,* and whence they were driven home with immense loss. The distant mountains of Moab bound the view eastward, and the back of the Mount of Olives is seen sloping into the solitudes of the desert.

As we bend our steps down the broken surface, towards the angle of the valley of the Kidron, (*see Map*,) we come upon numerous excavated sepulchres, picturesquely grouped one above another, but none of great extent or importance. Some of these we should imagine to be the most ancient at Jerusalem. It is probable that these were the burial-places of the earliest inhabitants of Zion; and that, as the city spread northward, the tombs also extended in that direction—an idea which is confirmed by their more important and decorative character. They form part of that immense range of similar tombs, which sweeps round the whole extent of the city, and would alone testify, were there

* 2 Samuel, v.

no other indication, to the former existence of a great and wealthy people. Some travellers have exaggerated their extent and beauty. Their original tenants appear to have been followed by others of the Christian era, to judge by a Byzantine painting of the Virgin, in one of them.

The tombs extend to the very base of the hill, where we now reach an open spot, the most cheerful in its appearance, perhaps, of any around Jerusalem, a little verdant oasis of corn-fields and gardens, formed by the junction of the two valleys, that sweeping round the city, meet here, and descend into the desert of the Jordan. It is irrigated by the water from the Pool of Siloam above, and mulberry and fig-trees, of unusually vigorous growth, attest the tradition, that here were once the gardens of Solomon. Its confined area presents a pleasing character of rural occupation and cheerfulness.



The wood-cut* presents a threshing-floor, sketched on the spot ; the yoked oxen slowly treading out the corn, which is charged in rich clustering heaps on the back of the camel, or brought in in sheaves upon the heads, or in the bosom of the reapers : it is a common scene throughout Palestine, and probably differs in no respect from the same in the days of the patriarchs. In the centre of this fertile spot is a very deep well, arched over, which Drs. Robinson and Olin agree in considering as the “En Rogel,” mentioned in the book of Joshua, as on the boundary of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, which here passed up the Valley of Hinnom, on the south side of the ancient fortress of the Jebusites.

There seems no reasonable objection to this supposition, as the boundary-line is plain and distinct, and the position of a well in the East is as unchangeable as the landmarks of nature. When Adonijah, even before the death of David, assumed the title of king, he made a feast at En Rogel, and assembled his partizans. By the advice of Nathan the prophet, the mother of Solomon made an appeal to the dying monarch, who ordered Zadok the priest, and Nathan, to bring her son to Gihon, and proclaim him king. The noise of the popular rejoicing startled the usurper and his companions at their feast, who hearing the cause, “were afraid, and rose up, and went up every

* View 3 on the Map.

man his way."* Josephus, in his account of this transaction, calls the spot, "without the city, at the fountain which is in the king's garden."† This, well describes the locality. It would also seem that not far hence was the "East Gate" of the city, (*see Frontispiece*,) already alluded to as the scene of Jeremiah's denunciation, and the same by which the unhappy Zedekiah sought to escape from the Babylonians.

The valley of the Kidron below this spot southward is, for some distance, tolerably cultivated ; it then descends into the desert of the Dead Sea, where, around the lonely convent of St. Saba, it displays scenes of dreary and savage sterility. Half an hour's ride from hence will conduct us among these solitudes, where the black tents of the Bedouins are spotted over the limestone hills, so near does the desert approach this side of the holy city. Our steps, however, are not at present bent in that direction, and having skirted the west and south sides of Zion, we shall now ascend, by its eastern slope, to the point from which we started.

A little above the fountain of En Rogel near the path which leads up the valley of Jehoshaphat, there is a mulberry-tree of unusual size, the traditional scene of the martyrdom of the prophet Isaiah, and a favourite halting-place for wayfarers and shepherds, who

* 1 Kings, i.

† Robinson.

repose under its ample shade, while their flocks are drinking from a channel filled with water, conducted from the Pool of Siloam. This is a few paces above at the mouth of the valley of Tyropeon, which here separates Zion from Ophel, the lower part of the ridge of Moriah. (*Vide* skeleton view.) The annexed engraving* represents this spot, so dear to the imagination of our great Christian poet, who,

“ With darkness and with danger compassed round,
And solitude,”

in dreams beheld the hallowed precincts of “ Zion, and the flowery brooks beneath,” and thence invoked the nightly inspiration of his heavenly visitant.

We descended the steps of the fountain, worn and polished by the footfall of ages, and seating ourselves, under the cool, moist arch, in the soft obscurity of the cavern, a delicious shelter from the burning noon-day beams of a July sun, listened to the gentle current of the “waters of Siloam that go softly,”† and drank with the palm of our hand, from the refreshing and limpid stream. The humidity occasioned by the spring has ornamented the walls with mosses and parasite plants, and given to the spot a certain beauty, which, apart from its associations, would be attractive in the midst of the dust and heat of the immediate environs. And as the Arab

* View 4 on the Map.

† Isaiah.



THE POOL OF BETHA
DAVIDSON

women of the valley came down to fill their pitchers, we could not but remember that the daughters of Judah frequented it for the same purpose two thousand years ago, that kings and prophets and the Redeemer himself have drank of its consecrated waters.*

In the view before us, the path to the fountain is seen above the edge of the pool, on the right, and figures are descending the steps under the arch, down to the water, which flows out by a small orifice into the square pool, and thence by a channel into the valley below, as before stated. The remains of pillars at the side and in the basin seem to indicate that, at a former period, it must have been wholly or partially covered; and it has been supposed that this is also the "Bethesda," with five porches, where at certain hours an angel, according to the popular tradition, troubled the waters, which were then supposed to possess a healing power. This receives some countenance from the fact, that there is a singular ebb and flow in the stream, noticed by many travellers, and lately witnessed by Dr. Robinson, but beyond this there is nothing to support the conjecture. As to the identity of Siloam itself there can be no doubt, as it is described by Josephus, as at the extremity of the Tyropeon, which exactly answers to its present position, and to no other.

* This is the scene of the miracle described in John, chapter ix.

Whether the pool were just within or without the “East Gate” of Jeremiah, or “Gate of the Valley” of Nehemiah, the ground in our view, now terraced and cultivated, must formerly have been covered with buildings, and busy with the hum of a constant thoroughfare.

It has been ascertained, by the persevering research of Dr. Robinson, that the water is brought to this pool from that of the Virgin, higher up the valley, (*see Plan*,) by means of a channel cut through the rocky hill of Ophel, a work of great labour. Its length, as measured by him, is 1750 feet. To what era can this be attributed? It must have been subsequent to David’s time, as the city was then confined to Zion; but we shall not err, probably, in supposing that the increase of the city and cultivation of its environs in the time of Solomon, led to the formation of these, as well as other works necessary for its supply of water. The earliest mention of Siloam itself is that by the prophet Isaiah, above cited.

From the Pool of Siloam we strike upwards to the summit of Zion, by a steep, toilsome path, among rugged terraces, faced with stone, and sustaining a few olives, and slopes covered with a wretched crop of wheat; and as we gradually ascend, the view becomes grand and extensive, till, pausing on the brow beneath the friendly shade of an olive, the eye ranges over the terraced slopes of the hills direct to the platform of Moriah, occupied by the temple, and the deep valley of the

Kidron sunk among the desolate hills ; Olivet, with its southern extremity, the Mount of Offence ; and the Hill of Evil Counsel. Beyond are the wild solitudes of the desert, the Dead Sea, and the long range of the Moab hills, unbroken by a single peak. It is a great enjoyment to sit here as the evening declines, and the long shadows are projected from the city walls over the valley below, and up the breasts of the hills, gradually gaining upon the outstretched view, till the last roseate glow, beautiful beyond description, lingers for a brief moment on the distant mountains. Nowhere is the arch of heaven more pure, intense, and cloudless than above the proud heights of Zion ; and no one who has sat there, at the hour when the evening wind springs up, sweeping freely over it, and rustling the few trees upon the ancient mount, will fail to record it among the choicest recollections of his life.

The group of buildings we have alluded to, as said to contain the tomb of David, stand on the brink of the hill, in advance of the city wall. They comprise the Mahomedan mosque, in which the supposed tomb is situated, and an Armenian convent, where various events of the life of Jesus have been placed by tradition, without the shadow even of probability. The Jews regard the supposed tomb, from which both themselves and the Christians are jealously excluded, with great veneration. The sepulchres of the kings of Judah

were on Mount Zion, and probably hewn in the rock, like those about the city, they are alluded to as existing in the time of the apostles,* and Josephus, who describes them as *deep under ground*, gives a legendary narration of Herod's breaking into them by night, and taking treasure thence, when flames burst out and slew two of his attendants; upon which he built a propitiatory monument at the *mouth* of the sepulchre. These resting-places of the kings may still exist, buried deep beneath the ruins of their once flourishing city; and it is not impossible that, at some future period, excavations similar to those not far off† which penetrated forty feet below the present level, may light upon their long-forgotten vaults. That the tomb of David is still standing *above ground*, is an idea that may be classed with many other Mahomedan traditions, such as those of the tombs of Aaron, Samuel, and other venerable men.

We entered the building, which is evidently of the Christian era, perhaps before the time of the crusades. A large hall, on the second story, is shown as the *cœnaculum*, or “upper room,” in which Christ celebrated the Passover with his disciples. This spot seems the chosen seat of tradition, for just without is the house of the Virgin Mary, to which she retired after the scenes of

* Acts, chapter ii. verse 29.

† See account of English church in this chapter.

Calvary. Dr. Olin says, "that he saw here respectable pilgrims from Germany, who sobbed audibly, and shed many tears." The Catholic traditions of Jerusalem are addressed to the devout feelings of the pilgrim—to his wish to follow Jesus from the cradle to the grave, and to recall, with thrilling distinctness, even the minutest events of his wonderful and affecting history. From the moment when, after danger and privation, the toil-worn bands approach the city, and

"First behold
Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
In that glad moment when the hands are pressed
In mute devotion on the thankful breast,"*

they follow with undoubting faith and reverence the directions of their spiritual guides, who conduct them to every spot mentioned in the New Testament, as well as others connected with it by a natural interest. At the principal stations suitable services are performed, and the poor pilgrim retires from the scene consoled, and who shall dare to say unaffected for his good. The Jerusalem of his Bible was once a faint image—it is now a distinct reality, and its recollections mingle with his future devotions, often, we cannot doubt, to increase their sincerity and fervour.

Before we leave this group of buildings, and enter

* Wordsworth.

the walls of Zion, let us pause a moment over the grave of the unfortunate Costigan, an Irish traveller, whose imagination was haunted with the project of exploring the Dead Sea, and who died in consequence of fatigue to which he was exposed. He succeeding in getting a boat carried from the Mediterranean to the Lake of Tiberias, and descended the Jordan to the shores of the Dead Sea. With a single servant he launched forth, and reached its southern extremity. On their return the enterprising Irishman was exhausted.

“ From nine to five it was dreadfully hot, and every night a north wind blew, and the waves were worse than in the Gulf of Lyons, (a peculiarity we have also noted on the Lake of Tiberias.) They suffered exceedingly from the heat; the first five days Costigan taking his turn at the oars; on the sixth their water was exhausted, and Costigan gave over; on the seventh they were obliged to drink the water of the sea; and on the eighth they were near the head of the lake, the servant himself exhausted, and unable to pull an oar. There he made coffee from the water of the sea, and a favourable wind springing up, for the first time they hoisted their sail, and in a few hours reached the head of the lake. The servant, feeble as he was, set out for Jericho, and in the meantime the unhappy Costigan was found by the Arabs, on the shore, a dying man, and carried to Jericho. He subsequently died at the convent in Jerusalem, but he never once referred to his unhappy voyage.”*

There is also in the Catholic burying-ground the

* Stephens.

tomb of a young American, who, during his last illness in the convent, is said to have renounced the errors of Protestantism, and to have returned to the bosom of the true church. We have lain under similar circumstances, far from all friends, and can well imagine how the pious zeal of the only human beings around the dying man might affect his feelings at such a moment. The inscription over him is in bad taste, savouring more of the joy of the proselyte seeker than the sorrow of the friend. Not far hence is the burial-ground of the American missionaries, obtained by them with some difficulty, which would be the resting-place of any Protestant traveller who might die at Jerusalem.

On entering the Zion Gate we find ourselves at the point where the level ground slopes down towards the site of the temple. Nothing can be more dull than the view within the city—the high dead walls of the Armenian convent, broken ground covered with rubbish, and the half-ruinous houses of the Jewish quarter, keep up the impression of melancholy that rarely quits the mind of the sojourner in the City of David. The first human object too that will probably meet the eye, will be a miserable leper, sitting in the dust, and imploring charity of the passenger. The hovels of this wretched race, who live apart from their fellow-men, are on the edge of an impervious thicket of prickly-pear, a little out of the path to the Jewish quarter. We are unable to say

whether the disease is exactly the same as that mentioned in Scripture.*

* Their existence in Jerusalem, at the present day, recalls a scene in the New Testament, which has afforded the ground of a poem to one who has touched with great feeling on many other scriptural subjects. He thus describes the doom of the leper :—

“ Depart, depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God !
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod ;
 And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov’st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

“ Depart ! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more ;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o’er ;
 And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

“ Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide ;
 Nor kneel thee down to sip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river’s grassy brink.

“ And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze ;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
 Where human tracks are seen ;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

Not far from the wretched abodes of these proscribed outcasts, is the splendid and spacious establishment of the Armenian convent, the only building in Jerusalem that presents any considerable appearance of comfort; its compactly-built façade, the neatly-paved street in front, overshadowed by noble trees, and the portly and highly respectable looking monks about its doorway, are all redolent of ease, and wealth, and cleanliness—rare in the city of Jerusalem. Travellers have not been usually received here; but on the British consul's applying on behalf of a distinguished nobleman, he was welcomed with so much courtesy, and lodged in such comfortable style, that we counsel any one who may be willing or able to sustain this character, to go there too. A simple “Milordo,” with his solitary servant, whether English or American, had, perhaps, better seek a cell in the Latin convent, than in this wealthy establishment.

On one occasion we visited the interior of the building. Entering the strong, well-guarded portal, we found ourselves in a large court, neatly kept, surrounded with a picturesque range of buildings, and the wall of the

“ And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him,
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod;
Depart! O leper! and forget not God!”

N. P. WILLIS.

church belonging to the establishment. The apartments within were very snug and well cushioned, in the oriental fashion. In the evening we resorted to the garden, the only one in Jerusalem at all worthy of the name, where we were presented with flowers; and seated on a terrace, under the shade of some noble pines, looked over the city and the Moab Mountains, bathed in the hues of sunset. These gardens recall the description by Josephus, of those formed by Herod on Mount Zion, adjoining his palace, which indeed were probably, according to his statement, on the very spot:—"There were many porticoes, one beyond another, round about, and in each of these porticoes curious pillars; yet were all the courts that were exposed to the air everywhere green.* There were, moreover, several groves of trees, and long walks through them, with deep canals and cisterns, that in several parts were filled with brazen statues, through which the water ran out. There were withal many dove-cots of tame pigeons about the canals, &c." We may imagine the beauty of these gardens, when the palm, cedar, and sycamore, with the fir, plantain, and fig, the olive,

* The most beautiful gardens in Syria were those of Lady Hester Stanhope, enclosed within the walls of her residence, the Convent of Djouni, near Sidon. The green of the courts, in this delightful retreat, was as fresh as in England. The shade of the covered walks and pavilions well answered the description of Josephus. They were entirely the result of her taste and devotion to gardening, but have fallen, since her death, into neglect and ruin !

bay, and pomegranate mingled their fruit and flowers about the covered walks; and the fresh green of the courts was maintained by a copious supply of water, brought expressly into the palace. Here Mariamne walked in her gorgeous beauty; and hence Herod, in his remorse, fled into the desert, unable to endure the scene which recalled to him the image of his murdered wife.

The church of St James, connected with this convent, is considered by travellers as one of the most sumptuous in the East; enriched by the liberality of wealthy Armenian pilgrims. We glanced at its interior, but were soon satisfied with the *coup d'œil* of tasteless decoration it presented. It is a splendid thing of the kind,

“ Rich in barbaric gems, and pearl, and gold,”

and adorned with multitudinous paintings in the hard style of the Byzantine school; but neither the architecture nor associations are of any material interest.

Dr. Olin, who was here at Easter, describes the Armenian pilgrims as of the same comfortable character as their brethren in the convent. This people, throughout the East, have a grave, comely, and respectable appearance, and remind us of the Quakers in our own country.

“ The street before the principal entrance and the approaches to the convent, were always crowded with market-women and

other vendors of provisions, who were seated upon the ground, by sacks of hay and provender; or stationed at tables laden with fruit, confectionary, cakes, and other tempting eatables. This appeared, for the time, to be the most frequented market-place in Jerusalem; and I doubt not that these staid swarthy Armenians, clad in their heavy striped and brown woollens, diffused more money among the hucksters than the whole tribe of pilgrims beside. Their horses, of which there were hundreds standing in the streets, were all sleek and in good condition, and though not Arabians, were showy and full of mettle. Many of them had borne their ruddy well-fed riders hundreds and even thousands of miles, from the extreme parts of Asia Minor, from the shores of the Bosphorus, and from still remoter parts of the Turkish empire."

Enough of the Armenian convent. The Jewish quarter, which it overlooks, and which occupies, with its narrow lanes, the greater part of the eastward slope of Zion, towards the temple, presents a deplorable contrast. If the traveller have the courage to inhale the infected air of its close alleys, reeking with putrid filth, he will soon hasten out of them, with the deepest impression of the misery and social degradation of their unhappy occupants. As we shall return to the subject of the Jews, we shall only say here, that their quarter is the most wretched of the city, and with the exception of their synagogues, contains within its boundaries no object of ancient or modern interest, though formerly the most important within the whole extent of the ancient city, overlooking the temple, with which it was connected

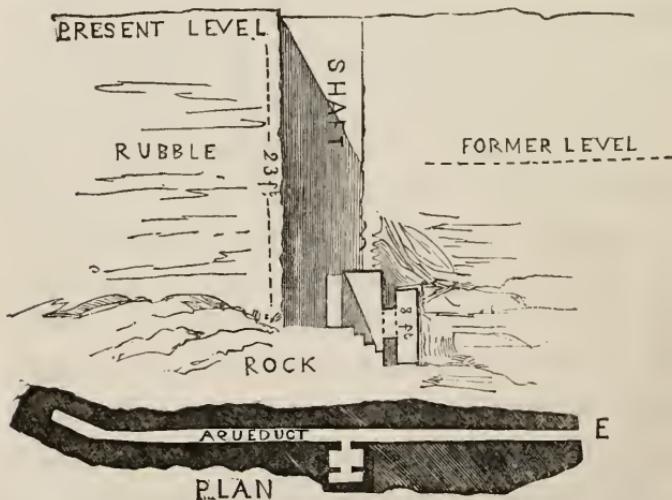
by a bridge, near which was the Xystus, an open place for public intercourse, and in all probability the palaces of the higher ranks of society.

A short distance from the Armenian convent, and on the very spot where stood the palace of Herod, inclosed within the towers of Hippicus, Phasaelis, and Mariamne, is the unfinished church connected with the English Episcopal mission. When its erection was decided on, an architect was sent out from London, who unfortunately fell a victim to fever, only a month after the period of his arrival. The choice of the committee next fell upon Mr. J. W. Johns, who, upon reaching Jerusalem, found the site still occupied by various buildings. Upon the removal of these, and digging to the rock, the foundation-stone was laid by the bishop, and the work proceeded without interruption from the Turkish authorities; while at this period false reports were current in England, of insult and annoyance offered to him and his clergy.

It proved, however, to be one of great labour and difficulty, in consequence of the friable nature of the soil—a “débris” of rubbish, upon which it was considered dangerous to build. In the course of excavations which were made with a view of laying the foundations on the rock itself, (which was reached at a depth of twenty feet below the modern level,) various interesting discoveries were made, of one of which I insert an account, kindly furnished by Mr. Johns, to whose work on

the subject of the church and the antiquities of its site just published, I refer the reader, for more minute and well-illustrated information.

“ On excavating for the last pier, (the north-west angle of the nave,) I made a very interesting and remarkable discovery : the shaft was about ten feet square, and the débris we cut through was, upon the whole, of a more solid character than any of the other shafts we had excavated. The first thing that caught my attention, was the discovery of some paving tiles of a very unusual character ; the surface was a deep red colour and very smooth, and by friction capable of slight polish : it was superior to anything of this description I ever saw, and resembled in some degree baked unglazed china : it

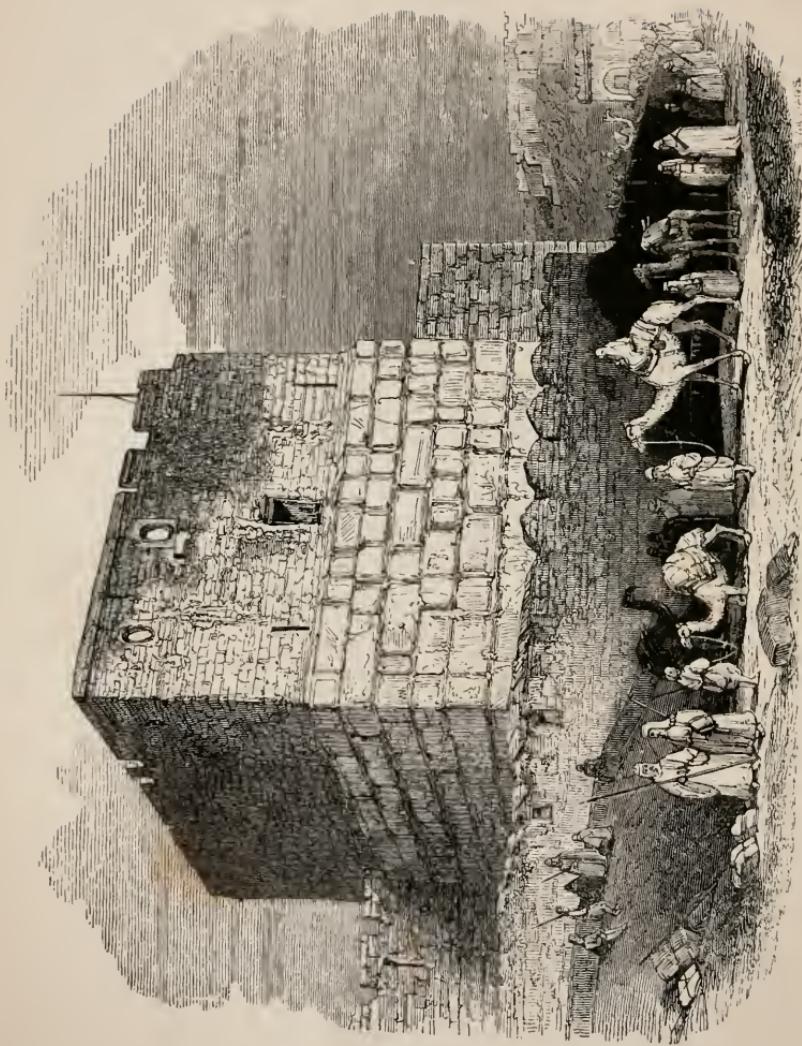


was very brittle and exceedingly hard, and in colour similar to our ordinary tiles ; these tiles appeared to have been used either for the linings of walls or paving, but from their thinness I am more inclined to imagine they had been used for

the former purpose. Having collected some fragments of them, I gave directions for the men to proceed carefully with the excavation, and in a short time we arrived at some solid body, which, upon the earth and loose rubbish being carefully removed, turned out to be the extrados of an arched chamber of some description; which, however, (see section,) extended only over half the surface of the shaft: on continuing the excavation of the unobstructed portion, we discovered a doorway of good proportions, with an immense linthol running across, and resting on the solid jambs. It should here be remarked, that several linthols of the same description were found in different portions of the excavations, bearing evident proofs of belonging to one building. When the accumulated rubbish had been removed, and access obtained into the room, or chamber, it was found to be of a very superior description of masonry, the whole remarkably well wrought, and put together with the greatest precision, and remained in a state of great perfection and splendid repair, and had not been injured or displaced by earthquakes, which evidently was owing to its resting upon the solid rock. Finding it absolutely necessary to destroy this chamber for the purposes of the church, I had the arch-stones carefully removed, and discovered that there were within, steps, the whole breadth of the chamber, and running downwards towards a very solid mass of stone work, laid in courses, with some of the joints apparently fresher in their appearance than those around them. On carefully removing one of the stones, my surprise cannot easily be described, on finding an entrance into a passage of no ordinary construction, the bottom of which was some little depth below the floor of the chamber. On entering it, I found it had been an immense conduit, partly hewn out of the solid rock, and when this was not the case, it was solidly built in even courses, and cemented on the face with a hard

coating of cement, about one inch thick, and was covered over with large stones, retaining still a surface, such as we rarely find in modern erections. These landings, to speak technically, were about four feet long, two feet six inches broad, and eight inches thick. The direction of this aqueduct was east and west: I traced it westward till I arrived at a modern well, which had been sunk for the use of an oil-press in some adjoining premises: eastward I traced it upwards of two hundred feet, after removing several obstacles in the shape of loose rubbish which had, through the giving way of some of the roof-stones, found its way in; at last I came to an immense collection of this description of rubbish, which, from its quicksand nature, prevented me, at that time, from proceeding further, without hindering the progress of the church; I, however, built up two shafts to the surface, with the intention of further examination at a future time, and also of making use of the conduit for the drainage of the premises. The question naturally arises, what could this chamber and aqueduct have been for? There is no doubt on my own mind, that they have been used for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants with pure water; and this is proved, by there being several apertures opening from the streets at distant intervals; the aqueduct was nearly level, the fall being so slight as to allow the water to remain level, so that by means of a line and bucket water could at any time be procured. The chamber was evidently a reservoir, to which, at some period, access was had by a flight of steps, but in what direction cannot at the present period be determined; though, probably, from the position of the steps discovered, and also of the doorway, it was from the south. The aqueduct bears incontestible proof of far greater antiquity than the vaulted chamber."*

* May it be supposed that this is the watercourse constructed by Hezekiah, with which its position in some degree corresponds,



TOWER OF HIPPICUS.

The church itself proceeded as rapidly as possible. The massive foundations were finished, and the carved work of the pillars and arches carried on, so as to be ready for use, and it was considered as far superior to any that had for a long period been seen in Jerusalem. When the walls had arisen about five feet from the ground, and the work was in a fair way of speedy completion, it was stopped by a combination of circumstances, which had the effect of attracting the attention and jealousy of the Turks. An order was issued to prohibit its further progress, and we believe it remains in the same state to this day. This must be regretted even by those who do not look with a favourable eye on the mission itself. The design, in the early English style, was very beautiful ; and we cannot but hope that some arrangement may be made, which will enable its architect to return and complete it.

But a few paces from hence is the citadel, which comprises a group of square towers of various antiquity. The greatest part appears to be of Saracenic origin, though its foundation may be of an earlier date. The massive tower at its north-east extremity, close to the entrance of the city, is evidently much older than the others, at least its lower portion. The annexed view will give an idea though it does not communicate with the pool called after him ? Or may we rather refer it to the time of Herod, and as being constructed to supply the adjoining palace and gardens ?—ED.

of it: * it is a grand and striking fragment, around which the shock of contending armies has for ages resounded. The style of the masonry is evidently Roman, and it is supposed with reason by Dr. Robinson, that this is no other than the Tower of Hippicus, one of the three noble bulwarks which were built by Herod to serve for defence and ornament to this part of the city, enclosed within which he established his palace. It is expressly stated by Josephus, that after the destruction of the rest of the city, these towers, which excited the admiration of Titus, were left standing, partly as memorials of his conquest, and also as a shelter to the camp which he left behind. Though the two others, called after Phasaelis and Mariamne no longer remain, there is every reason to believe that this is really a wreck of the once proud and awe-inspiring bulwarks of Zion ; for the masonry is evidently not later than of the time of Adrian, and it can hardly be supposed that any change in these towers could have occurred before his war with the Jews, when it is possible the others might have been destroyed. The position agrees well with that of Hippicus, which was at the north-west corner of the city, and we must place those of Phasaelis and Mariamne a little lower down on the edge of the Tyropeon, † above the steep street leading to the bazaar. We quote the account which Josephus gives of these towers.

* View 6 on the Plan.

† See view of ancient city.

“ These were, for largeness, beauty, and strength, beyond all that were in the habitable earth, for besides the magnanimity of his nature, and his magnificence towards the city on other occasions, he built these after such an extraordinary manner, to gratify his own private affections, and dedicated these towers to the memory of those three persons who had been the dearest to him, and from whom he named them. They were his brother, his friend, and his wife. This wife he had slain out of his love, (and jealousy,) as we have already related ; the other two he lost in war, as they were courageously fighting. Hippicus, so named from his friend, was square, its length and breadth were each twenty-five cubits, and its height thirty, and *it had no vacuity in it.* Over this solid building, which was *composed of great stones united together*, there was a reservoir twenty cubits deep, over which there was a house of two stories, whose height was twenty-five cubits, and divided into several parts, over which were battlements of two cubits high, and turrets all round of three cubits high ; so that the entire height amounted to four-score cubits,” &c.

This agrees with the fact, that the base is solid, there being, at any rate, no passage into it known at present. Its dimensions, according to Robinson, are as follows:—east side, fifty-six feet four inches ; south side, seventy feet three inches. Of the large stones some are between nine and twelve feet in size.

Immediately below this tower, and extending as far as the Armenian convent, embracing the site of the new English church, must have stood the splendid palace of Herod, which is described by Josephus as very extensive, and such as might have been expected

from the magnificence of the monarch to whom not only Jerusalem, but so many other cities of Judæa, owed their principal embellishment.—The building of the temple and completion of Fort Antonia, the erection of the three noble towers we have alluded to, and doubtless many other monuments of inferior importance, were his works in the city. Caesarea, whose shapeless ruins we have noticed in our introduction, was his entire creation ; for a solitary fishing-village he substituted a splendid sea-port ; and the noble hill of Samaria was decorated by him with temples and colonnades, of which considerable remains exist at the present day. Nor was his magnificence confined to his own adopted country, but extended to many cities of Syria and Asia Minor.—But being alien in blood, and disposed to innovate upon the Jewish customs, by the gradual introduction of Roman practices, he was always an object of dislike and suspicion to the people. Perhaps a consciousness of this may have inflamed his natural jealousy and haste of temper, and hurried him into the many acts of sudden violence, which filled his own palace and the rest of his kingdom with cruelty. The unhappy life and death of this monarch, to whom Jerusalem owed her last and short-lived splendour, form, as is well known, a tragical chapter in the history of Josephus. Suddenly raised to the throne, and himself the executioner of the best members of his family, his race was soon extinct ; while over the proud structures which were to attest





POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

his greatness to future ages, already hung the terrible visitation of Rome; which within half a century, left of them scarcely one stone standing upon another.

Before we close our survey of Zion, we will conduct the reader to the roof of a house, occupied, at the time of our visit, by Mr. Whiting, an American missionary, long resident in Jerusalem, to whom we were indebted for many valuable suggestions and acts of courtesy.

This view is interesting on many grounds. It exhibits on the left* a pool cut in the rock, probably of great antiquity, surrounded by the buildings of the modern city. This pool is, by Dr. Robinson, attributed to Hezekiah, who "made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city;"† the same alluded to in another place, where it is said, he also "stopped the upper watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the *west side* of the city of David."‡ The suggestion is at least highly probable. While on the subject of the supply of water, we should notice that Jerusalem is chiefly indebted to the rains of heaven for the necessary provision, which is gathered in the large and often ancient cisterns, with which almost every house in the city is furnished. The sketch gives also a good idea of the interior of the city, and the character of the houses, their flat

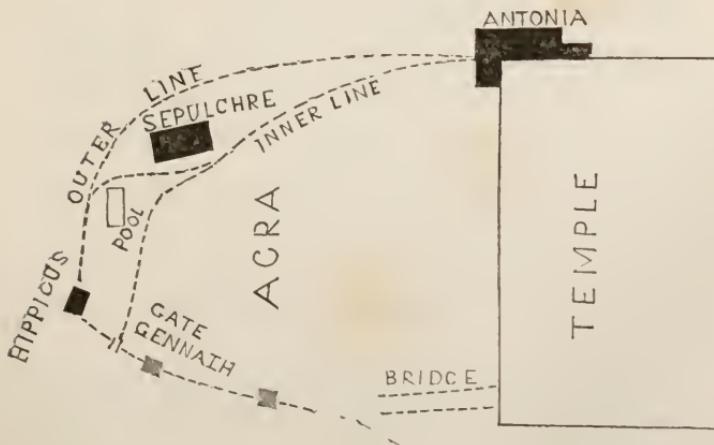
* View 7 on Plan. † 2 Kings, xx. 20. ‡ 2 Chronicles, xxxii. 30.

terraces often serving as a promenade in the morning or evening coolness, broken with the small domes, which indicate the vaulted form of the apartments within; an occasional group of dark fig-trees or a solitary palm relieves the white glare of the buildings of the city. The house on which we are standing is situated, properly speaking, on the edge of Acra; and the valley of the Tyropeon is seen descending between this hill and Zion, the sloping buildings of which are on the right. On the left hand of the pool is the picturesque group of the domes and tower of the Holy Sepulchre: the massive square one is a relic of the Latin kingdom, and the tall minaret, nearer, of Saracenic origin. The eye slants down over Acra to the site of the temple, where the graceful Mosque of Omar occupies the centre of the platform, and the smaller one of el Aksa the right hand corner: at its *left* hand corner is a group of buildings, now the governor's house, on the site of Fort Antonia. The view is shut in by the Mount of Olives, seen across the valley of the Kidron, here concealed, of course.

Near this spot, and a little lower on the right, was probably the gate Gennath, from whence the second, or inner wall, of the ancient city, struck across towards Fort Antonia. The position of this gate, with the course of the wall, has given rise to much controversy, principally because it involves the question of the identity of the site of the Holy Sepulchre. By those who deny

this identity, it is contended, that the wall never could have taken such a direction, as to leave the present church *without* its boundary, as it would have enclosed a space far too narrow for the ancient city, and also have excluded the pool of Hezekiah, which is seen in our view.

It does, undoubtedly, appear surprising, that a principal quarter of Jerusalem, represented as extensive and populous should have been enclosed within such a narrow space; but it should be borne in mind, that this objection is *nearly* as good against the course of any other wall that can be imagined, at all answering to the account of Josephus; for admitting the gate Gennath, whence it started, to have been absolutely close to Hippicus, which is far from probable, still the utmost sweep



that the second wall could even then have made, embraces a very limited space, little more than the other ; and unacquainted as we are with the motive which may have decided the builders on a particular course, it is perhaps too much to say that the wall never *could* have excluded the present sepulchre, and that on this ground alone its site is mistaken.

The annexed diagram* will illustrate the disputed point, and by comparing the map and frontispiece, (*views* p. 96,) the reader will be able to judge for himself on this interesting question, as far as its topographical bearings are concerned. In our chapter on the Holy Sepulchre, we shall notice the traditional argument, which seems of great force, and shall only say here, that, on topographical grounds, we can see no sufficient objection to oppose to its apparent conclusiveness.

We have now described, we believe, all that is of material interest about that most ancient portion of Jerusalem, "the holy hill of Zion," both within and without the present walls. This has been done, because to the mind of the reader of Scripture, Zion, for the most part, does not come out invested with the distinct interest which attaches to it as the original nucleus of the city, and the metropolis and tomb of David. It is in

* We have here hardly represented the line of the second wall according to Robinson so circuitous, as it was supposed by him to have been.

this order that we have regarded it—and shall next proceed to notice the present condition of Aera, Moriah, and Bezetha, those other quarters which were gradually added as the borders of the ancient city were enlarged, and its strength and splendour brought to perfection.

WALK II.

FROM THE LATIN CONVENT, BY THE VIA DOLOROSA, TO ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, THENCE BY GETHSEMANE AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES TO BETHANY, RETURNING BY THE VALLEY OF JEHOOSHAPIAH—THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS, AND THE DAMASCUS GATE.

IT is unnecessary to describe here those objects which lie within the city, between the Latin Convent and St. Stephen's Gate. The descent is by a steep and rugged street, called the "Via Dolorosa," from the monkish tradition, that Jesus, laden with his cross, ascended it from the house of Pilate to the hill of Calvary. As far as the *direction* of the street is concerned, the tradition appears to be well founded. For even if we set aside the site of the sepulchre, it remains certain, that the way from Fort Antonia to the heights without the second wall, where Jesus was crucified, must have ran in nearly the same line as the present.

By this gloomy street then, which, though its architecture is of Saracenic or Turkish origin, rarely fails in



MOUNT OF OLIVES, FROM THE WALL.

the deepening twilight, to produce a legendary impression on the mind, we reach St. Stephen's Gate, passing first under an archway, built up of fragments of various dates, where the same tradition points out that Pilate showed Jesus to the people, thence called the Arch of "Ecce Homo." Let us ascend the wall a little to the right of this gate, and, before we quit the city, look out upon the ground we are about to traverse.*

And if there be holy ground on earth, it is here. Nor is there anything to disturb the full impression of identity, which at once passes into the mind, with the scene of so many wonderful and touching events. We are neither confused with learned theories, nor repelled by the palpable inventions of pious fraud. We are here alone with nature, and in a silence, unbroken but by the wind sweeping over the ancient walls, and tombs, and hoary olive-groves, may give up our minds to the full impression of the spot.

Just beneath us, under the ancient Saracenic wall, extends a narrow level ridge, occupied by the Mahomedan cemetery. The ruinous tomb of a Santon rises above its humbler graves, where a few Turkish women are seated, as is their custom. Sunk beneath this ridge, is the valley of the brook Kidron, above it rises the Mount of Olives.

The general appearance of this celebrated hill is, of

* View 8 on the Map.

course, the same as in the time of Jewish prosperity. The cultivation of the valley below, and of the hill itself, must have been more careful; the groves of olives were more dense and flourishing, covering, perhaps, its whole surface. Its gardens were enclosed, and must have abounded in all the fruits and flowers of Palestine.

Among these shades it was the custom of Jesus to retire with his disciples, after teaching daily in the temple: and across the summit of the hill, (*as seen in the view,*) is the pathway by which he must so often have crossed to visit the family of Lazarus, at Bethany.

On its brow he must have sat, when he wept over the fate of the devoted city; below is the garden that witnessed his agony and his betrayal. Of the general identity of the memorable scene there can be no doubt, for whether the “Golden Gate,” now walled up, (*see view of it,*) be that by which there was formerly a descent into the valley below, or whether the city gate was more nearly on the site of St. Stephen, it is certain, from the formation of the ground, that the path could never have been far distant: the camel-road to Bethany and Jericho, always a great thoroughfare, is probably the same as at present, (*seen in the cut,*) as it crosses the lowest ridge of the hill. The pathways leading over its centre, more directly to Bethany, are worn in its rocky surface, and have also every appearance of great antiquity. The olive is still scattered about the sacred

mount, and a few half-cultivated gardens of fig and pomegranate trees assist in recalling the past.

The buildings scattered over the hill are of monkish origin. On the summit is the Church of the Ascension, on a spot obviously disagreeing with the statement of the Evangelists, who place the scene at or near Bethany; a little below, is a small building on the point whence Christ is said to have predicted the ruin of the city. There are also some singular tombs, which escaped our notice.

In the foreground of the view, is a part of the deep excavation which has been generally called the "Pool of Bethesda." Where this pool was situated we have no means of knowing, unless it was identical with Siloam, as we have before conjectured.* It is far more probable that this was the defensive boundary of Fort Antonia on the north; a few stones, of the same massive masonry as at the south-east angle of the wall are seen at this also, which would seem to afford a conclusive argument. This trench extends for a distance of four hundred and sixty feet,† at least, under the line of the present wall of the enclosure, which is modern: above it is seen a minaret connected with the establishment of the Great Mosque of Omar. The graceful dome of this building, with its fountain, groves, and the more distant one of the Mosque of el-Aksa, form a beautiful group

* Vide p. 73.

† Robinson.

from this point of view, seen over the wall of the Haram, the entrance to which may be seen just under the N.E. angle of the wall.

We descend the steep broken path on the left of our view into the valley of the Kidron; and crossing its dry bed by a small arch, reach a group of singular and venerable objects. First, on our right is a stony plot of ground surrounded by a low wall, and enclosing eight olive-trees of very great antiquity.* Our sketch will give an idea of the gnarled and time-worn character of these trees, supposed to be those of the Garden of Gethsemane, a tradition we would not willingly disturb. There is something very impressive in the spot, shady and silent as it is, shut in by the high dead wall of the temple above on one side, and the woody heights of Olivet on the other. The hum of the insect, a distant cry, or occasional footfall seem to deepen its profound quietude, which, as Robinson remarks, is almost like the loneliness and stillness of the desert. Through an opening in the trees is seen the angle of the wall, hanging above the sepulchral Valley of Jehoshaphat, whose melancholy cliffs close in the view. The trees themselves reminded me of the celebrated cedars of Solomon on Mount Lebanon, in the disproportionate hugeness of their venerable trunks to the thin foliage above. For ages the pilgrim has knelt and kissed them with tears, carrying thence a few of the scattered fruit, or a portion

* View 9 on the Map.



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

of the bark, to remind him of the spot where, for his salvation, the soul of his Redeemer “was sorrowful even unto death.” And though there may be nothing which establishes this as the exact site of the Garden of Gethsemane, more than any other place in the immediate neighbourhood, yet there is perhaps no instance in which the pious feeling that led the early Christians to fix every trace of the Redeemer’s footsteps, has so nearly lighted on the actual locality as here, while the character of the spot is such as powerfully to impress the imagination. To him, indeed, who has once sat beneath the shadow of these trees, there is scarcely any scene which is more deeply traced in his memory, clothed in its peculiar, indescribable mournfulness.

Immediately opposite to this group of trees is a descent, by steps, to the singularly picturesque front of an extensive cavern, originally an important sepulchre, in latter ages called the Tomb of the Virgin. As we never went about accompanied by the monks, it happened that we did not see the interior either of this or of the adjoining one, called the Grotto of Gethsemane. According to Lamartine :—

“ The grotto is deep and high, and divided into two cavities by a sort of subterranean portal. There are also several altars sculptured in the rock. This sanctuary, the work of nature, has not been disfigured by so many artificial ornaments as the other sanctuaries of the Holy Sepulchre. The vault, the floor,

and the walls are of the rock itself, distilling yet, like tears, the cavernous humidity of the earth which envelopes it. There has also been applied, above each altar, a bad representation, in pieces of leather, painted flesh-colour and of the natural size, of the scene of the glory of Christ, with the angels that present him with the chalice of death.

Leaving this chapel we slowly climb the steep ascent of the Mount of Olives, by one of the paths worn in the rock by the tread of ages, and here and there hewn into rude steps, gaining, as we advance, grand glimpses of the city, through a picturesque foreground of its ancient trees. From the extreme summit the view is perhaps the most interesting in the world. Jerusalem is spread out like a map below the eye on one hand, and on the other is a wide and dreary horizon of desert country—the Moab Mountains, the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea; and still nearer, the wild hills, volcanic-looking, tinted with bright arid hues, through which runs the road to Jericho, as unsafe now as in the time when it furnished the appropriate scene of the parable of the “Good Samaritan.”

Strange as it may appear, there is not even a tolerable representation of the view of Jerusalem from Olivet, although it is generally the first spot visited by the pilgrim, and has been elaborately described by every traveller. We do not profess, on this small scale, to do more than give its general character, but the point of



THE MOONLIGHT MIST IN THE MOUNTAINS OF COOCHI

view* (considerably below the summit) was carefully selected at an angle which enables us to explain much of the topography of the city. The painter who would seek a more imposing outline, should descend still lower towards the valley, till the temple walls and dome, rising proudly above the deep glen below, present the finest subject for a picture about Jerusalem.

It must be borne in mind, (*compare Map,*) that from this point, the lower part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat and that of Hinnom are cut off by the nature of the ground.

To commence the description of the view from the left-hand corner:—here the upper part of Mount Zion is seen to advantage, with its extent of level ground. The mosque containing the supposed tomb of David is seen on the angle *without* the wall, looking over terraces of olives, down into the Valley of Hinnom. The first range of buildings *within*, with a small dome, is the Armenian convent, with its church. To the right of this the towers of the citadel, that of Hippicus being conspicuous at the right-hand extremity. Below these towers, on the ground sloping towards the mosque, is the Jewish quarter, its half-ruinous houses hanging one above another. The course of Tyropeon may still be traced, sweeping round it—between Zion on one hand, and Acra and Moriah on the other.

* 10 on the Map.

To the right of Zion is Acra; on its breast are conspicuous the domes and tower of the Church of the Sepulchre; behind this the ground rises to an angle, and the wall descends into a broad shallow valley separating Acra from Bezetha. The Damascus gate is in the hollow, and the road from it passes over the ridge beyond, towards Scopos, where Titus encamped. Bezetha, the third hill, crowned with a Turkish mosque, more thinly inhabited, and interspersed with gardens, is on the extreme right of the city.

In the centre is the great platform of the temple on Moriah, now occupied by the Mosques of Omar and el-Aksa. This was the work of art--the upper slope of the hill being cut away, and the lower terraced up to form a level area. In the centre, and, as we suppose, occupying the site of the temple and its inner court, is the Mosque of Omar, and its broad esplanade of marble; the ascent to it is by gates of elegant proportion. The immense space of the inclosure is adorned with groups of plane, cypress, and olive-trees. At its *left-hand* extremity is the smaller Mosque of el-Aksa; and bounding it at the *right-hand corner* is a prominent group of buildings, on a rocky foundation, with a lofty minaret adjoining. This is now the Governor's house, and it is undoubtedly the site of Fort Antonia, which was on a precipice at the north-west angle of the temple courts. (*Compare View of Ancient City.*) From this point we shall hereafter give a

view. Along the further side of the enclosure is a line of colleges, &c., which, like the former cloister of the temple, on the same site, overlooks the city within.

All under the left hand, or south-east portion of the enclosure, are extensive subterranean vaults, to which the entrance is beneath the corner overhanging the Kidron. The remains of the bridge to Zion, restored in the general view of the ancient city, are on the opposite side, near the corner, of course not seen. The celebrated “Golden Gate,” walled up, is seen, with its two Roman arches, in the temple wall, not far from St. Stephen’s Gate.

The *massive ancient masonry* of the great enclosing wall is particularly conspicuous, at the *south-east*, or *left-hand angle*, impending over the abyss; the rest of the walls around the city are Saracenic, and of far inferior construction.

Beneath the wall of the temple is sunk the Valley of the Kidron, bare and gray; it sweeps round from the right-hand corner of the view. We may trace the path by which we left the city, from St. Stephen’s Gate, among the olives of Gethsemane. Below this the valley is a rocky cemetery—the Jewish burial-ground. The white top of the monument, called Absalom’s Tomb, and the flat grave-slabs, are seen between the olives. The narrow ridge, sloping down obliquely from the angle of the temple wall towards the left, and dotted with olives,

is the site of Ophel, just above the Fountain of the Virgin. The village of Siloam, among the tombs, is seen below the foreground, across the road to Jericho, along which camels are passing. Beyond the city extends a bleak ridge—the battle-ground and point of attack alike of the Assyrians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and Turks. The isolated hill, in the distance, is called Nebi Samwil: it is about two hours' ride from Jerusalem, and commands an extensive view over Gibeon, Rama, and other scenes of Old Testament fame.

To compare this view with the ancient city, let the reader, who will be at the trouble of forming a careful examination, first consult the Map, Frontispiece, and Skeleton-view. Making allowance for our being at a point too far to the right to enable us to see the Valley of Hinnom and the bridge, and then identifying the positions of the temple and Tower of Hippicus, he may at a glance perceive the former direction of the walls, which enclosing all Zion, now without the modern limits, came up by the steep edge of Ophel, to the south-east corner of the temple. On the north of Zion the second wall ran from near Hippicus across by the Holy Sepulchre to the group of buildings at the right-hand corner of the temple, which we have before described as the site of Fort Antonia, while the outer wall took a direction from Hippicus towards the high ground beyond which stood

the Tower Psephinos, and thence swept round to the Valley of the Kidron, at Bezetha, enclosing nearly all the ridge now seen beyond the city.

Our description has been somewhat tediously minute, but we have been anxious to explain every part of this remarkable view, and by comparing it with others, to give the student a clear idea of the relative position of the ancient and modern Jerusalem.

The city is also represented, for the sake of detail, by the broad light of noon, but we generally resorted to the Mount of Olives as the sun declined—solemn and almost sepulchral is the appearance that Jerusalem then presents. Here is a city, still to the eye extensive and populous, but no voice arises from its wide area, and scarcely a solitary figure is seen on the hills and valleys around, to tell of its living tenants. The evening breeze rustles among the hoary trees, sweeping sadly the bleak rocky surface of the ground; the red light glances over the city, touching its domes and minarets with a last dying gleam, and the dreary hills are broken into grand masses of purple and vermillion; while the glen below, where sleep millions of the sons of Israel, and the sad groves, which shrouded the agony of Christ, are sinking into the shades of night.

Such is the hour to view Jernsalem, alone, seated under some ancient olive, memorial of her past burden of glory and of guilt. Then looking eastward, over the

far horizon of Moab and the desert, glowing in the sun's last rays, complete the indelible impression of a scene, that for its associations is unequalled in the world.

Our survey of Olivet would be incomplete without visiting Bethany, the village to which Jesus so often retired, to visit the hospitable family of his friend Lazarus, which is, in fact, at its eastern extremity. The footpath continues from the crest of Olivet, and as we



lose sight of Jerusalem, presents us with a succession of wildly pleasing landscapes. The approach is through the open corn-fields, the white roofs of the sequestered village are seen among groves of olives, which mark nearly the extremity of cultivation, before we reach the solitudes of the desert. There are, on the right, the remains of a building of the middle ages, and on the

bleak hill beyond, the more extensive ruins of what appears a castle, but is in fact a forsaken village overlooking the Dead Sea and the Moab Mountains. At Bethany is shown a tomb, which tradition has selected as that of Lazarus. The pilgrim will linger about this pastoral spot, recalling the walks through the fields, where Jesus plucked the ears of corn by the way-side, or imagining the sister of Lazarus, coming forth with the mourners, to meet him, and conduct him to the tomb of his friend. No little excursion from the city is so picturesque in itself, or so pleasing in its associations, well embodied in the following lines, by a friend:—

“ City of David, for awhile farewell ;
Thy dazzling shrines, thy narrow squalid streets,
By wearied pilgrims thronged, alike I shun,
And where, with gnarled roots and rugged arms,
Wide straggling o'er the mountain's steep ascent,
Lone ancient olives linger still, to prove
The name well fitting, breast my upward way.
Its's ridge o'erpassed, successive sink from view
Thy trench-like valleys and thy scarped hills,
Thy massive walls, thy towers, thy minarets,
And a new landscape opens to my gaze.
Oh, it is more than luxury to exchange
The noisome odours of man's crowded haunts,
The stifling sense of overhanging walls,

For such a scene as this ; thus to inhale
The pure free breath of heaven, thus to survey,
Hill beyond hill, stretching in distant lines,
And long succession.

On the horizon's verge,
The last faint tracing on the blue expanse,
Rise Moab's summits, and above the rest,
One pinnacle, where placed by hand divine,
Israel's great leader stood, allowed to view,
And but to view, that long expected land,
He may not now enjoy. Below, dim gleams
The sea, untenanted by ought that lives,
And Jordan's waters thread the plain unseen.

Nearer, approaching range to range succeeds,
Dark, lava seeming, dreary solitudes,
Impervious to the plough, traversed alone
Through gloomy ravines, where of old, “ a man
Fell among thieves,” and where the bandit, still,
Lurks for his prey, a wilderness of hills.

But from their base, in gradual ascent,
With yellow corn-fields clothed, and bright relieved
By groves of olives, spreads a sylvan scene ;
Beauteous itself, but seeming doubly blest
In nature's bounty, after tracts so wild.

First meets the eye, a mouldering record
Of western conquest,

and to the hill-side,
Here hid among her trees, a village clings,
Roof above roof uprising ; white the walls,
And whiter still by contrast, and those roofs,
Broad sunny platforms, strewed with ripening grain,

And peopled thick with gaily coloured groups,
Housing the golden produce of their toil.
Above, one giant patriarch of the woods,
Throws the wide shadow of his foliage round ;
And higher still, the patient labourer
Contends undaunted with the stony waste,
Wresting his hard-won harvest, till the soil
Mocks his vain fruitless efforts, and alone
Some wandering olive, or unsocial fig,
Amid the broken rocks which bound my path,
Snatches scant nurture from the creviced stone.

And this is Bethany ! and here abode
The favoured family whom Jesus loved ;
To whose warm, humble welcome, 'twas his wont,
Tracking the path but now I passed along,
Oft to retire from foes and wavering friends.

'T was here his verdict full acquittal gave,
And high approval of the glowing zeal,
Which, for " the better part " forbore to share
A sister's weak anxieties. 'T was here
He wept, in tender sympathy with woes,
By his command so soon to be absorbed
In grateful joy. Here, by his power divine,
Bade death release its prey, the untrammell'd soul
Return to earth, and gave a living proof
And pledge of future immortality.
And when his work all ended, he prepared
To reascend his throne, this way he led
His sorrowing followers for a last farewell.

It seems a humble village, few its homes,
And few and poor its dwellers ; cottage roofs,
Except one simple turret, are they all !

Yet save the neighbouring city, it were hard,
If Palestine were searched, to find a spot
On which the Christian traveller should muse
With fonder interest, than Bethany."

Returning to the Mount of Olives, we thence descend obliquely to the village, as it is called, of "Selwan," or Siloam. (*See map.*) Few travellers take the trouble to climb into this strange nest of Arabs, and look down upon the dreary valley of Jehoshaphat, yet it is perhaps the most singular and impressive scene about the city.

Its general character may be gathered from our sketch. In the foreground are tombs hewn in the rocky sides of the valley, one above another, among which whole families of Arabs have made their dwellings, some niching their plaster huts against their sides, others creeping into the sepulchres themselves; the cries of infancy are heard to issue from their gloomy recesses, and where the bodies of the nobles of Judah were borne to their last home, with "burnings" and all the pomp of funeral ceremony, the flocks of sheep and goats, which wander over the valley, are driven for nightly shelter. Beneath this wild hold of "dwellers in the tombs," the dry bed of the Kidron is seen, overhung by the steep precipice of Moriah, surmounted by the angle of the temple wall, of which the remarkable ancient masonry is here very conspicuous. From the roof of the cloister of the temple above it was "a fear-



J. WILLIAMS.

VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, FROM THE VILLAGE OF SILEAM.



ful depth," according to Josephus, down which the eye could not look without producing dizziness. This rapid slope is grey and bare, some scanty tufts of herbage scarce find root in its loose ashy soil, and towards its base, a few flat tombs are niched upon any practicable spot, hanging like the very image of oblivion, just above the channel of the Kidron, loosened from their precarious hold by its wintry torrent.

Here, too, along the melancholy glen, are seen the innumerable grave-stones of the successive generations of the sons of Abraham ; and to lay their bones beneath their Temple wall, is still the object for which the Jews are willing to live in Jerusalem, poor and despised ; for here they believe that God shall appear for Israel, and judge the nations that have afflicted her, when it shall please him to turn again the captivity of Zion.

" For then will he gather all nations, and will bring them down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations.

" Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, for the day of the Lord is near.

" The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their light.

" But Judah shall dwell for ever, and Jerusalem from generation to generation."

Such is the prophetic tradition which hangs over this

dreary resting-place of the dead. Here, too, the Mahomedan tradition places the scene of the last judgment and the perilous bridge of "Al Sirat."

Nearly opposite to this sepulchral village, on the other side of the glen, is a fountain,* called in modern times after the Virgin. It is evidently a most ancient



work, being connected with that of Siloam, (*vide* page 24,) by a channel cut in the rock, explored with much difficulty by Dr. Robinson, who entering its opposite extremities on two occasions reached its centre, the passage in many places being so choked up, that he was obliged to draw himself along on his elbows.

"Only a single person," he says, "could have wrought in it at a time, and it must have been the labour of many years :

* 13 on the Map.

there are many turns and zigzags. In several places, the workman had cut straight forward for some distance, and then leaving this, had begun again further back, at a different angle, so that there is at first the appearance of a passage branching off. We examined all these false cuts very minutely, in the hope of finding some lateral passage, by which water might come in from another quarter ; we found, however, nothing of the kind. The way seemed interminably long, and we were for a time suspicious, that we had fallen upon a passage different from that which we had before entered. But at length, after measuring nine hundred and fifty feet, we arrived at our former mark of eight hundred feet, traced with smoke upon the ceiling. This makes the whole length of the passage to be one thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, or several hundred feet greater than the direct distance externally, a result scarcely conceivable, although the passage is very winding. We came out again at the Fountain of Siloam."

This traveller was also fortunate in witnessing the sudden rise and fall of the water, which was nearly a foot in less than five minutes, taking ten to subside to its former level. This, it appears, is often the case, so that while flocks are gathered around, as seen in the sketch, suffering from thirst, the water will suddenly flow, rising, apparently, from a deep hollow under the steps ; but whether its spring is here, or the water conducted from the area of the temple above, remains to be discovered.

The fountain is a place of great resort, from its central position, and its proximity to the village of

“Selwan;” it is the general watering-place for the flocks that range about the valley and Mount of Olives. The wayfaring Arab pauses to drink; and horsemen from the city, and passing trains of camels, are often grouped together around its mouth. Above, is seen the angle of the temple, and the ancient city wall ran along the slope of Moriah, directly to it. Below this, as far as its junction with the Valley of Hinnom, the Valley of Jehoshaphat is tilled, and sprinkled with olives, but presents nothing of interest.

Pursuing our way up the glen, the path as we ascend, along the brink of the Kidron, soon brings us to the most remarkable group of tombs around Jerusalem.* And to obtain a better idea of them, it is well to cross the valley, and ascend the pathway leading up towards Zion, whence they are strikingly picturesque. The first tomb on the left is square, hewn from the solid rock, ornamented with Ionic pillars, and having a singularly shaped top, which, though rather heavy, is not without a certain grace of outline and detail. This passes for the tomb of Absalom. The next, hewn in the rock itself, has a regular Doric portal. The third, standing in a square, cut out from the rock, with a pyramidal top, is heavy and inelegant; it is called the tomb of Zechariah. It is in vain to speculate as to whom they were really

* 14 on the Map.



TOMBS IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

erected for, certainly never for those whose names tradition has given them. They may be anterior to Herod, of the period when Greek architecture was first known in Palestine, or even of a later date, though this is improbable, as the monuments are important, and must have been cut from the rock, one would think, in the days of Jewish prosperity. So prominent a position, immediately opposite the temple, would hardly have remained unoccupied, when all the face of the surrounding valley was carved into sepulchres.

Descending to the tomb of Absalom, (so called,) we may pause, and drink from a well, the resort of women from the neighbouring village of Siloam, of whose costume the sketch* we have introduced gives a



* 15 on the Map

very good idea. We ought to say, however, that it was not drawn on the spot, but from an Arab woman in the upper city. Nothing can be more graceful and easy than their attitudes ; and though the inhabitants of the village of Siloam are generally churlish, and even hostile to any one invading their caverned recesses, we never found any of their women refuse a draught of water to the tired pedestrian. The monument itself may be better made out from this point : it is a singular combination, in a Graeco-Egyptian taste, some of the details being very well executed. Those who have visited the the city of Petra, the capital of Idumea, whose temples and tombs are hewn in or from the rock, have remarked in these, though far inferior, a striking resemblance in point of style.

As we ascend from the Jewish burial-ground, the valley changes its gloomy character for one more cheerful ; the tombs give place to a thin sprinkling of corn and olives, and we soon reach again the hallowed shades of Gethsemane, whose ancient trees were always a halting-place in our walks about the city.

Beyond this spot, in the centre as it is of the localities of the life of Jesus, few, we believe, pursue the course of the Valley of Jehoshaphat any further. But though tradition has not visited this, its upper and more retired portion, it is to us equally interesting, and we shall be happy if the details we give of it should



JERUSALEM FROM THE N F



lead future travellers to bend their steps in that direction. The path, or track, is just behind the angle of the tomb of the Virgin. The valley is full of olive-trees, and the hill-sides are broken into caverns. As we proceed it becomes more open and cheerful, forming a small, round, cultivated plain, and having on the right gardens and vineyards in very good order ; it is quiet and sheltered, and abounds in more pastoral beauty than any other part of the environs of the city. May we not believe that He, whose presence has for ever consecrated the spot, was here often touched with the gentle and soothing influence of nature—that among these chequered shades of the rustling olive, shut out from the turbulent city, he has often wandered in solitary meditation. Such was our feeling as we slowly followed our path along the hallowed ground. As we proceeded the sounds of rural merriment burst upon our ear—from the corn covered area of the small plain, where the reapers, men and women, in their bright dresses, were gaily pursuing their labour. Had the traveller approached the Holy City in this direction, across the hills from Anata and Bethel, he would have wondered at such descriptions as represent her “like a confused mass of cemeteries in the midst of a desert.”* She presents from hence a far different aspect, as may be seen by the annexed view,† (guilty of no exaggeration,) taken from the hill above

* Chateaubriand.

† 16 on the Map.

this point, (*see Map,*) to the right of the camel-road to Bethel.

We may call this the most pleasing view of the city that can be obtained from any direction, and it will enable the reader to understand the position of such portions of it as were inadequately represented in other views. By looking at the Map, he will see that we have selected *three* general views, each of which supplies the deficiencies of the others. The *first* embraces *Zion*, the *second* the *platform of the temple*, and the *view before us* all the *north-west portion of the walls*, which were entirely concealed in the first, and but imperfectly seen in the second view. With this we complete our survey of the city from without the walls, as well as of the surrounding hills and valleys.

The broad shallow part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat we have just traversed, is below us, sweeping round from the right, not far from its origin in the table-land on the north of the city. It declines into the deep shady hollow of Gethsemane, above which is seen the Mount of Olives, rising in steep profile, overlooking the temple area. Still lower down the glen we may trace the tomb of Absalom, and the gray crags above the Jewish burial-ground.

The most conspicuous portion of this view is the north-west wall, enclosing Bezetha and Acræ—this is seen stretching from the angle above the valley, across

the irregular plain on the north and west sides of the city, which extends from this spot to the brink of the Valley of Hinnom at the Jaffa Gate. (*Compare Map.*) The Damascus Gate is conspicuous in the depression in the centre of this plain. The entire wall is of Saracen architecture, and at its north-east angle a trench defends it for some short distance. The third, or outer wall of the ancient city, took, it is supposed, a wider sweep, resting perhaps on the rocky ledges, which are seen in the view.

This elevated plain, being obviously the weakest side of the city, has always been selected by invading armies, as the position of their camp, and the point of attack, from the time of Nebuchadnezzar to that of Saladin. The “camp of the Assyrians,” and the scene of Pompey’s attack on the temple, were *within* the *present* wall, and without the limit of the old *second* wall. That of Titus’s first attack was considerably on this side of it, being without the *third*, or Agrippa’s wall.

It has been our object, in surveying the city from the different points, to draw attention to a few of the most remarkable events connected with its momentous history.—Of its many sieges two in particular challenge our attention, both from their importance, and also from the clear description we have of the position of the attacking forces. Of the first of these and the destruction of the ancient city by Titus—we have already endeav-

voured to explain the localities. Standing as we now are on the spot where once the army of the Crusaders, under Godfrey of Bouillon, lay ranged beneath the eye, it may be well to quote Gibbon's account of their siege of the city, and to explain it in connexion with views before us.

Nothing can be finer than the stanzas in which Tasso* describes the approach of the Crusading army to the long-desired city, and the first burst of their hostile array upon the Moslem defenders.

“ Winged is each heart, and winged every heel ;
They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly ;
But by the time the dewless meads reveal
The fervent sun’s ascension in the sky,
Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eye !
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale ;
‘ Jerusalem !’ a thousand voices cry,
‘ All hail, Jerusalem !’ hill, down, and dale,
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, ‘ Jerusalem all hail !’

“ Each, at his Chief’s example, lays aside
His scarf and feathered casque, with every gay
And glittering ornament of knightly pride,
And barefoot treads the consecrated way.
Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed array,
Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse,—
Tears, that the haughtiest temper might allay.

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* Wiffen’s Translation.

“ Meanwhile the guard that from a lofty tower
In the far city cast abroad his view,
Marked the dust rise, and like a thunder-shower
Printed in air, turn dark the ethereal blue.
The gloomy cloud seemed pregnant as it flew
With fire,—anon bright metals flashed between
Its shaken wreaths, and as it nearer drew.
Dim through the storm were apparitions seen—
Spearmen, and issuing steeds, and chiefs of godlike mien.”

On surveying the position of the city, Godfrey of Bouillon appears to have chosen nearly the same position for his central post of observation and attack as that of Titus himself; viz. near its N. W. extremity. “He erected,” says Gibbon, “his standard on the first swell of Calvary,” i. e. somewhere on the rising ground without the walls—just above the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. From hence “as far as St. Stephen’s Gate the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts, and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel,” (at the tower of Hippicus) “to the foot of Mount Zion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city.” Thus the general distribution of the forces round the walls appears closely to resemble that of the Roman army, the side of the Valley of Jehoshaphat being too steep for attack.

The onset is powerfully described in the “Jerusalem Delivered.” The various instruments of ancient warfare, before the invention of gunpowder—

“ Scorpions and strong ballistæ ; whence were cast,
Like lightning and like thunder on the towers,
Lances, and quarried rocks, and sleet of arrowy showers ;—”

and the tremendous cast of

“ Stones from slings,
Javelins from engines, quarrels from cross-bows,
And mortal arrows from resounding strings ;—”

the perilous escalade ; the Tortoise, where ‘ shield locked with shield,’ and one mounting on the other’s shoulder, the highest grasped the very battlements, till overwhelmed and crushed by a huge crag toppled from above by the besieged, the battering-rams, incessantly plied, but in vain, probably from their defective construction, owing to the want of timber, are successively brought before us, and, lastly, the wooden towers, the final and successful expedient of the besiegers.

The general course of the siege is thus briefly traced by the historian.

“ On the fifth day the Crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force they burst the first barriers, but were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp. The use of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labour were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may

be imputed, in some degree, to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks; but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water, the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season,* nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade and building; but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the Crusaders. A wood near Sichem (the enchanted grove of Tasso) was cut down; the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigour and dexterity of Tancred, and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists who had fortunately landed in the harbour of Jaffa. Two moveable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Toulouse, and rolled forwards with devout labour, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification."

After the various fortunes of the siege, the hour of conquest approaches.

" Raymond's Tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart, the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valour, and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest by Omar, the Holy City was rescued from the Mahometan yoke."

* We may remark here that the Crusaders had in their possession the pools of Siloam and the Virgin, the aqueduct from Bethlehem, and some smaller sources of supply.

This scene the poet has invested with all the glories of imagination. He has entered into the very spirit of the superstitious enthusiasm of the age. Amid the tumult and din of the last attack, a sublime vision is brought before the eye of Godfrey. His fellow-champions who had fallen in the attack, are seen mingling with the host of heaven, and bending in triumph over the devoted city, now given up to the rage and revenge of the conquerors,—

“ Death, the slaughterer, goes
Twixt Woe and Horror with gigantic tread,
From street to street; the blood in torrent flows,
And settles in lagoons, on all sides fed,
And swelled with heaps on heaps of dying and of dead.

Sad indeed are the details of savage, unrelenting massacre brought before us by the historian. The area of the great mosque, that fatal spot, where Jewish nationality had been quenched in fire and blood, was crowded with unhappy victims—the Christian knights waded fetlock-deep in slaughter.

“ A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians; resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to

the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives, whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion ; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation, and safe conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The Holy Sepulchre was now free, and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary, amidst the loud anthems of the clergy, kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence, the monument of their redemption. This union of the fiercest and most tender passions has been variously considered by two philosophers—by the one as easy and natural, by the other as absurd and incredible. Perhaps it is too rigorously applied to the same persons and the same hour. The example of the virtuous Godfrey awakened the piety of his companions — while they cleansed their bodies they purified their minds ; nor shall I believe that the most ardent in slaughter and rapine were the foremost in the procession to the Holy Sepulchre."

The brief period of the Latin kingdom, whose establishment followed this memorable siege, is full of the most romantic interest. At first the eye is fixed upon this small but gallant band, the flower of Christendom, which had escaped the perils under which the greater part of their companions in arms had sunk, and whose hard-won occupation of Palestine was one of continual peril and uncertainty. The narrative of their chivalrous

defence of their narrow frontier, threatened on all sides by the accumulating hosts of the Saracens, their sudden sorties, hair-breadth escapes, and triumphant returns to the Holy City, whose walls were crowded with anxious companions, is thrilling in the highest degree;* and as their numbers were increased by new comers, and their possession of the land secured for a brief space, their feuds and jealousies, the growth of the sacerdotal interest, the mingling of the great and the mean, of the heroic and the superstitious, are full of matter for the loftiest romance. As the traveller tracks the soil of Palestine, he sees the wreck of the strong castle, or the mouldering cells of convents and churches, mementos of this stirring period; he treads the vacant hall of the proud baron, transplanted from his native west, or upon the grave of the noble lady and her attendant sisters, who wore out a life of prayer upon the sacred soil, in the midst of uneasiness and alarm. These, though not the highest associations connected with Palestine, yet add a high charm to its eventful history. In Jerusalem itself, the sight of a mouldering pointed arch, or some fragment of the chivalrous ages, is fraught with melancholy interest.

Descending from the elevated position whence we have,

* No traveller to the East should be without Michaud's "Histoire des Croisades."

in idea, glanced over the siege of the city by the Crusaders, and their occupation of it as the centre of their Kingdom, we cross the quiet fields, and reach the platform of the city by the Bethel-road, seen over the valley on the right.

At the N.E. angle of the wall, which is here defended by a trench, near which is a gate, now closed up, we may repose under the welcome shade of some spreading trees. A little beyond is a rocky ridge, rising from the plain, like the crest of a high wave, and dropping perpendicularly to its level. Sunk deep within is a cavern and excavation, the approach to which is defended by a wall and gate, within which is a small garden. Tradition has called this the Grotto of Jeremiah. Hence we may pursue our way through the olive-groves to the celebrated monument, called popularly the "Tombs of the Kings," which is a considerable distance beyond the present wall. As this is by far the most remarkable work of antiquity of its kind at Jerusalem, we shall endeavour to give a tolerably complete illustration of it.

We descend into a trench sunk in the rocky level, and divided by a wall, consisting of the rock itself,



squared into shape, from a large court similarly sunk below the level, and of course open to the sky. The passage through the wall of rock is by an arch. The great court is about ninety feet* square, and on its west side is a portico about twenty-five feet wide, excavated in its rocky wall.



The annexed sketch† will give an idea of this façade, which was formerly supported by two pillars. The style of the entablature is what is called Roman-Doric, and the entire front, when perfect, must have been very rich in effect, from the profusion of carved foliage and fruit which it exhibits, portions of which may still be traced in the sketch.

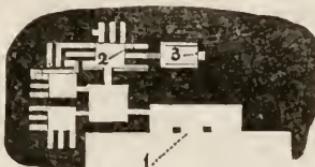
An old Arab is generally at hand to guide visitors through the recesses of this extensive sepulchre, but it is always better to bring candles from the city. The entrance is on the left-hand corner, by a very low door. The first room is an antechamber, square and plain.

* Robinson.

† 1 on the Plan.

The two rooms south of this entrance, as seen by the plan, contain small niches, or crypts, for sepulture, running into the rock. The general character of these chambers is the same.

PLAN



The apartment west of the antechamber, which is entered by a door in the centre of its wall,* is the most extensive of any. Our sketch represents it as entered from thence. In the foreground is the pannelled stone door, which was formerly inserted by its stone tenon at the corner, into the groove which is hollowed out in the angle of the doorway. All the doors seen around,



* Number 2 on small Plan.

except the centre one, lead into similar crypts to those in the other apartments. Through the centre arch is a passage into a low vaulted room,* from which there is no issue, and which was probably the resting-place of honour in these sepulchral chambers. The sarcophagi, beautifully sculptured with wreaths of fruit and flowers, thrown from their niches, lie broken and tenantless on the rocky floor, as seen in the illustration.



As the whole of the apartments lie south of the centre of the portico, it has been supposed that others, with a concealed entrance, may exist on its northern side; but all attempts to discover them have hitherto been in vain.

From the extent of this noble sepulchre we should have been disposed to accept the tradition of its being the burial-place of the “Kings” of Judah, but that a

* Number 3 on small Plan.

passage, cited by the learned Robinson, from Pausanias, seems to fix it rather as that of Helena, queen of Adiabene, who resided at Jerusalem, and built a tomb so remarkable that it is mentioned by him, with another in Asia Minor, as the finest he had anywhere met with in his travels. Now this is, beyond all contradiction, the most noticeable sepulchre at Jerusalem,* and must, one would think, be the same alluded to. It agrees also with the locality assigned to Helena's tomb in Josephus, and its architectural decorations are also of that age. Where then are the tombs of the kings of Judah, so often alluded to in the Books of the Kings and the Chronicles? They are always described as in the "City of David;" but whether Mount Zion precisely is signified by this expression, or the whole range of Jerusalem and its environs, it is difficult to determine. If the latter signification be admitted, perhaps the most ancient of the tombs on the side of the Hill of Evil Counsel may be the resting-places of the early Jewish monarchs.

Besides this extensive and important sepulchre, others are scattered about in the neighbourhood, as well as ancient cisterns and other vestiges of the former extent of the city in this direction. Dr. Robinson has particularly pointed out traces of what he supposes to be

* Dr. Robinson discovered others of the same character, though inferior, in the same vicinity. These we did not see.

the third wall. Beyond these memorials, there is no object of interest on this side of the city.

We return, then, to the Damascus Gate, by the old track worn on the stony soil, which, from the direction of the ground, has probably been for ages the road to that city, by Samaria and Galilee. The gate itself is a beautiful specimen of Saracenic architecture. Near it are two ancient chambers, (which we did not see,) supposed by Robinson to have been guard-houses to the second wall, which, according to his theory, must have extended thus far. Besides these, no object of interest occurs on our way to the Latin convent.

WALK III.

INTERIOR OF THE CITY—JEWISH ANTIQUITIES.

HAVING surveyed the city from the heights around, and familiarized the reader with her general aspect, we now turn our attention to the various objects of interest within the walls.

If the traveller can forget that he is treading on the grave of a people from whom his religion has sprung, on the dust of her kings, prophets, and holy men, there is certainly no city in the world that he will sooner wish to leave than Jerusalem. Nothing can be more void of interest than her gloomy, half-ruinous streets and poverty-stricken bazaars, which, except at the period of the pilgrimage at Easter, present no signs of life or study of character to the observer. We have wandered for hours among the other great cities of the East—Cairo, Constantinople, and Damascus, watching the brilliant crowds that pour through the narrow bazaars,

“Like the gay motes that people the sunbeam,”

and seen the aristocratic Turk, slowly prancing by on

his splendid Arabian, gay and proud with oriental trappings ; the quiet, portly Armenian, grave in dress, pushing by with business haste, on his sleek, well-conditioned mule ; the Bedouin from the desert, half startled at the unwonted display, but not without a proud air among the sons of traffic ; the elegant Persian ; the quick, subtle Greek ; the Jew, whether rich or poor, sordid in exterior and abject in mien ; the haggard, half-naked Dervish, pale with fanaticism, mingling and jostling in the narrow thoroughfare ; long trains of camels, laden with merchandise and fruit ; and the humble ass of the water-carrier, pushing steadily through the throng ; with hundreds of women, their dark eyes flashing forth from beneath their muslin envelopes, attended by negro slaves, chaffering with the venders of shawls and slippers ; while the thousand cries of a great city and the noise of artificers echo through the endless passages of the vaulted bazaars ;—but Jerusalem, once like these, “ full of stir, the tumultuous city, the joyous city,”* no longer the capital of a nation, and remote from the centre of traffic, is destitute of any interest but that connected with the past ; and the traveller gladly hastens from the dulness and misery within her walls, to the lonely hills around, where there is nothing to disturb the picture of the momentous events brought before him by his imagination.

* Isaiah.

Jerusalem has been well described as “the tomb of a people, but a tomb without inscriptions, without monuments, of which the stones are broken, and whose ashes seem to cover the earth which surrounds it with mourning, silence, and sterility.” Conqueror after conqueror has patched up the wreck, which his arms had spared, in the style of the architecture of his age, till the confusion is inextricable. Yet a few fragments of the time of the Jews undoubtedly remain, which, we believe, for the first time are now laid before the reader.

It was natural that the most prominent object in the city, the Mosque of Omar, resting on its mighty platform, should have first attracted curious inquiry. The immense size and obvious antiquity of much of the stonework around its area, has led all travellers who have noticed it, to refer it to the time of Jewish magnificence. It is only within a few years that the fragment of *a bridge*, connected with this wall, have attracted much remark. The temple area had indeed been previously surveyed by Mr. Catherwood, but it does not appear, as erroneously stated in the first edition of this book, that the existence of these relics became thence known to the missionaries in the city, and to other travellers. They remained, in fact, almost unnoticed, and their historical import certainly unappreciated, until the visit of Dr. Robinson to Jerusalem, who in the course of a walk was

struck with their appearance, and on further inquiry, believing them to be a part of the bridge described by Josephus, first drew adequate attention to them in his "Researches" as to some of the most remarkable remains of antiquity in existence, not only proving to demonstration the identity of the ancient and modern wall of the temple enclosure, but also affording the same evidence of that of the ancient and modern Zion, and assisting the strong presumption as to the remains of the Tower of Hippicus mentioned in Chapter I., thus giving, too, a clue to the probable position of the other quarters and buildings of the ancient city.

It is desirable to obtain a Jewish guide to the spot, as the way is somewhat intricate; we have marked it on the map, as descending from the Latin convent, down the steep street occupying the place of the Tyropeon, whence a sharp turn to the right brings us out to the angle of the temple wall. By proceeding to the edge of the *city* wall, and looking down, we perceive that we are standing on a vast accumulation of the débris of past ages, which has completely disguised the course of the Tyropeon, formerly a deep and rugged hollow, which it was necessary to connect with Zion by causeways or bridges, or flights of steps. Here, on the wall of the area, are seen the springing stones of a large arch, of the same style and date of masonry as most of the other portions around the whole enclosure before alluded



REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT BRIDGE.

to. The annexed* cut will give a general idea of their appearance, though somewhat sharper and fresher in outline than the stones themselves, which to any casual passenger would perhaps escape observation, or rather be considered as an accidental projection of ruinous masonry. As will be seen, the smaller masonry above them is most probably Saracenic. It should be borne in mind, that within the lower part of this wall are



ancient vaults, or perhaps cisterns† supporting the modern terrace, on which the mosques stand; of these the diagram gives a *transverse section*, including the ancient gateway, now walled up, which formerly led up into it. The size of these stones‡ is enormous, and so far as we could judge by the eye, four or five arches must have been required to reach the opposite heights

* 18 on the Map.

† Robinson.

‡ Three courses of its stone still remain, of which one is five feet four inches thick, and the others not much less. One of the stones is twenty and a half feet long, another twenty-four and a half feet, and the rest in like proportion. The part of the curve, or arc, which remains, is, of course, but a fragment; but of this fragment, the chord measures twelve feet six inches, the sine eleven feet ten inches, and the cosine three feet ten inches.—ROBINSON.

of Zion, part of which appears on the right in our sketch. As a dense thicket of prickly-pear forms an impervious barrier in this direction, there are no traces of the foundations of the piers of the bridge discoverable, though they must exist under the immense accumulation of rubbish.

The earliest mention of a viaduct from the temple to Zion, is in the account by Josephus of Pompey's attack upon the party of Aristobulus, who retreated into the temple, breaking down the bridge, and obliging him, by thus cutting off all access on the west, to attack it on the north. We can hardly suppose that on a hasty retreat, the besieged should have been able to demolish such a bridge as this must have been, and we should rather suppose that a wooden one, or a causeway, formed the communication at that period. Be this as it may, it is undoubtedly the same as that across which Titus, after the destruction of the temple, addressed the Jews, who still held out in the upper city of Zion, as the study of masonry cannot with any probability be referred to a later date—nor have we any reason to suppose, even if it could, that any of the subsequent masters of the city, Roman, Christian, or Saracenic, had any motive to undertake such an erection.

If we refer the bridge itself to the age of Solomon, we are in contradiction with the belief, that the use of

the arch was not common till long afterwards, or we are compelled to suppose, that its earliest known instance is in the metropolis of a people who have most probably copied their architecture from that of other nations. Is it not more likely that both the remains of the bridge and the ancient wall, connected as they are with the subterranean vaults and gateways, are of the time of Herod, who rebuilt the temple and its appendages in a style of great splendour, on the site of the old and inferior one of Zerubbabel?

We throw out this idea (which we think will be confirmed by referring to Josephus's account of the re-building by Herod) with hesitation, being unwilling to differ from the learned Dr. Robinson on this or any other point connected with the antiquities of Jerusalem. It would be far more interesting, indeed, could we view these stones as relics of the time of Solomon; and we might be justified in supposing that the bridge was added at a later period than the wall itself, which might thus be of very high antiquity; though, from the manner in which it is attached to the wall, we should rather refer both to the same builders. In any case it existed at the time of the advent of Christ, and formed the communication from the temple courts to Mount Zion;* and we want, then, no tradition to assure us

* It seems surprising that any dispute should arise as to the im-

that he must often have passed over it. At that time it was often crowded with the wealthy and noble of the land, on their way from the proud palaces of the upper city to the temple. What a contrast is presented by its present state! the bridge broken down, the Jews shut out from the “holy and beautiful house” of their fathers, and the slopes of Zion hung with mean and ruinous houses, the abodes of poverty and wretchedness.

Nor a hundred yards further to the north is a spot,* immediately under the wall and quite concealed from observation, where they have purchased permission from the Turks to approach the boundary of the temple,

part of this fragment, yet some doubt whether it is really part of the bridge mentioned by Josephus. His statement, however, is most explicit, that Titus placed himself “on the *western* side of the outer court of the temple, for there were gates on that side above the Xystus, and a *bridge* that connected the upper city to the temple.” Nothing can square more exactly with this than the position of the arch, which is precisely in that place, and in no other, where we should have looked for it—viz. on the W. side of the temple area—at the *nearest point to the steep cliffs* of Zion. — Had no account of it existed in Josephus, we should still have inferred its obvious purport from the nature of the ground. What, in fact, could it have been, if not a viaduct? and if not *here*, where *could* have been that described by Josephus, since the identity of the temple wall is and must be undisputed, agreeing exactly as it does with his mention of “the fearful depth” into the Valley of the Kidron, at the S. E. corner, a description which will apply to no other spot—not to speak of the obvious antiquity of the masonry, and the conclusive evidence of the gateway under the mosque el-Aksa.

* 19 on the Map.



THE PLATEAU OF THE TEMPLE WALL



to wail over the desolation of Judah, and implore the mercy and forgiveness of their God.* We repaired to this place on Friday, when a considerable number unusually assemble. In the shadow of the wall, on the right, were seated many venerable men, reading the book of the law, wearing out their declining days in the city of their fathers, and soon to be gathered to them in the mournful Valley of Jehoshaphat. There were also many women in their long white robes, who, as they entered the small area, walked along the sacred wall, kissing its ancient masonry, and praying through the crevices with every appearance of deep devotion. I saw no weeping or outward signs of sorrow, though others have ; the scene is sufficiently expressive without such manifestations ; nor was it rendered less so by the demands for charity, urged with all the eagerness of deep poverty, which were pressed on us as we left the spot. The Jew begging of the stranger, beneath the memorials of

* This touching custom of the Jews is not of modern origin. Benjamin of Tudela mentions it, as connected apparently with the same spot, in the twelfth century. After the capture of Jerusalem by Adrian, the Jews were excluded from the city, and it was not till the age of Constantine that they were permitted to approach, so as to behold Jerusalem from the neighbouring hills. At length they were allowed to enter the city once a year, on the day on which it was taken by Titus, in order to wail over the ruins of the temple ; but this privilege they had to purchase of the Roman soldiers.—ROBINSON.

his once proud and contemptuous superiority to the rest of mankind! It is affecting thus to behold a handful of this people in such circumstances, seated upon the ruins of their sanctuary, whose stones, hurled from above by the destroying Romans, are "poured out on the top of every street," and still lifting up their prayer to that Great Being with the recognition of whose unity their nationality commenced ages since near the same spot, when the world around them lay sunk in idolatry.

We need hardly point out that the masonry of this wall is the same as that close to the bridge, as will be seen by *comparing the two views*. The lower courses are beautifully fresh and polished in surface; a peculiarity which is rather against the supposition of their very high antiquity; others, either by time, or more probably, external injury, are much decayed. Perhaps this occurred at the period of the civil war in Jerusalem, when Simon raised banks and engines against Eleazer and John in the court of the temple above. The same masonry still exists in various places all along this side of the wall of the enclosure, as was discovered by Mr. Catherwood on his survey.

Leaving this interesting spot, we bend our steps towards the Via Dolorosa, by a long arched street, gloomily picturesque, and relieved with Saracenic fountains, running *parallel* with the wall of the great mosque. About half way is a broad passage up to its area,



ENCLOSURE OF THE HARAM

through a deserted bazaar ; a beautiful view of it is to be obtained from its extremity. Turning into the Via Dolorosa, and passing near the “Ecce Homo” arch, we reach the entrance of the governor’s house, to the roof of which we believe admission may always be obtained. It commands a most beautiful view of the great platform, on which stood successively the temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod ; now occupied by the mosques of Omar and el-Aksa, with their dependent cloisters and colleges. The annexed view* is taken from this spot, and before we enter into any question as to the ancient state of the area, we will go over and explain its details. The broad platform spreading out before the eye, “occupying the summit of Moriah,” is entirely the work of art, (*vide* p. 23,) the terrace from which the view is taken, resting upon a precipice of rock (*vide View*, p. 101) which formerly swept down abruptly, and has obviously been cut away to form the level below, which also bears marks of having been scarped. This *natural* foundation of rock extends beyond the great mosque seen in the centre, then the hill sloping away, and beyond this it became necessary to *build up* the level upon arches, upon which all the further part of the enclosure rests ; the noble trees with which it is scattered striking their roots into the vaults beneath. To commence our description *on the right*

* 20 on the Map.

hand of the view :—the long range of buildings of beautiful Saracenic architecture are occupied as colleges of Dervishes and public Turkish schools and other buildings connected with the mosque. These occupy the site of the *western* cloister of the temple, and under its further extremity, are those portions of the ancient wall we have just described, and of the bridge which connected the temple with Mount Zion, part of which is seen in the background.

In the centre of the view is an extensive platform, raised above the level of the rest of the area, and paved with marble, to which access is had through gateways of elegant proportion. Nearly in the centre of this platform, and built over the remarkable and venerated mass of rock, “ *Kubbet es Sukrah*,” which rises fifteen feet above the level of the platform, is the Mosque of Omar. Beyond this, quite at the extremity of the platform, is the smaller Mosque of *el-Aksa*. All along the *east*, or left-hand side of the enclosure, is the wall which overhangs the deep Valley of the Kidron ; at its further extremity is the entrance to the subterranean vaults which support the platform. The “ *Golden Gate*,” with its double arch, blocked up, is seen on the left, below the level of the area, so that the ascent from without was up a gradual slope, with steps ; which is the case also with the gate that exists under the Mosque *el-Aksa*, on the *south* side of the enclosure. Scattered

over its wide extent are fountains and praying places, overshadowed with plane, cypress, and olive-trees, for the devotions of the Mussulmen ; and particular spots are consecrated by their traditions, which embrace many events of biblical story, overlaid with the legendary additions of the Koran.

As the Jews believe that the Messiah will judge the nations in the awful Valley of Jehoshaphat, so have the followers of Mahomet assigned to him a seat of judgment, on the eastern wall, overhanging the abyss. Next to Mecca the “ Sakhara” is the holiest of religious retirements, in the estimation of the prophet’s followers, angels nightly keep watch about its lofty dome, and an air of paradise breathes for them over its beautiful area, with its groves and fountains, never profaned by the foot of the unbeliever.

To us the historical associations connected with this spot are full of solemn interest ; three events will ever stand out from the rest in importance—the erection of the temple by Solomon, the advent of Christ, and the final destruction of Jerusalem.

We first behold a noble structure arise on the rocky hill, based on gigantic foundations, reared by a pious monarch to the worship of the one God, in the midst of nations lying in heathen superstition. Thousands of grateful and adoring people pour from the city and the hills into the wide area around it. Whilst their

king solemnly invokes the protection of the Most High, a glory seems to hover about the spot, and mix with the clouds of incense rising into the heavens. The seal of Divine favour appears to be set upon the assembled nation; and a long career of temporal and religious prosperity to stretch out before them into distant perspective.

Centuries had rolled on. The glory of Israel was now departed, her political importance was annihilated, her very independence gone for ever. But still, another temple, the work of the alien Herod, rises on the old foundations, its gorgeous golden front, touched by the rising sun, beams with resplendent splendour. Its courts are thronged with the mixed multitude of buyers and sellers, with crowds of degenerate worshippers, and a formal priesthood, “blind leaders of the blind.” A cry is heard from the Mount of Olives—“Hosanna to the Son of David!” they issue from the gates and swell the tumultuous throng in the valley below, which presses up the ascent to the temple; and perhaps through the very gateway still existing, or one upon its site, Jesus of Nazareth enters the sacred courts, the teacher of a more sublime and spiritual religion, to which his blood ere long, ignorantly and unjustly shed, sets its eternal seal.

But thirty years later, we stand on the same spot, the proud fortress Antonia, now the last rampart of

hope to the besieged Jews. Below, the wasted city lies in ashes ; famine is in the streets, despair begins to stamp the haggard faces of the fierce and fanatic defenders ; every form of attack is tried against this bulwark ; the battering-ram thunders against the wall, the mine, the escalade, are long employed in vain. The fierce assault of host on host is repulsed with the energy of desperation. But while the Jews, worn out with fatigue, are sleeping on their arms, the awful Roman trumpet startles them like a knell in the dead of night. The legions storm the breach ; the contest rolls on to the temple ; step by step it is defended ; the courts are heaped with dead. But the hour is come, and the career of the chosen people terminates in fire and blood, with the destruction of their city and temple, and their “place and nation” are taken away for ever.

These, though the principal, are but a few of the changes this spot has witnessed. Not to speak of the other vicissitudes of its Jewish history ; its devastations by Assyrian and Roman conquerors—among which one picture, however, always arises in strong relief, the figure of the heroic Judas Maccabeus, standing among its grass-grown ruins, after he had driven as far his country’s enemies—even since the period of the destruction of Jerusalem, how many revolutions has it known ! The site has been occupied by the Pagan temple of Adrian, and subsequently by the Saracenic

mosque now standing, which has repeatedly changed masters, being taken by the Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon in 1099, when the crescent gave way to the cross, till it was again replaced at the time of the expulsion of the Christians by Saladin. And though the spirit of the Crusaders is dead, yet it is not improbable, that, according to the Turkish tradition, the Golden Gate may yet open some day to the entry of their descendants.

The paper here introduced, on the subject of the great mosque and its subterranean vaults, is from the pen of Mr. Catherwood.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ You have asked for some account of my visit to the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem, and the ground surrounding it, occupied formerly by the temple of Solomon. You also request my opinion on several points connected with its present topography. I was at Jerusalem in 1833, in company with my friends, Messrs. Bonomi and Arundale, and a portion of my time was employed in making drawings, from which Burford's Panorama was afterwards painted; they were taken from the roof of the governor's house, from whence the best general view of the mosque and its dependencies is obtained. Having so often looked upon the interesting buildings, which now occupy this celebrated spot, I feel irresistibly urged to make an attempt to explore them. I had heard that for merely entering the outer court, without venturing within the mosque, several unfortunate Franks have been put to death,

and you may therefore conceive the attempt was somewhat rash. However, there were many circumstances in my favour; it was the period of the rule of Mehemet Ali in Syria, and the governor of Jerusalem, with whom I was on good terms, was a latitudinarian as to Mahometanism, like most of the pasha's officers. I had brought with me a strong firman, expressly naming me as an engineer in the service of his Highness. I had long adopted the usual dress of an Egyptian officer, and was accompanied by a servant possessed of great courage and assurance, and who, coming from Egypt, held the “canaille” of Jerusalem in the extreme of contempt. This man had strongly urged me to the experiment; and at last, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my friends, I entered the area one morning, with an indifferent air, and proceeded to survey, but not too curiously, the many objects of interest it presents. As I was about to enter into the mosque, however, I caught sight of one of the guardian dervishes, who are in the habit of conducting pilgrims around it; this man made towards me, in the hope of a better donation than usual. As I was not prepared to go through the requisite ceremonial with this devout guide, I thought it prudent to retreat, as if accidentally, from his alarming neighbourhood, and quietly left the area, without having occasioned the least notice. The success of my first attempt, induced me to make a second visit the following day. I determined to take in my camera lucida, and sit down and make a drawing; a proceeding certain to attract the attention of the most indifferent and expose me to dangerous consequences. The cool assurance of my servant, at once befriended and led me on. We entered, and arranging the camera, I quickly sat down to my work, not without some nervousness, as I perceived the Mussulmen, from time to time, mark me with doubtful looks; however, most of them passed on, deceived by my dress and the quiet indifference with which I regarded them. At length, some more fanatic than the rest,

began to think all could not be right: they gathered at a distance in groups, suspiciously eyeing me, and comparing notes with one another; a storm was evidently gathering. They approached, broke into sudden clamour, and surrounding us, uttered loud curses: their numbers increased most alarmingly, and with their numbers their menacing language and gestures. Escape was hopeless; I was completely surrounded by a mob of two hundred people, who seemed screwing up their courage for a sudden rush upon me—I need not tell you what would have been my fate. Nothing could be better than the conduct of Suleyman, my servant, at this crisis; affecting vast indignation at the interruption, he threatened to inform the Governor, out-hextored the most clamorous, and raising his whip, actually commenced a summary attack upon them, and knocked off the cap of one of the holy dervishes. This brought matters to a crisis; and, I believe, few moments would have passed ere we had been torn to pieces, when an incident occurred that converted our danger and discomfiture into positive triumph. This was the sudden appearance of the Governor on the steps of the platform, accompanied by his usual train. Catching sight of him, the foremost,—those I mean who had been disgraced by the blows of Suleyman—rushed tumultuously up to him, demanding the punishment of the infidel, who was profaning the holy precincts, and horse-whipping the true believers. At this the Governor drew near, and as we had often smoked together, and were well acquainted, he saluted me politely, and supposing it to be beyond the reach of possibility that I could venture to do what I was about without warrant from the pasha, he at once applied himself to cool the rage of the mob. “You see, my friends,” he said, “that our holy mosque is in a dilapidated state, and no doubt our lord and master Mehemet Ali has sent this Effendi to survey it, in order to its complete repair. If we are unable to do these things for ourselves, it is right to employ those who can; and such being the will of our

lord, the pasha, I require you to disperse and not incur my displeasure by any further interruption." And turning to me, he said, in the hearing of them all, that if any one had the hardihood to disturb me in future, he would deal in a summary way with him. I did not, of course, think it necessary to undeceive the worthy Governor; and gravely thanking him, proceeded with my drawing. All went on quietly after this.

During six weeks, I continued to investigate every part of the mosque and its precincts, introducing my astonished companions as necessary assistants in the work of survey.* But when I heard of the near approach of Ibrahim Pasha, I thought it was time to take leave of Jerusalem. The day after my departure, he entered, and as it happened, several English travellers of distinction arrived at the same time. Anxious to see the mosque, they asked permission of Ibrahim, whose answer was characteristic of the man, to the purport, that they were welcome to go if they liked, but he would not insure their safe return, and that he could not venture to outrage the feeling of the Mussulmen, by sending an escort with them. Here he was met with the story of my recent visit. He said it was impossible: the dervishes were summoned; the governor was summoned, and an éclaircissement took place, which must have been a scene of no small amusement.

It was more than simple curiosity that urged this rash attempt, and its fortunate issue enabled me, with my associates, to make a complete and scientific survey of the mosques, vaults, gateways, and other objects comprised within the extent of the area. These I hope, at some future period, will be

* Mr. Bonomi, speaking Arabic fluently, had found no difficulty in entering the mosque on several previous occasions, but the character he assumed, of a Mahomedan pilgrim, had hitherto precluded his making drawings.

published. In the mean time, I gladly present you with a few brief notes, for your intended publication.

The principal entrance to the area is through the deserted bazaar, on its west side, (*See Map,*) there are also three other entrances on the same side, and two from the north. In going from the gateway to the mosque, a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, several praying-places of the Mahomedans are passed, with one or two elegant fountains, surmounted by beautiful cupolas, overshadowed with cypress and plane-trees. The great platform is in general about fifteen or sixteen feet above the area, and is reached by three flights of stairs on the western side, above which are elegant pointed archways, probably of the same age as the mosque; of these are also, on the north side, two; on the south side, two; on the east side, one. At various intervals between these are apartments, under and attached to the platform, appropriated to the poorest class of Mahomedan pilgrims, who are lodged and fed gratuitously from the funds of the mosque; one portion of these is devoted to black pilgrims from Africa. This extensive platform is four hundred and fifty feet from east to west, and five hundred and fifty feet from north to south, paved in part with marble; on it are several small and elegant praying-places, one especially, said to have been used by Fatima, the daughter of the prophet; and on the south side, attached to the external parapet, is a sumptuous and highly-wrought pulpit of the richest materials. On the east side, within a few feet of the mosque, is a building resembling a fountain, composed of columns and arches, with a praying-place, pointing towards Mecca, and which, according to tradition, was the judgment-seat of King David.

The great Mosque of Omar, which stands on this platform, is octagonal in form, each side measuring sixty-seven feet. The lower division of the wall is composed of various coloured

marbles, arranged in elegant and intricate patterns. The remaining portion is pierced with fifty-six pointed windows, filled with the most beautiful stained glass imaginable, perhaps of greater brilliancy than the finest specimens in our own cathedrals. The piers separating the windows are externally decorated with glazed tiles, of bright colours and various patterns, which is also the case with the circular wall supporting the dome. The double dome of peculiarly elegant form, is covered with lead, surmounted by a tall gilt crescent. Four doors* give entrance to the mosque, opposite to the cardinal points; of these, the southern is the principal, having a porch supported by marble columns. A narrow corridor, about thirteen feet wide, runs round the entire building, inside, having eight piers and sixteen marble Corinthian columns, which I suppose to have belonged to some ancient Roman buildings: the second corridor, which also runs round the building, is about thirty feet in breadth, the interior diameter of it is ninety-eight feet: the dome is sixty-six feet in diameter, supported by four massive stone piers, and twelve ancient Corinthian marble columns, also supposed to have formed part of either the Jewish or Pagan temple, formerly existing on the site.

These are connected by arches, from which springs the circular wall, supporting the dome: the interior of this wall, and the dome itself, are ornamented in gilt stucco, in the Arabesque style, such as prevails in the Alhambra. This dome, which is of very early date, is composed of woodwork, portions of it are elaborately carved, although concealed from sight. Under this dome is a remarkable limestone rock; (*see Section*, p. 164;) it occupies, with its irregular form, the

* The east, west, and north doors have marble enclosed porches: in the west porch is a well. May not this communicate with the bath described by Dr. Robinson, as supplied by a fountain under the Mosque of Omar?

greater part of the area beneath: and is surrounded by a gilt iron railing, to keep it from the touch of the numerous pilgrims. It appears to be the natural surface of the rock of Mount Moriah: in a few places there are marks of chiselling. Over this hangs a time-worn crimson silk canopy. At the south-east corner of this rock is an excavated chamber, called by Mahomedans the Noble Cave, to which there is a descent by a flight of stone steps. (*See Section*, p. 164.) This chamber is irregular in form, and its superficial area is about six hundred feet, the average height seven feet; it derives a peculiar sanctity from having been successively, (according to Mahomedan tradition,) the praying-place of Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus; its surface is quite plain, and there are a few small altars. In the centre of the rocky pavement is a circular slab of marble, which being struck, returns a hollow sound, clearly showing that there is a well or excavation beneath; this is called, by the Mahomedans, "*Bir arruah*," the well of souls—of the wicked we must suppose, this being the entrance to the Mahomedan hell. I was gravely informed, that this well was open until about forty years since, and up to that period was frequented by those who were desirous of holding converse with the souls of the departed confined below; but that a certain widow, who was more than ordinarily curious and communicative, carried such intelligence from the living to the dead, and from the dead to the living, as to disturb the peace of many families in the city, and caused such commotions below, that the noise getting too outrageous, the well had to be closed, to prevent further mischief-making. The corridors of the mosque are airy, light, and elegant, and the sun, streaming through the richly-stained glass windows, casts a thousand varied dyes upon the highly-decorated walls and marble pavement. In striking contrast to this is the sombre and impressive appearance of the dome: the eye in vain

strives to pierce its gloom, to unravel its maze of rich Arabesque ornaments, and read its lengthened inscriptions, drawn from the Koran. In perfect keeping are the groups of pilgrims and devout Mussulmen, from all parts of the Mahomedan world, from India to Morocco. Their picturesque variety of dress and feature, their deeply devout deportment, as headed by dervishes in green robes and high conical caps, they silently prostrate themselves in prayer, thankful to have attained the term of their weary pilgrimage, are very striking. One, in particular, whom I conversed with, a native of British India, had walked from Calcutta, across Persia and Arabia, employing in the journey three long years: he had been about two months in the Holy City, and was on the point of retracing his steps, satisfied with his title of "hadji," and of being on the high road to Paradise. Throughout the mosque are many objects of traditional reverence pertaining to Mohammed Ali, the Kalif Omar, Fatima, and other Mohammedan saints, too tedious to enumerate. Suffice it to say, that after the "Caaba" at Mecca, the "Sakhara" is the most venerated place of Mahomedan devotion.

Proceeding southward from the platform of the Mosque of Omar, across a paved footway, shaded by venerable cypresses, at the distance of three hundred and fifty feet, we reach the porch of the Mosque el-Aksa, which occupies the remaining space of two hundred and eighty feet, extending to the southern wall of the great enclosure. It consists of a nave and six side-aisles, of a mixed architecture, the entire breadth being one hundred and eighty feet.* The columns and piers are very irregular in size, material, and architectural character; some being evidently Roman, while other are Saracenic. At the

* It is supposed to be the church built by Justinian, but if so, it has been greatly altered by the Mahomedans.

southern extremity is a beautiful dome, under which stands the gallery for the singers, and an elaborately carved pulpit. Attached to the south-west angle of the building is the mosque of our lord, Abu Bekr. This Mosque is upwards of two hundred feet in length, and fifty-five feet in breadth. Down the centre is a row of eight piers, from which arches cross to the sides: at right angles with this is the Mosque of the Mogrebins, two hundred feet in length, of no particular character. At the opposite end of the edifice, on the edge of the wall, is the small Mosque of Omar, eighty-five feet in length. Attached to this mosque is one still smaller, called that of the Forty Prophets. The mass of buildings projecting at the back, beyond the wall of the great enclosure, are merely offices connected with the mosque.

The interior of this extensive building, like the Mosque of Omar, abounds in traditional objects. Its distinguishing peculiarity is a large enclosure for the devotions of Mahomedan women, who are not, on any account, permitted to enter the principal mosque. Like the Mosque of Omar, this also has its well. The entrance to the ancient gateway, existing under the mosque, is beneath the archway immediately to the left of the main entrance, by a flight of stone steps. This gateway is apparently of the same age and style as the Golden Gateway; it is two hundred and eighty feet in length, and by means of steps and an inclined plane, the roadway through it ascends from the southern entrance to the level of the area.

Beneath the dome, at the south-east angle of the temple wall, conspicuous from all points, is a small subterranean mosque, or place of prayer, forming the entrance to the extensive vaults, which support the level platform of the mosque above. (*See Plan and Section, p. 164.*) It may be presumed that the whole of this eastern side of the platform is so supported, but the only part accessible is immediately beneath



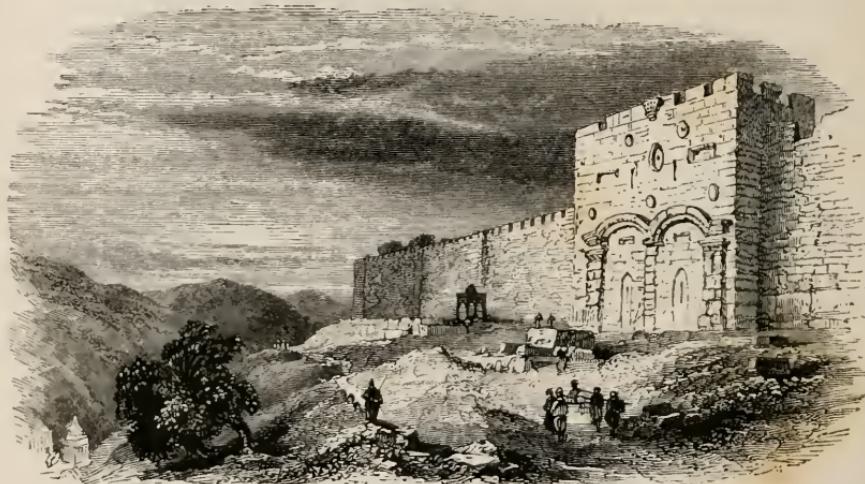
the south-east angle. Here are fifteen rows of square pillars, from which spring arches supporting the platform. The spaces between the ranges of arches are, as will be seen by reference to the plan, of irregular dimensions. The above sketch will give an idea of their general appearance. The roots of the olive-trees above have struck through the arches, and in some instances taken root again below. The ground, as will be seen in the section, rises rapidly from the south-east, towards the north and west, so that the height of the southern arches is thirty-five feet, while the northern ones are but ten feet high.

Those portions of the vaulting now walled up, as seen in the section, (*page 137.*) may have been used as cisterns.

The whole substruction appears to me of Roman origin, and in connexion with the Golden Gate, and the one beneath the el-Aksa, together with the ancient bridge, to have formed a connected plan of foundations and approaches to the great Temple of Herod.

At the southern end of the chapel are four columns supporting a small dome, under which is a stone sarcophagus, in the Roman style of workmanship, called by the Mahometans “the tomb of our Lord Isaa,” or Jesus, an object of great veneration to them.

From the south-east angle of the temple-wall, as far as to the Golden Gateway, nothing of consequence presents itself. Its exterior, as shown in the annexed cut, presents two arch-



ways of Roman character, resting on capitals of the same workmanship, filled up with Saracenic masonry, and presenting a singular piece of patchwork. Supposing this masonry were removed, and the pillars which formerly supported the arches detached, we should then have before us the interior view next presented.

As will be perceived, the architecture is of the same character. It is divided by two columns into a double arcade, surmounted at one end by two cupolas, which admit the light.



The interior length of the gateway is about seventy feet, by a breadth of thirty-five. The walls are of great solidity, being eleven feet in thickness on each side, and the outside walls are decorated with pilasters and entablature in the same style. As I before stated, the gateway under the mosque el-Aksa is evidently of the same architecture, and connected with the same general design.*

* We are quite unable to decide the question, whether these gateways are really those of the ancient temple, or erected by Adrian at a later period. Upon the first supposition we are met with this difficulty—how they should have escaped so completely the general wreck of the building and its courts. On the otherhand, their extent

I pass on to consider the questions you submit, they may be stated as follows:

1st. Is the ground occupied by the Mahometan places of worship, with their enclosures and courts, generally identical with that of the ancient temple, its courts and porticoes?

2nd. Is the masonry of large stones in the walls, and the springing-stones of an arch, in the western wall, at its south-west angle, of higher antiquity than the time of Herod?

In regard to the first question, I believe all who have written on the subject are of the same opinion, viz. that the two Mahomedan mosques occupy the site of the ancient temple of Solomon and its courts. It is the only level space of ground, within the city, and in all respects corresponds with the scriptural accounts and those of more recent date.

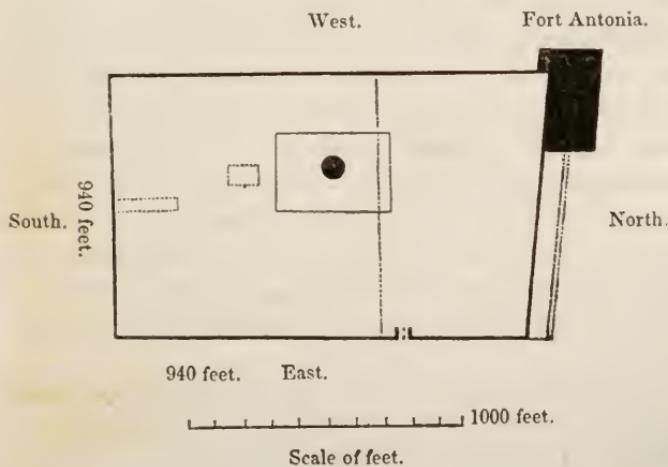
The extent occupied by the old temple, and its courts and porticoes, it appears to me, ought rather to be gathered from certain peculiarities in the ground itself, at present existing, than from the account of Josephus, who states that the *area* of the temple was square, which does not at all agree with its present boundaries. I may observe, that most writers have adopted Josephus's account, and among them the learned and accurate Robinson, with whose opinion agrees Dr. Olin. I should not have ventured to have given an opinion at all, much less to have differed from the authors above mentioned, had I not had the good fortune to examine and measure the ground under discussion. The following reflections are suggested by the original unpublished documents now before me.

The lower courses of the masonry of ancient walls exist on the east, south, and west sides of the great enclosure, *for* and massiveness seem greater than we might expect in Adrian's erection of a provincial city. May they not have been rebuilt by him on the foundation of the original temple gates, of which the more solid masonry might have escaped destruction?—ED.

nearly its whole length and breadth; and the north side is distinguished by a wall on the brink of a deep trench, and at the north-west inner angle, by the rock being cut perpendicularly to an extent of twenty feet in some parts.

The length of the east wall is 1520 feet, of the south wall 940 feet, of the west wall 1617 feet, and of the north 1020 feet, and the walls stand at right-angles only at one point, the south-west corner. Consequently, speaking mathematically, the area of the temple could never have been square. This is supposing always that the old east, south, and south-west walls occupied the directions of the present ones.

At the distance of 1050 feet from the south-east angle, measuring northward, is the Golden Gate, already described, of which no mention is made in Josephus, who indeed does not speak of any gateway on this side of Jerusalem, although no doubt there must have been one or more. This gateway



gave entrance *either into the temple or the city*; into the latter, if Josephus's account of the area being square is correct, and into the former, according to my view of the subject; and

may then have been the gateway (according with tradition) by which our Saviour entered the temple from Olivet. By reference to the plan on the preceding page, these remarks will be explained, and the whole question elucidated.

The site occupied by the temple was originally called Mount Moriah, and declined steeply from the north-west towards the south-east; and in order to render it applicable for the building of a magnificent temple, it was necessary to cut away a considerable portion of the rock at the north-west, and raise the ground at the south-east angle.* *Both of these works still exist, and in perfect preservation.* At the north side stood the tower and fortress of Antonia, and it is necessary to find room for this without encroaching on the area, which I assume to have been appropriated to the temple. At the north-west angle the Via Dolorosa passes within one hundred feet of the area, which appears too narrow a space for a fortress like that of Antonia. But I know no reason why a larger space northward may not be appropriated for this purpose; and the deep trench, so often mentioned by authors, would then form its defence on the east, and the scarped work on its south face, a defence to the temple on that side, and still leave six hundred feet for the length of the fortress, by a width of, say, two hundred feet, which, in proportion to the size of the city and temple, must be considered of respectable dimensions. If we make the area square we are reduced to the following difficulty; that we have a square of only 940 feet on each side,

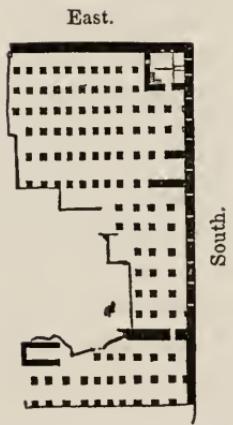
* The cutting away of the rock must of course be of the time of Solomon. It could need no repair, and is the only work (connected with the temple) that can, with absolute certainty, be referred to that monarch. Considerable doubt exists as to the age of the massive courses of stone forming the foundation of the south-east angle of the wall of enclosure.

or 883,600, instead of 1,536,640 square feet, cutting off nearly one half, which would make the fortress and its dependencies too extensive, and the temple and its courts far too small.

The Mosque of Omar occupies the middle space, nearly, between the southern and northern walls; not so, however, in respect to its position between the eastern and western walls, being exactly one-third, or three hundred and twenty feet nearer the western than the eastern wall, which would allow of deeper porticoes facing the Mount of Olives. Under the dome rises the remarkable rock before described. It is irregular in its form, and measures about sixty feet in one direction and fifty in the other. It projects about five feet above the marble pavement, and the pavement of the mosque is twelve feet above the general level of the enclosure, making this rock rise seventeen feet above the ground. (*See Section*, p. 164.) *If the area of the temple was square, it must have stood within less than one hundred feet from the north wall, an unsightly and inconvenient mass of rock;* whereas I cannot help thinking that it once formed the foundation of the holy of holies of Solomon's temple. I consider it not improbable, that the great platform on which the mosque stands, five hundred feet on each side, may indicate the position of the inner court, which surrounded the holy of holies.

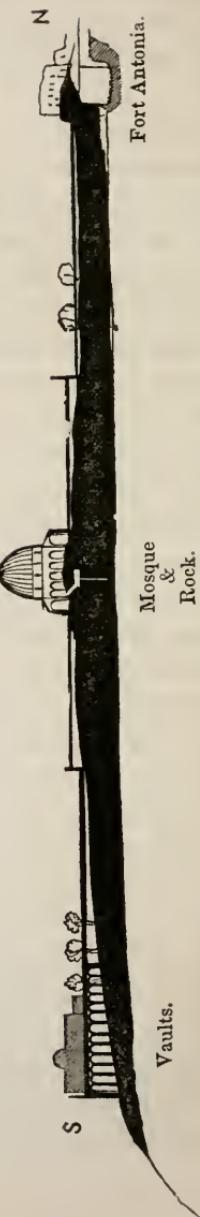
To recapitulate. I consider it likely that the present area corresponds very nearly with the ancient one; that the fortress and Tower of Antonia stood entirely without the present enclosure; that the Mosque of Omar occupies the position of the holy of holies of Solomon's temple; and that the Hagara Sakhara was the foundation-rock on which it stood; that the arches at the south-east angle, built evidently to make that part of the area level with the rest, are probably of the time of Herod, as I do not suppose arches were in use in the time of

PLAN OF THE VAULTS.



East.

South.



SECTION OF THE AREA OF THE GREAT MOSQUE.

Solomon, however far back the mere invention of the arch may go. Dr. Richardson states his belief that they are of the time of Solomon, from the angles of the piers being bevelled. What proof of antiquity is to be seen in this I am at a loss to conjecture. The springing-stones of the arch, at the southwest angle, and the Golden Gate, and that under el-Aksa are probably of the same period. The space of ground between the Via Dolorosa and the area being five hundred and fifty feet long, by one hundred at its western, and one hundred and sixty at its eastern extremity, appears amply large enough for the fortress of Antonia. And seeing that Josephus so often exaggerates, that his unsupported testimony as to dimensions is not of great value in the case in point, I think his assertion that the area was square, is contradicted by the actual state of the locality.

Such is a brief sketch of the most important objects within the enclosure of the "Haram;" a spot now impossible to enter, and which my peculiar good fortune enabled me to explore. I present it, in the hope that it may add to the interest of your work,

And remain, dear Sir, your's truly,

F. CATHERWOOD.

The view taken in this paper, as to the position of the temple, appears to agree exactly with the authorities cited by Lightfoot, which place it towards the N.W. angle of the court, and not in its centre, as might have been expected, a remarkable peculiarity which would of course be noted. If the account of Josephus, however, is to be received as authentic, the northern wall of the outer court of the temple must

have stood between the present Mosque and the Governor's house, the site of Antonia. To suppose this would at once reconcile his statement with the actual appearance of the spot. Although no trace of any wall, so far as we know, at present exists, it is far from improbable that one may formerly have stood there, which not being built up the sloping side of the hill, like the three other walls of the quadrangle, but standing on the level rocky ground, would more easily be destroyed, and all trace of its masonry obliterated by subsequent changes.

With regard to the age of such portions of these enclosing walls as now remain, we would finally observe, that although upon the grounds before stated, we should be inclined to refer their erection to Herod; yet they must, in any case, rest upon the massive and indestructible foundations of Solomon, described by the Jewish historian as calculated to endure for ages.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

INTERIOR OF THE CITY.

CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

HAVING thus taken a rapid survey of such antiquities as remain in Jerusalem belonging exclusively to the time of the Jews, we pass to those of the time of Christianity. Of these, the only monument of any importance, is the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is very near the Latin Convent, in the upper part of the city, originally Aera. Its area is about three hundred feet in length, by a very irregular breadth, at such different levels that the “Chapel of the Cross” is fifty feet below the rock of Calvary.*

The question of the identity of the site of Calvary with the present Sepulchre, is involved in much historical and topographical obscurity. We cannot indeed doubt that the apostles and first Christian converts at Jerusalem, must not only have known the spot, but that this knowledge must have descended to the next generation, even though no peculiar sanctity were by them attributed to it. Soon after the destruction of the city, it is generally supposed that some among them

* Olin.

returned to re-establish themselves among its ruins ; and it seems almost inerelible that they should not have sought for the spot again, and pointed it out to their descendants, as worthy of pious remembrance. Making every allowance for the fact that the first converts were rather absorbed in the spiritual influences of Christianity, than careful about the different sites of its history, we think it must still be conceded, that it is very improbable that the knowledge of those lying immediately around them should entirely die out.

The presumption, then, would seem reasonable, that the Christians at Jerusalem must have been acquainted with the real Calvary, when Constantine erected the original church of the Holy Sepulchre upon the same site occupied by that now standing.

But the value of the historical testimony connected with this transaction is disputed among the learned. The tradition established long after, that Adrian, with a view to desecrate the spot, erected Pagan structures upon the site of the Sepulchre, rests, it is confessed, upon somewhat doubtful evidence. But as the existence of such monuments when Constantine made search there, is testified by the cotemporary witness of Eusebius, whoever might have built them ; the real question appears to be, whether the emperor fixed upon the place they stood upon, directed by a tradition then existing among the Christians of the city, or

whether, in the absence of any such tradition, the clergy were led to impose upon the inhabitants, and perhaps upon themselves also, by assuming its identity with Calvary. Though the latter opinion may seem to be strengthened by the suspicious circumstances connected with the finding of the alleged cross, yet it involves necessarily what we can hardly suppose—that the early Christians never cared for, or noted a spot so sacred ; or that, if they did, the knowledge of it must have been lost in the interval between the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, and its rebuilding by Adrian ; or even if it were then ascertained, at some subsequent period.

This, at least, as regards the historical question, appears to be the alternative, and who is to decide it ? The topographical argument is equally obscure. Here all that we have to reason upon, is the fact that Calvary was somewhere without the *first* or *second* wall, most probably the latter. It has been already remarked in the description of Mount Zion, (p. 91) that assuming the identity of the ancient and modern Tower of Hippicus, it is just possible that the second wall of the ancient city might have excluded the site of the Sepulchre. But there is nothing that can positively decide whether it really did so or not. It is not like the question, whether the Hill of Evil Counsel was the real Mount Zion, one which can be determined from the marked character of the ground ; and in this uncertainty,

those who affirm or deny, on historical grounds, the traditional identity of Calvary, will naturally seek to assume that line of wall which favours their respective opinion.

The church itself is, perhaps, the most venerable in the Christian world, whether we regard its high antiquity, its traditional claims, or the feelings with which, for centuries, it has been regarded. The original structure was very splendid.

“ The first care of Constantine was to erect a chapel or oratory over the sacred cave or sepulchre itself. This edifice was decorated with magnificent columns and ornaments of every sort. No mention is made of its magnitude or elevation, as is the case in respect to the Basilica, whence we may infer that the chapel was not large. Before this, on the east, was a large open court, or area, ornamented with a pavement of polished stones, and surrounded on three sides by long porticoes, or colonnades. This place was apparently held to be the garden near which Christ was crucified, and as such it is also mentioned by Cyril, as having been beautified by regal gifts. The eastern side of this court was shut in by the *Basilica*, or church, erected over the rock on which the cross was supposed to have stood, and which was held to be Golgotha. This edifice is described as of great extent, both in its length and breadth, and of immense altitude. The roof was covered with lead, the interior overlaid with variegated marbles, the ceiling decorated with carved work, and the whole glittered in every part with burnished gold. The entrance was from the east, where were three gates, before which, twelve columns, after the number of the apostles, formed a semicircle in front of the whole building.

It was this large church to which the name of the Martyrion was strictly applied, as standing over the place of the Saviour's passion. The chapel over the sepulchre was called the Anastasis, or Resurrection. But both these names appear to have been often applied indiscriminately to the whole structure and to its various parts.*

This building was long the centre of the superstitious devotion of the age, and remained standing until the destruction of the city and its churches, by Chosroes, King of Persia. It was repeatedly injured or destroyed, but still rebuilt on the same general site; and when the Crusaders took Jerusalem, they enlarged the extent considerably. The present façade is of pointed architecture, the details being of mixed and corrupt style, but the entire effect is venerable and picturesque. (*See cut, p. 168.*) In front is a large court, its pavement worn with the feet of innumerable pilgrims, and there are vestiges of columns in the Byzantine style. At the entrance is a Turkish door-keeper, who receives a trifle for admission. Within the vestibule, the first object is a slab of marble, upon which it is said the body of Jesus was laid, after crucifixion, to be anointed, before it was committed to the tomb. This and other palpable absurdities would tend, even were our convictions as to the site of the sepulchre itself quite settled, to disgust and repel us, and weaken the impression with which we might otherwise regard it.

* Robinson.



Passing the vestibule, we stand at once under the central dome of the church, modern, and rebuilt by the Greeks, the original having been destroyed by fire. Beneath it, is the sepulchre itself. The above sketch will describe the scene better than words. On the right hand, under the arch where lamps are suspended, is the entrance to the Greek church, full of tawdriness and bad painting, redolent of vulgar superstition. A low pillar in it marks at once the centre of the earth, and the original clay of which our forefather Adam was moulded !

But to return to the sepulchre. This is within the

white marble edifice, in the centre of our view. "It is divided into two small sanctuaries; in the first is found the stone where the angels were seated when they replied to the holy women, "He is not here, but is risen." The second and last sanctuary encloses the sepulchre, covered again with a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, which hides entirely from the eye the primitive rock in which the sepulchre was dug. Lamps of gold and silver, always burning, light this chapel, and perfumes burn there night and day; the air is warm and balmy."*



* Lamartine.

Nowithstanding the unquestionable poetry of the spot, and the *possibility* of its being the site, or near the site of Christ's sepulchre, it is to us rather impressive as recalling the long ages of pilgrimage which have elapsed since its foundation, than the event of which it claims to be the theatre. We should hardly have supposed, that, under dwellings made with hands, in an atmosphere of superstition and fraud, in the midst of monks, “black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery,” the enlightened Protestant could well be affected, as by the very presence of the awful events of Calvary, yet so it is: Mr. Wolff says, “We kneeled down, and I began to pray; but our tears interrupted our words, so that we were only able to utter a few broken sentences—we both wept aloud.” For ourselves, we would rather go forth, without the walls, and seek some solitary spot, whence we might behold the outstretched city, and endeavour, with the page of the New Testament before us, in silence to image forth the awful scene. But though we cannot be affected by the Holy Sepulchre, as others may, yet when we think of the thousands who have made this spot the centre of their hopes, and in a spirit of piety, though not untinctured with the superstitious feelings of bygone ages, have endured danger, and toil, and fever, and want, to kneel with bursting hearts upon the sacred rock; then, as regards the history of humanity, we feel that it is holy ground. This, too, is the centre of

“ that romance

Of many-coloured life, which Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies?
Requiem which earth takes up, with voice undaunted,
When she would tell how good, and brave and wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted.”*

The ascent to the Mount of Calvary is by a staircase cut in the rock: its form is almost entirely disfigured by marble and decorations; the holes of the crosses, evidently spurious, are beneath, and there is a fissure in the rock, said to have been produced by the earthquake. These contrivances tend both to produce disgust, and to weaken our faith in the locality. In the vestibule adjoining are the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon, leader of the Crusaders, the first Latin King of Jerusalem, and his brother Baldwin, which have been defaced by the Greek Christians.†

Below the rock of Calvary, at the foot of a long descent of steps, is the gloomy and picturesque chapel of

* Wordsworth.

† The epitaph on Godfrey's tomb was as follows:—“ *Hic jacet in-
clytus Dux Godefridus de Bulion, qui totam istam terram acquisivit
cultui Christiano; cuius anima regnet cum Christo. Amen.*”

Helena,* the mother of Constantine, the pious founder of so many churches and monasteries in Palestine. Still lower, and hallowed in the rock is a subterranean cave, perhaps the most gloomy and impressive in the whole range of the church, and where it is said that the holy cross was discovered in a miraculous manner, at the period when Constantine first resolved to build a church over the sepulchre. A few lamps cast a “dim religious light” upon the place where the venerated relics were found, and on a small altar adjoining, and through the shade of the damp cavern are seen the steps descending from the Chapel of Helena above, with its massive pillars, and the crosses and lamps suspended from them.

After much research, as the legend informs us, three crosses were dug up, that of Christ was distinguished by its efficacy in curing a noble lady, who had touched those of the two thieves without relief! As this was, too probably, a pious fraud, it has been adduced, but we think rather unreasonably, as throwing discredit upon the truth of every site comprised within the extent of the church.

In the small Latin chapel we were witness to the ceremony of the investiture of three German noblemen with the order of St. John of Jerusalem. Although this no

* Of which Roberts has given an exquisite delineation in his “Holy Land.”

longer confers the same high social distinction it once did, yet its associations are the most lofty and heroic of any in Christendom. It is necessary that the aspirant should be of noble birth, and of the Catholic religion. Kneeling before the superior of the Latin convent, he answers the various questions proposed, joins in the prayer of consecration, and is girt with the sword and spurs of the heroic Godfrey; that trenchant blade wielded by the Christian hero in many a well-fought field, and with which he is said to have cloven to the middle a Saracen of gigantic stature, relies that cannot be handled without some glow of feeling; and cold indeed must be his heart who can grasp that hilt with an unquickened pulse, or who can rise from that prayer unrefined by noble and emulative enthusiasm.

We have given but a brief sketch of this celebrated building, for to enter into a more minute account of all that it is said to contain would only weary the reader. We devote a page or two to the scenes of which it is annually witness. Thousands of pilgrims, from all parts of Christendom, assemble at Easter in the Holy City.

“The town had already begun to fill. Stalls, booths, bazaars, were seen in various directions; but the centre of attraction was the great square or platform before the Holy Sepulchre. Here every species of pious ware was exhibited; and beads from Mecca, mother-of-pearl images from Bethlehem, crosses of bitumen from the Dead Sea, wooed in succes-

sion the admiration and purses of the faithful. Caravans came in daily from all parts of the East. Hadjis were seen in every street. The camels of Damascus, and the Bedouin horses, with their riders bent forward on their necks, in full gallop from the desert, and their yellow shawls and black abbas flowing and flaring behind them, and the wild asses of Hebron, and the white robe with its broad red border of the Bethlemite women, as fair and coquettish as if they were in reality what they boast themselves to be, descendants of the chivalrous Crusaders : and friars, and soldiers, and beggars—all these jostling together, without order or discretion, made up a sort of miscellaneous picture of every class and nation ; a carnival scene, unequalled even in the realms of imagination. To keep all this in order, the Pasha himself had charitably encamped with five thousand men outside the walls, and took that occasion to call in his taxes. The Turks, indeed, are excellent politicians, and love their idolatrous brethren much more than is suspected. Nothing would be more easy than to allow them to cut each other's throats : now they prefer they should live and pay their taxes."*

The centre of attraction to the devoted but ignorant multitude is, of course, the Church of the Sepulchre ; and marshalled by their respective religious guides, they rush with frantic eagerness to its portal, and in this excited state visit the many stations invented or imagined in credulous ages. The whole scene of Christ's crucifixion and entombment are brought before the eye with such vividness, that even Protestants who came to scoff, have hardly been able to resist the contagious effect of sympathy with the weeping pilgrims. Of the

descent of the holy fire, that stock “miracle” of the Greek church, we give the following animated account, from an admirably written anonymous article that appeared many years since in the New Monthly Magazine, from which we have already quoted.

“ It was a fine morning, in the month of April, when we left our convent, *en grande tenue*, for the Holy Sepulchre. On reaching the principal entrance, after a few minutes’ walk, we found the Turkish officer seated on his platform, and taking, as usual, his dues from the pilgrims. No wonder he finds heterodoxy an allowable thing, and would no doubt regret, as much as most others more zealous than himself that the conversion of the infidel should go on too rapidly. The superstition he despises, but would be very sorry to lose the superstitions. We were accompanied by our janissaries, dragomans, soldiers, servants, &c., and required them all. After much exertion in getting through the church, we at last arrived at the gallery of the Latins.

“ Provisions were bought and sold once more in the temple; and it gave me, on the first aspect, much less the appearance of a church than of a debtor’s prison. On looking down from the gallery the scene was more than simply disagreeable. The whole circle of the building seemed paved with living heads, through which the central *sacellum*, or chapel of the sepulchre, rose up with a sort of grotesque magnificence; around it was left a passage of about three feet, for the principal performers in these sacred orgies. Five or six parties started off in succession, and ran, or danced, or staggered, through their several exercises. The great object of competition, the height of devotion, seemed to be the accomplishment of as many circuits in as short a given time as possible round the sepulchre. All classes were now engaged, rich and poor, old and young.

Boys were seen carrying the old, and the old carrying boys upon their naked shoulders. When fatigue obliged them to cede, at last, their place to others, they again formed into phalanx, and proceeded four or five abreast, in a sharp trot, to the Greek church, which is in the immediate vicinity of the Holy Sepulchre. Here a new scene of uproar ensued: no calculation had been made for the return of their predecessors, and parties meeting parties, like contending streams, they clashed against each other, and gave a great deal of trouble and some amusement, to their Turkish brethren. As the invocation went on, for all this was meant to be a kind of prayer, their piety became more intemperate and unruly: loud and hideous Kyrie Eleisons—yells reiterated and applauded, in various languages, by the populace, burst upon every side around us. They leaped on each other's backs, tore down each other's dresses, and with their cheeks burning, and their eyes glaring with the frenzy, called out for the fire, the fire, to descend and save them! The pavement was soon covered with caps, and shreds of shirts and mantles; but, like the votaries of Baal, they called in vain—the fire had not yet descended. They were now joined by a reinforcement of Copts, who were received with shouts, and soon followed by the drums and cymbals of the Abyssinians. Next appeared the Arabs; their naked breasts, and tanned and savage faces, and uncouth screams of devotion, added grievously to the enthusiasm. The tumult had now continued from eight o'clock in the morning till past two, and every moment had been augmenting in vehemence, when at last, when it seemed to have reached its climax, the Turkish governor, taking compassion on the multitude, suddenly entered with his suite, and took his seat by the side of the kady, at the farther end of the Latin gallery. The moment his turban appeared above the balustrade, every one knew that Heaven had relented; joy beamed in every

countenance; the *Kyrie Eleisons* had been heard; every heart prepared for the gracious vouchsafing of the miracle. The crowd and rush were now excessive; every one tended to the orifice on the right side of the sepulchre, and the Turkish topgis and tchoushes, who had been vigorously employed the whole morning in teaching the Christians decorum, could scarcely open a passage with their long whips for the person who had purchased the right (he was an Armenian, as may be expected) of having the first spark of the holy fire. The kady at last, at the suggestion of the governor, gave the signal with his rod, and the last imploring litanu^y commenced. The papas proceeded with lights and banners, and in their large loose silk embroidered dalmatics, which brought one back to the Chrysostoms and Constantinople, made several circuits with their archbishops round the sepulchre.

“ The preliminary ritual was now gone through, and the archbishop having taken off his cope and mitre, and now and then glancing up at the kady, broke the seals, and without any attendance entered the chapel of the sepulchre. This was the important moment of suspense, at least for the pilgrims; but those who know what a good understanding there is between them might have already seen the miracle in the countenance of the governor. In a minute or something less, the person who stood at the orifice already mentioned, drew forth a large torch, or staff, with a grated receptacle at the end, blazing with the clearest fire. The fire was communicated in a similar manner, but a few seconds later, from the entry of the sepulchre, and in rear to the small attached chapel of the Copts. It is quite impossible to describe, with adequate effect, the scene which immediately followed; there were eight thousand pilgrims in the church; one universal shout rose simultaneously from the whole congregation. ‘ The Latins were the sheep, the Orientals the lambs—the opinion of Heaven had

been signified—from a miracle there was no appeal.’ This mode of cutting the controversy may be subject to cavil, but it is much shorter, and perhaps as certain as most others still in use. Whatever may be the case, the main point was gained—the rioters themselves were satisfied. Hands crossed in every direction—torches blazed in every hand—cries spread from mouth to mouth, and happy the man whose light was only four-and-twentieth in descent from the original phosphorus. The archbishop now left the sepulchre in the same undress in which he had entered, but had no sooner crossed the threshold than he was taken up in triumph by four stout papas, and carried horizontally, in this state, upon their shoulders, brandishing his torches as he went along, to the great satisfaction and comfort of his people, until he reached his own sanctuary. This part of the ceremony I particularly admired; it gave me new ideas on the triumph of religion; and I could not help looking round to the governor, to see whether he also was of my opinion. He kept, however, his Mahomedan face with great propriety, and reserved, probably, his congratulations at their mutual success for a private interview with the good archbishop. By this time the holy fire had been gradually dispersed over the whole of the building, and had even got as far as the Armenian ladies, who sate opposite. They drew back their white veils for an instant, kissed the tapers, and put up a prayer for their own orthodoxy. The noise still continued, prayers were heard with shrieks—blessings with curses; women crossed themselves, and waved the torches over their naked bosoms; men were seen burning portions of their winding-sheet, so that they might die comfortably, and sleep peaceably after death, without any apprehension from the visit of the vampire. The Turks, however, began at last to think that the Infidels had got quite enough of the miracle for one year; and listening to no expostulation, again resumed their

whips, and beat out the lingering enthusiasts before them. A new scene of disorder ensued; screams and cries, supplications and resistance, were echoed from every side, and it was long before the Holy Sepulchre ceased to be one of the liveliest images of a place of strife and penalty, which eye or ear could present to the imagination.

Such are the scenes which pass in this church; disgraceful to the very name of Christianity, and a standing argument against its truth, in the minds of both Turks and Jews.

Beside the church of the Sepulchre there are few buildings of Christian origin in the city of any importance or architectural character. The church of St. Anne, now a mosque, not far from St. Stephen's Gate, and some remains of the hospital and church of the Templars, near the Holy Sepulchre, are the principal. Other fragments are so interwoven with Saracenic additions, as completely to puzzle the antiquary, who among the wrecks of successive revolutions, is too often obliged to substitute conjecture for certainty. The description given of the Haram has anticipated our notice of the principal Saracenic buildings in the city.

INHABITANTS OF JERUSALEM.

To our description of the city, we add a few words on its inhabitants. Those races which have for ages made Jerusalem the object of their fiercest contention—Jews, Christians, and Turks—are now seen side-by-side within her walls, in nearly equal numbers, of from* four to five thousand each. The Jews demand our first notice: they occupy, as we have before stated, the rugged slope of Mount Zion, over against the temple. Here their wretched and ruinous habitations are crowded together, without the slightest regard to cleanliness or comfort, though, from their position on the steep part of the hill, the streets are more easily to be drained than elsewhere: it is the same in Constantinople and other cities; the lower class of Jews is everywhere squalid and negligent. At Jerusalem, their excuse in this respect is to be found in their deep poverty, and the oppressions to which they have been subject, as well as in the indifference of the government (except in Mehemet Ali's time) to every thing affecting the health and comfort of its subjects.

* The exact population of Jerusalem is difficult to ascertain, but this appears a probable estimate.

Here, then, among the ruins of Zion, still lingers a remnant of the chosen people—but how changed their circumstances! Instead of the “mighty man, and the man of war, the judge, and the prophet, and the prudent, and the ancient, the captain of fifty, and the honourable man, and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator,” we see a despised body, chiefly of exiles, crouching under general dislike and persecution; yet with inflexible tenacity clinging to the spot which recalls their past greatness, and inspires visionary hopes of future domination.

Dr. Olin divides them into classes—those who are natives, the descendants of the Jews banished from western Europe by Charles V., and who are generally in more comfortable circumstances; and a crowd of Polish and German exiles, who are drawn to the spot by the desire of laying their bones among those of their forefathers. These are wholly without resources, except the contributions gathered for them through Europe and Turkey, and of which, it is said, too large a portion is absorbed by the agents. They are described as more fervent in their devotion to the Holy City than their native brethren; they pass much of their time in the synagogue, and their rabbins are possessed of a larger share of the peculiar learning of their sect than those born on the spot.*

* Olin's Travels.

The attention of wealthy Jews in England has been devoted to the desirable object of engaging this body of exiles in some profitable occupation, so as to afford them a more honourable subsistence than they gather from the uncertain source of alms. A plan was, we believe, set on foot by a distinguished citizen of London, for the purchase and cultivation of land, not only near Jerusalem, but at Zafed and Tiberias, where numbers resort under the same painful circumstances. We can hardly conceive a more admirable enterprise, or one which might work out results of greater moment, not only to the Jews, but other inhabitants of Syria. It is obvious, however, that in the unsettled state of the country, which exposes the cultivator, not only to the ruinous taxes of successive masters, but to the pillage of robbers, who always spring up at periods of civil commotion, such a scheme would run great risk of failure, unless the British government were to interfere in a very decided manner for their protection. Nor would the adjustment of claims, or the difficulty of keeping hard at work, a population who are unaccustomed to active employments, be trifling obstacles in the way of success. It is to be hoped, notwithstanding, that the scheme may be carried out, as its establishment would be a new and vastly improved era for Palestine. Her hills and vales might then be occupied by a happy and industrious population, enjoying the fruit of their labours, without being exposed

to the extortion of the Turkish oppressor, but each man “sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid.”

The hoped-for conversion of the Jews has, for some time past, given rise to great activity among various bodies of Christians in England, some of whom, from their peculiar mode of interpreting prophesy, are in expectation of the speedy advent of the Millenium, and of the literal restoration of the Jews to the land of their forefathers; certain enthusiasts awaiting this event from day to day on the heights of Zion. Humanly speaking, Jerusalem is the last place where we may expect to meet with converts, where every object tends to keep alive among the Jews the spirit of their religion—the sacred hills, the cemeteries of their fathers, the walls of their once proud temple. Even their very distress and degradation must powerfully contribute to fix their minds on the holy books, which foretel their future glory, when the measure of their suffering shall be fulfilled. The influence of the corrupt and superstitious forms of Christianity existing at Jerusalem, in fortifying the contempt of the Mussulmen, has often been noticed, nor is it less fatal in its effect upon the Jews; perhaps a purer form of that religion, substituting*

* “You wish to convert us to Christianity,” said a Jew to Mr. Wolff; “look to Mount Calvary, where Jesus of Nazareth was crucified, of whom you say that he came to establish peace on earth.

practical benevolence for angry denunciation, might have some effect in softening the stubborn prejudices which have gathered strength from the oppressions of past ages.

We visited various families of this interesting people, one of which we briefly describe.—On the level brow of Zion, exactly opposite to the Tower of Hippicus, is the residence of the wealthiest Jew in Jerusalem. On passing through the outer door of his dwelling, we entered a small court, overshadowed by a vine-covered trellis, on one side of which are the principal apartments, which we found comfortable and in good order. This personage is mentioned by many travellers, and he presents a remarkable instance of the two motives which popular prejudice generally supposes to actuate the Jew—intense love of money, and an equally tenacious adherence to the traditions of his people. His career is remarkable; in his youth he had been a wanderer under the burning tropics, as well as in England and in Spain, and by various means having accumulated a sum sufficient to render him the envy of his poor abject brethren, he repaired to the city of his fathers, to die there and to be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

Look to Calvary, there his followers reside—Armenians, Copts, Greeks, Abyssinians, and Latins; all bear the name of Christians, and Christians are shedding the blood of Christians on the same spot where Jesus of Nazareth died."

On entering his dwelling, we found him seated on the low divan, fondling his youngest child ; and on our expressing a wish to draw the costume of the female members of his family, he commanded their attendance ; but it was some time before they would come forward ; when, however, they did present themselves, it was with no sort of reserve whatever. Their costume (*as represented in the vignette on the title page*) was chastely elegant. The prominent figure in the sketch is the married daughter, whose little husband, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, as he seemed, wanted nearly a head of the stature of his wife, but was already chargeable with the onerous duties of a father. An oval head-dress of peculiar shape, from which is slung a long veil of embroidered muslin, shown as hanging, in the sketch, from the back of another figure, admirably sets off the brow and eyes ; the neck is ornamented with bracelets, and the bosom with a profusion of gold coins, partly concealed by folds of muslin ; a graceful robe of striped silk, with long open sleeves, half-laced under the bosom, invests the whole person, over which is worn a jacket of green silk with short sleeves, leaving the white arm and bracelet hand at liberty. The elder person on the sofa is the mother, whose dress was more grave, her turban less oval, and of blue shawl, and the breast covered, entirely to the neck, with a kind of ornamented gold tissue, above which is seen a jacket of fur : she was

engaged in knitting, while her younger daughter bent over her in conversation: her dress is similar to that of her sister, but with no gold coins or tight muslin folds; and instead of large earrings, the vermillion blossom of the pomegranate formed an exquisite pendant, reflecting its glow upon the dazzling whiteness of her skin.

We were surprised at the fairness and delicacy of their complexions, and the vivacity of their manner. Unlike the wives of oriental Christians, who respectfully attend at a distance till invited to approach, these pretty Jewesses seemed on a perfect footing of equality, and chatted and laughed away without intermission.

We are happy to hear that the political position of the Jews is lately improved, owing to the interest taken in their behalf by various Christian societies, and the personal influence of distinguished English Jews.* It is pleasing also to reflect, as a proof of the advancement of the age, that these instances of kindness have not been without fruit. On the occasion of a recent attack upon the physician of the English mission, by some fanatic Turkish soldiers, many of the Jews who were present interfered bravely to protect him. This points out the true way, we think, to gain the best feelings, and consequently to undermine the prejudices of this interesting

* We cannot but allude here to the noble generosity of a Jewish citizen of London, who has sent a medical man, at his own expense, to Jerusalem, to minister to his sick and suffering brethren.

people, where a wild, ill-directed zeal can only serve to inflame them.

The CHRISTIAN population of Jerusalem is principally divided among the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, with a small number of Copts, &c. The corrupt state common to all the Eastern churches is particularly remarkable here, where the spirit of grovelling and gainful superstition, and of mutual animosity* and rivalry has but narrow room to work in. The very sanctity of the spot inflames those evil principles, each sect arrogating to itself the right of acting as blind guide to the blind, and profiting by the devotion and credulity of the pilgrims. We are far from supposing that this dark picture is unrelieved by individual instances of moral and spiritual excellence, for such we have often met with among the monks of Syria ; still the state of Christianity in Jerusalem is indeed deplorable. How far the efforts of the various missionaries to restore it to a better condition may succeed, remains to be seen ; it is however to be feared, that any reformer who may arise to purify his own sect, almost certainly will prove a martyr. It seems hopeless to influence men, when superstition is so directly combined with interest, as in the monastic bodies in Jerusalem. The monks live by the “prestige”

* A Franciscan friar told us with great delight, that he had given a sound bastinado to the Greek Papas *in the most Holy Sepulchre*.—WOLFF'S JOURNAL. See WILLIAMS'S “HOLY CITY,” for the best account of these churches.

of local sanctity, and the contributions they thence can levy; and we fear they would rather prefer silencing by persecution a troublesome reforming brother, than reform their system at the expense of their very means of existence.

The population around these convents is principally maintained by the manufacture of beads and crosses, bowls of bituminous stone from the Dead Sea, shells carved with the images of Christ and the Virgin,—objects of eager acquisition to Protestant as well as Catholic pilgrims. There is little else to employ them, and the mass are very poor.

The interior of their houses is similar to those of the Jews. In our intercourse with them we were received with more ceremony than among the former. The mistress of the family is in attendance with her children and servants, and, besides pipes and coffee, the guest is presented with saucers of sweetmeats and small glasses of aniseed; which, when done with, are taken from him by his fair hostess or her servant, who kiss his hand as they receive them. They are more reserved, often standing during the visit. Their dress is more gorgeous than that of the Jewish women, but not so chastely elegant: the sketch will give an idea of its style, which suits well with the languor of their air, their dusky complexion and large black eyes. The head-dress has a fantastic grace, like that of a May-day queen in England, and the bust is a little in the style of

“ Beauties by Sir Peter Lely,
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely.”



A heavy shawl is gracefully wreathed round the figure ; and the dress, when open, displays long loose trowsers of muslin, and a small slipper. The ensemble, it must be admitted, is very fascinating, when its wearer is young and lovely.

We were disturbed one night, during our stay at the Latin Convent, by a loud noise without our cells, so unusual in this quiet city, that we hurried forth to ascertain its import. It proved to be a marriage procession, coming down the narrow street, with torches and lanterns, with a clapping of hands, and a variety of most discordant hymneal chants. Its effect was singular,

reminding us of the parable of the virgins and their lamps, and the midnight coming of the bridegroom. We were afterwards invited to attend the wedding festival, but were unable to do so. A similar scene is described by Lady Georgiana Wolff. "The room was so full she could hardly find a place to set her foot. There were about one hundred and fifty women and girls, and babies in their mother's arms, all squalling on the floor. In the midst were seated the singing women, and one dancing woman, a Mahomedan. The dancing women in the East remind one of Ezra, xi. 65, and Nehemiah, vii. 67. All the women clapped their hands in time to the music, which, however, would not be called music in Europe, it being but one reiterated sound. The *clapping of hands* is as ancient as the Bible, 2 Kings, xi. 12. The women were all dressed out in their gayest attire, and chattered and laughed, and made an intolerable noise." On these occasions it is usual to make the bride a present.

The TURKS inhabit chiefly the quarter of Bezetha, which is more airy and open than the other parts of the city, and interspersed with gardens. The decline of Mahomedanism is inevitable, from the spirit of the age, and the occupation of Syria by Mehemet Ali did much to hasten it. The admiration of European science and habits, fostered by the Pasha and his officers, was fast introducing among the better classes a secret contempt

for the religion of their fathers. Even at Damascus, some years ago, at the time of the able consulate of Mr. Farren, we knew an instance of a Turk, of direct descent from the Prophet, inviting the Frank to his house, and introducing his wife, who poured out the forbidden liquor, and drank it with her husband and his guests. This was an extreme case ; but the policy of Mehemet Ali, of putting Turks and Christians on a level, and of legislating in a spirit far different from that of the Koran, has weakened its influence, particularly among the rising generation. They are no longer buoyed up by the belief of Mussulman invincibility, and conscious of holding their possession of Syria by the sufferance of European powers, and particularly by the arms of England, they have lost the illusion which went so far to create and maintain their wide-spread empire, now tottering to its final ruin. They hate the English most cordially, particularly since their last interference in the East, which they believe was entirely to serve their own ultimate interests. Compelled “to lick, they loathe the hand” to which their frail tenure of the country is owing ; and in spite of the establishment of a consulate, English subjects are not always secure against the fanaticism of the lower orders, or little vexations by those in place.

We have briefly noticed the Jews, Christians, and Turks, who occupy the different quarters of Jerusalem ;

Zion, Aera, and Bezetha. We may say that their petty political intrigues constitute the only life in the Holy City. Each of them hates and despises the others, and would willingly be rid of them, unless indeed they may be made a source of profit. The devices of the Turkish governors, for raising money, are equally tyrannical and ingenious. The Christian sects do not scruple at outbuying one another, when any paltry privilege is disputed ; and a pleasant game is played by the Mussulman ruler, who pockets both their bribes, and repays them with unmeasured contempt. The richer Jews have generally a good understanding with the Pasha, mutual interest outweighing mutual hate. A detail of “Life in Jerusalem” might be amusing, if amusement could be gathered from the anatomy of all the baser qualities of human nature ; but it is sad to think that the spot whence the divine doctrines of mutual love and goodwill went forth to mankind, has ever been the chosen seat of strife and contention, and that the real influence of Christianity is less felt in Jerusalem, than in regions unheard of at the time of its promulgation from her holy soil.

At a period when the Turkish empire appears fast hastening to ruin—when the hoary viceroy of Egypt must soon leave his dominions to the feuds of his family, and to European interference, the future fortunes of Jerusalem acquire a peculiar interest. Sooner or later

it would appear to be certain that collision will take place, the East become the theatre of war, and either by seizure or treaty, the Holy City may belong to one of the Christian powers. So far we may be justified in speculating on her fate; beyond this all is mystery, which futurity alone can solve.

These brief sketches must now come to a conclusion. If I have been at all successful in imparting to the reader any portion of the interest with which I traced each path about Jerusalem, he may imagine that the hour of my quitting her walls was, like that of my approach, one of no small excitement. My stay in the melancholy city had been rendered full of social gratification, by the presence of the friend I have alluded to. We left her walls the same morning, Mr. Johns being bound southward to Hebron, while I was about to commence a solitary pilgrimage through Samaria and Galilee. At such moments the painful uncertainty of life could not but strike us. My friend's predecessor in office had laid his bones in Jerusalem; he had himself been brought twice to the verge of the grave while there, and I had been repeatedly prostrated with fever, in the course of a previous journey. We took leave at the Jaffa Gate, not without misgivings on both sides that we might never meet again. I slowly paced round the western wall; the morning was like that of my arrival, one of alternate cloud and sunshine, and the fitful

gleams of light touched successively the various objects of interest around, now grown so familiar to me. From the brow of the hill, on the Bethel-road, I paused to take my last view of Jerusalem, which never appeared so beautiful as when I was about to quit it for ever. The bright sunshine shot across the Hill of Zion, gilded the domes of the sepulchre, and rested for a moment on the broad esplanade of the temple, while Olivet and Gethsemane lay in deep and solemn shadow. I departed from the spot reluctantly, yet thankful that I had been permitted to accomplish my long-wished pilgrimage in health and safety, and to visit scenes which memory often recalls to relieve the monotony of life, with solemn and affecting images of earth's most hallowed ground.

APPENDIX.

BRIEF NOTES OF EXCURSIONS IN THE ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

TO BETHLEHEM AND HEBRON.

BETHLEHEM is the first place in the environs of the Holy City, to which the attention of the traveller or reader will naturally be directed. It is but an easy ride of two hours, or about six miles. Hebron is four hours, or about twelve miles beyond Bethlehem—so that the excursion there and back may easily be accomplished in two days.

This short tour was made in company with Mr. Johns, then acting Consul, and by virtue of his post, the dignity of which it was deemed expedient to uphold by that external show of consequence which alone procures worship in oriental eyes, we were preceded by two Janissaries, or consular servants, in scarlet and gold, carrying their rods of office, as well as by my Turkish servant, Achmet, and a suridjee to look after the horses.—This, if it did not equal the style of Lamartine, “the Frank Emir,” was at least a pretty respectable cortége.

The day was wearing away when we left Mount Zion, and descending from its height into the Valley of Hinnom struck across the plain of Rephaim to the ridge crested by the Greek convent of Mar Elias, about half way to Bethlehem,

and descending from thence, soon after reached the small Turkish mosque said to be built over the tomb of Rachel.*



In sight of this simple monument, I felt the returning power of that charm, which, long before I set out on my pilgrimage, had strongly affected my imagination. Under a colder sky, and among the dull routine or harassing excitement of western life, I had often desired to tread those sacred scenes of early Biblical history, trodden by the revered progenitors of the Jewish and Arabian race, who walked with God in the holy simplicity of nomadic life. And now that this, which I may call a passionate wish, was accomplished, and I stood under the serene glow of that sky, amid the monuments of their joys and sorrows, the very events of that early day might well rise before the mental vision—so similar, after all the revolutions that have swept the soil, are the figures that pass by the way-side to those described in Scripture, so identical their mode of travel, and all the unchanged, time-hallowed usages of their pastoral existence.

Standing before this small white dome, built over the spot where Jacob halted to mourn over Rachel, a group slowly passed along the stony track, which might have been part of the very train of the patriarch, rich in flocks and herds, asses and camels, emigrating from one pasturage to the next. A venerable Arab, invested in the simple robe, which was

* Genesis, xxxv. 16—20.

with little doubt the costume of those ages, from its fitness and universal adoption, paced by on horseback, furnished with arms to guard his flock of sheep and goats, who pushed with loud bleatings among the shrubby rocks. Seated upon a camel, was a dark-eyed woman and her child—her head and breast protected from the sun by a white wrapper, and the rest of her person invested in the broad folds of a blue robe—a small sack, containing bread and an earthen bottle, replenished from well to well, were slung at her saddle-girth; a young man, also armed, stepped on by her side, conducting the camel, and looking up to her from time to time, they exchanged the light quick laugh that brings a sunny lustre into the Arab eye.

Striking into the path with them we left the tomb, the authenticity of whose site is admitted by Robinson, and were soon brought by a gentle ascent within sight of Bethlehem. It was at that moment when the last light of the sun rested upon the bold ridge which is covered with its small group of flat-roofed dwellings, massive walls and heavy buttresses that enclose the fortress-like convent and church of the nati-



vity ; and the terraces of fig, and olive trees, and vines, into which the hill-side is fashioned. Already sunk in shadow at its foot were the corn-fields, in which imagination pictures Ruth gleaning among the reapers of Boaz—while the long line of the Moab Mountains, the land of her people, seen beyond the Dead Sea, glowed in deep roseate hues, similar to those which invest the highest Alpine summits when the day is done.

We entered the village through a deep gateway, and were saluted as we passed along by the inhabitants, who were seated before their dwellings, in the coolness of twilight; as when Naomi returned to her native village from the land of strangers. A few moments brought us before the convent gate, at which we were welcomed with an unusual show of cordiality, which might be perhaps attributed to our gallant appearance, and shortly after invited to sup with the Greek superior. The extensive roof of the building offered an agreeable promenade, and we repaired there to await our summons to the entertainment.

From this elevated platform we looked down on all sides upon a wild and irregular scene of hills and narrow valleys, fast fading into obscurity. A few of the flat-roofed buildings of the little village, and groups of clustering fig-trees traced their sombre outline against the western glow, but all beside was dim and indistinct, mellowed into the rich and solemn tones of twilight ; the evening-star, with trembling radiance, looked through the deepening sky, lustrous as that which once hung over the spot of the nativity ; and a holy calm brooded over the surrounding region, in unison with that beautiful tone of Biblical poetry which invests the ancient fields where David kept his father's sheep, and was anointed king of Israel by Samuel;* the scene of the touching story of

* Samuel visits Jesse, 1 Samuel, xvi.—Ruth.—Story of the well, 2 Samuel, xxiii.—Prophecy, Mical, v.

Ruth, and where was once heard the song of the angelic host over the birth-place of Him who brought peace and good will to man. Our voices, as we slowly paced the terrace, died away, and we drank in, in silent enjoyment, the influence of the place and hour.

This reverie was broken by a summons to descend below—and we were conducted to the apartment of the Bishop, about which there was a good deal of conventional comfort—musty tomes and faded Byzantine paintings of saints, upon a ground of pale gold, gave to it a somewhat venerable air. The superior was an old Greek of astute and suspicious look; but as we saluted him, an expression of real or affected cordiality shot across his cold face, like a sunbeam over a tract of snow. We all sat down upon the divan, when my Turkish servant entered upon the business of interpretation. Though I had always looked upon him as a smart fellow, I certainly had no idea of his talents until this occasion. Swelling with the conscious importance of his post, he drew up his little figure, advanced his right leg, and with one hand on his heart, and the other waving alternately from ourselves to the superior, poured forth, from the brief text we gave him, a stream of complimentary eloquence, which fairly galvanized the old man, brought up his hand to his bosom, and kept his muscles in a constant play of the most bland and amicable smiles of welcome. Of these we did our best to appear profoundly conscious, bowing continually after the same graceful oriental fashion of our interpreter, till the happy arrival of two or three different kinds of liqueur, which were handed round by the monks, cut short what was beginning to be a little tedious.

The supper was immediately after served up in the customary way, on a large circular tray, placed upon a stool, around which we sat on others, and it consisted chiefly of various savoury preparations of lamb and fowls, with a

liberal supply of excellent light wine. The fine social influence of a good meal is universal, and it was here greatly assisted by the strenuous exertions of Achmet, who, as the monks plied the wine, kept up the flow of feeling it produced by means of a fire of compliments, which, though, like the proverbs of Sancho, poured forth pretty much at random, still occasionally went right to the mark. The superior was now fairly thawed, his face beamed with benevolence, he deposited on our plates the most unctuous morsels his fingers could pick out, patting us gently on the back by way of encouragement to do them justice; and certes, those who regard the serious business of dinner as incompatible with talk, would have envied our position. Yet, though loth to confess it, I fear that the cordiality between ourselves and our right reverend entertainer began and ended with this sensual good-fellowship. The good father could not but know that he was honouring and feasting a builder of strange tabernacles, which were to give a footing to what was, in his secret heart, but another ecclesiastical rival, only to be treated with more courtesy than the detested Latins, as being under the powerful patronage of England. Heaven forgive me if I do him injustice; but I believe he would rather have served us as the Greek patriarch of Lebanon did an English medico-missionary,—placed us, to wit, under excommunication, as well as any one who should afford us food or shelter, and thus have fairly starved us, with the entire Anglican mission, out of the land.

We slept soundly in the clean beds that had been made up for us, and at a very early hour repaired to the Church of the Nativity, which, as we have before stated, is enclosed within the walls of the convent. It is a venerable and magnificent Basilica erected by Helena, now parcelled out among the Greek, Latin, and Armenian monks, who,

house together from necessity in different quarters of this extensive convent. The altar and transepts belong to the Greeks, and are separated from the nave by an unsightly wall, which entirely destroys its architectural effect.

Unprepared with any conviction as to the reality of the supposed site of the Nativity, there are yet few spots in Palestine where the “genus loci” so affects the imagination as within the walls of this venerable church. The broken pavement is worn with the tread of the pilgrims of many centuries, the paintings on the Byzantine pillars of saints and martyrs are half obliterated and weather-stained, the golden ground on which they were executed, dim with age, and through the religious obscurity of the edifice, gleam the silver lamps with which it was enriched by the piety of past ages. In an adjacent chapel the Latin priests were at mattins, and the voices of old and young, women and children, uniting in praise to Him who was here born a weak infant, blended softly with the solemn notes of the organ, which rolled through the recesses of the time-worn structure. It was one of those ancient chants which seemed fitly to shadow forth the divinity of his doctrines, and which move irresistibly the finest chords of our spiritual nature, lifting it to a mood from which we descend with regret to our ordinary tone.

The sound died softly away as we passed down the steps which led to the Cave of the Nativity, and faintly reached us in its subterranean recess. In a small semicircular niche, is a brief Latin inscription, signifying that here Jesus Christ was born; a row of splendid lamps, always burning, casts a rich and tremulous glow on its marble pavement. Opposite is a large irregular cavity, in which is the spot where the manger stood, and an altar of the “Magi.” These are also hung with lamps, while others are suspended from the rocky

roof of the cavern, of which, with a bad taste that greatly destroys the effect of the spot, every part is covered with coloured silk and hangings.

Though the tradition that this is the birth-place of our Saviour, is of respectable antiquity, being mentioned by St. Jerome, who lived and died in a neighbouring cell, the spot is at variance with probability, as although it may occasionally happen that caverns are used as stables in Palestine, this is deeper underground than would be convenient for such a purpose; and when we consider, in addition, the tendency of the monks to fix the scene of remarkable scriptural events in grottoes, perhaps from the impressiveness of such spots, the presumption against the site appears almost conclusive. This matters little, however, as the position of Bethlehem itself is not to be mistaken; its compass is very narrow, and wherever we turn within its confines, we are conscious of the fact, that within a stone's throw must have occurred that event, whose consequences to our race are so momentous.

In leaving the church, we passed through the body of the Basilica, which is in a state of decay, though not of ruin, and could by no means enter into the feeling of Dr. Clarke, who regrets that the superstitious piety of Constantine and his mother Helena should have defaced or disguised the real features of scriptural localities. We can see nothing of this in so beautiful a monument of the devotion of past ages, which it is to be hoped may escape the ruin into which so many others have fallen.

After taking leave of the Superior, and bestowing the customary largesses, we bent our steps to the mission-school of Mr. Whiting, the American missionary I have before mentioned, as having long resided in Jerusalem, although not for the purpose of examining the progress of his scholars;

—in fact, after leaving the convent, some fine Bethlehem pigeons were offered us for sale; and as we were speculating how to render them eatable for the road, it was suggested to us that the schoolmaster was a very good cook. While the process was going forward, we cast our eyes over the richly terraced cultivation commanded from the window, and, to our no small surprise and pleasure, perceived the worthy missionary himself, on a good horse, with neat blue hangings, suddenly turn the corner of the road from Jerusalem. We ran forth to salute him, and earnestly pressed him to join us in our journey to Hebron. The brightness and beauty of the day assisted our appeal. An Arab was sent back to the city, to give notice of his absence, and in a few moments we were joyously preparing for our start. As it was proposed by Mr. W. that we should deviate a little from the road, we obtained the services of a Sheik of the Ta'âmirah tribe, and two or three of his retainers who happened to be on the spot, as guide and escorts, which swelled our already respectable cortége, to one really imposing.

The reader will, I trust, pardon these details of one of those favoured days which live for ever in a traveller's memory. As our horses clattered through the stony street of Bethlehem, the whole population was out to gaze at us, and we were much struck with their appearance. There is a “fiercè” in the bearing of the robust sinewy men, which is softened into a very lively coquetry in the finely-formed and bright-eyed females, who, in their simple costume, some bearing their infants on their shoulders, and others carrying jars of water, presented exquisite groups at every turn. We had before remarked the uncommon vivacity and quickness of the children in Mr. Whiting's school. The Bethlehemites would appear to be a people of remarkable capacity, and withal, of a restless and ungovernable temper, with difficulty kept

in order, even by their spiritual guides, and breaking out, when the pressure of a high-handed tyranny is at all withdrawn, into bloody feuds with their neighbours, especially the Hebronites, as did formerly the clans of Scotland and Ireland. This state of things will necessarily exist till the establishment of an enlightened government, of which, however, we cannot see the remotest chance for Palestine, with its many races and creeds, and their ancient and deeply-rooted antipathies and conflicting interests.

Bethlehem is now behind us, and our straggling and numerous attendants in front, affording us no little amusement as we watched the figure they presented, diving down into deep hollows, climbing the rugged hill sides, and coming out suddenly against the sky at the summit of some ridge, in picturesque confusion of forms and colours, arms and accoutrements. We did not take the direct route to Solomon's Pools, but followed the course of the aqueduct, which winds thence round the hill sides; thus passing on the left a deep valley, whose enclosures were full of sheep, goats, and camels—a scene of patriarchal wealth, and the supposed Etham to which Solomon resorted. We reached the Pools* about noon. These remarkable excavations lie one above another in a wild uncultivated valley, near an old Saracenic castle, high among the rocky hills, and have, at the first glance, an impressive and mysterious appearance, far as they are situated from the dwellings of man. There can be no doubt that they were formed for the supply of Jeru-

* Upper Pool, mean length 380, breadth 232.

Middle	„	423,	„	{ E. end 250 W. „ 160
Lower	„	582,	„	
				{ E. „ 207 W. „ 141

salem, which is nine miles distant, connected as they are with an aqueduct, which, mostly concealed beneath the surface of the earth, winds past Bethlehem, and entering the city on the side of Mount Zion, passes into the area of the temple itself. (See p. 58.)

We now traversed a region of narrow valleys, full of corn, intersecting each other, and everywhere shut in by rocky hills, covered with a growth of round-topped pine, arbutus, and flowering shrubs, and wanting nothing but running streams to present a pretty diversity of scenery. The air which swept over this high region, interposed between the sea and the valley of the Jordan, was dry, pure, and bracing in a high degree, and seemed to string our own nerves, as it does those of a robust population, into health and vigour.

Our steps were directed by our excellent friend to one of these vales, where the name of a village pointed out the "Valley of Berachah,"* in his opinion the same where Jehoshaphat, after a rout of the invading Moabites, (whose hills might be thence discerned,) halted with his army, to return thanks for his victory. Drawing forth his Bible, Mr. W. read to us the account of this interesting transaction, which it required no great stretch of imagination to bring back before us. We soon after struck into the ancient highway from Bethlehem to Hebron, along which, pastoral harvest groups of camels and asses laden with corn, and reapers, male and female, bearing small sheaves on their heads and in their bosoms, presented us at every step with the primitive and picturesque usages of the patriarchal time.

A little incident occurred here which we feel assured we need offer no apology for mentioning. A flower was plucked by one of our party, and afterwards presented to

* 2 Chronicles, xx. 26.

a friend in England, and inserted in her album, together with the following lines by a friend, and some others too *personal* for introduction:—

“ Upon a field beside the public way
'Twixt Bethlehem and Hebron once I bloomed,
Low in my grassy bed, and on that field
Had budded, bloomed, and died, year before year
In long receding line, my floral sires:
A race unmingle^d and unbroken chain,
Extending back into Time's earliest youth,
Beyond or Memory's or History's ken:
And, had been theirs the powers which you enjoy,
Could each have stored its reminiscences,
And each, communing with its kind, have poured
The swelling stream of lore traditional,
Into the ear of listening progeny,
Much had I treasured up. I might have told
Where widowed Abraham sorrowing stood, and where
The Hittite owner of Machpelah's cave,
When either strove the other to surpass
In generous courtesy; I might have told,
Where rushed the three impetuous, when they dared
The living wall of bristling foes, intent
To queneh their leader's thirst, and win his smile.
Much of that leader too I might have told,
How, the once ruddy boy to manhood grown,
The sheepcrook for a sceptre's power exchanged,
The minstrel's harp for inspiration's pen.
I might have told where Judah and its king
Met in Berachah's vale, unscathed in fight,
Though all their enemies lay cold in death,
And how encamped, and what their song of praise.
I might have told, and with acceptance too,

Of names less reverenced, yet admired and loved—
The lion-hearted Richard, and his foe ;
Scarce less esteemed, the gallant Saladin,
And all the host of steel-clad chivalry,
Who homes and lands forsook, and life-blood shed,
The crescent to expel, and plant the cross.
But most of all, I might of Him have told,
At once the infant and the Lord of all,
Who in the neighbouring city first inhaled
A mortal's breath ; who oft with child-like step
Hath pressed perchance of yore my native turf,
And haply who has plucked some kindred flower,
To point the moral of his speech divine.
But no such powers were theirs, nor treasures mine ;
I know but this, that revelling amid
The glowing splendors of an Eastern sky,
Three friends espied me, as they rambled past,
Spending in buoyant joyousness, a day
Snatched from grave duties ; men of different lands
Were they, and occupations, but of kindred minds ;
• • • • •
Linked by a common origin and tongue ;
And closer bound by tastes, and by pursuits,
With all around conspiring to delight,
Their day was one of pure unclouded joy ;
And, as a fitting token to recall
In after years its memory, I was plucked,
A mute memento of its winged hours ;
And he who held me, to his native isle
Again returned, and round a social hearth,
By his compatriot once again rejoined,
Deeming with him, these pages fitting home,

And meet their owner, gave me to her care,
Who gladly here displays and guards my form,
Valued though faded, and my story tells."

A second time we diverged from the high-road, on the left hand, attracted by a quadrangular enclosure of three courses of remarkable masonry, the purport of which, unless an ancient area for cattle, we were at a loss to conceive, though there can be little doubt that it is a work of the Jewish times. To this deviation we were indebted for one of the most striking views we enjoyed in Palestine, seen, too, at a moment of exquisite beauty, when the sun's last rays, gleaming red through the western hills, rested for a brief moment on the traditional burying-place of the patriarchs.



On gaining the summit of a rocky hill, Hebron burst suddenly upon us, with its smiling region of corn, olive-groves, and vineyards—the vineyards of Eshcol; beautiful as it appears to the long sojourner in the desert of Moab

when he reaches the green borders of the promised land. On a sloping hill-side, rising above the valley, is the quadrangle of massive and ancient stonework which encloses the building said to contain the cave of Machpelah. At its foot, occupying the valley and side of the opposite hill, lies the town itself, divided into three groups of flat-roofed and domed dwellings. The valley and its enclosing hills, winding into far perspective towards the desert frontier, in the luxuriance of their eastern mode of cultivation and covered with thymy pasturages, justify the description of a land flowing with milk and honey, afar, beyond the unseen caldron of the Dead Sea, the long range of the Moab Mountains shuts in the extensive area. Here we could not but think, that Abraham, when in a land of strangers, purchased the sepulchre, which, when the soil was afterwards conquered by his descendants, was surrounded with pious care; and as the handful of Jews at Hebron devoutly believe, remains with them to this day.

We had, however, but a brief enjoyment of this scene: the red glow of evening dying off the venerable monument, and resting only on the far hills, warned us to quicken our pace, if we would reach the gates of the town before they were closed for the night. Winding our way through a labyrinth of gloomy stone streets and ruinous passages, built in the very spirit of social suspicion, we reached the hospitable house of the Chief Rabbi of the Jews, with whom our friend was well acquainted.

Seated on the divan of this “leader in Israel,” we profited by the scripture knowledge of our missionary friend, who, again turning to his Bible, cited in succession the various notices which it contains,* from the period

* Abraham pitches there *Genesis* xiii.
Expedition from Mamre , xiv.

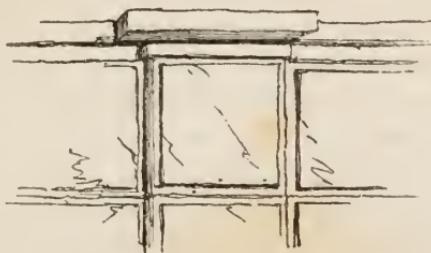
when "Kirjath-arba, which is Hebron," was mentioned as already of high antiquity. These associations of the patriarchal age, were to us most deeply interesting, on the spot and amidst the people to whose ancestors they refer. And if we might judge by the fine faces we saw around us, they have in no respect changed but in circumstances; unlike other conquered and scattered people. They are generally in better plight here than at Jerusalem, or their other holy places in Palestine.

The following morning we were abroad early, wishing to return to Jerusalem the same day. The streets of Hebron, like those of most oriental towns, are heavy and gloomy, but the bazaar appeared unusually well supplied with fruit and provisions. In the hollow between the hill on which the Haram stands and the opposite one, is the Lower Pool, which is 133 feet on each side; the smaller one, the N. end of the main part of the town is 85 by 55 feet. It is supposed with reason, that one of these is the same by which David hung up the murderers of Ishbosheth.

The *Haram* is, as we have before stated, the most remark-

Promise of a Son	<i>Genesis</i>	xviii.
Buys Machpelah; buries Sarah	"	xxiii.
Abraham buried	"	xxv.
Death of Isaac, and Jacob's residence	"	xxxv.
Jacob buried	"	1.
Caleb spies it	<i>Numbers</i>	xiii.
Taken by Joshua	<i>Joshua</i>	x. 36.
Given to Caleb	"	xiv.
Also	"	xv. xvi.
David made King	<i>2 Samuel</i>	ii.
And lives there	"	v.
David hangs Ishbosheth's murderers at the Pool	"	iv.

able structure in Hebron—it is a parallelogram of about 200 feet long and 115 broad, (Robinson). The general appearance of the structure may be gathered from the wood-cut on page 216—its chief peculiarity is the masonry of the *lower* part of the wall, consisting of pilasters in the following style.*



It is supposed by Robinson that this lower structure, on which the rest of the wall has been raised at a later period, when the minarets also were erected, can have been nothing else than an inclosure for the cave of Machpelah. Within it exists a mosque, originally a Christian church, (the roof of which is seen in the view,) containing the Mahomedan tombs of the patriarchs, while their actual burial-place is supposed to be in a cavern below.

The historical details brought together by the learned Doctor, would alone almost prove that this is a wall within which those sepulchres mentioned by Josephus as existing in his day were enclosed. In an architectural point of view, we may inquire, what could have been the purport of such a structure, unless an enclosing wall of a

* We must here remark the great similarity of this masonry to that of the Temple-wall, near the Jews' Place of Wailing.—Compare view of it, p. 140.

decorative character, such as we should have imagined the Jews would have erected for the purpose? A place built for mere strength would have been devoid of this peculiarity, and we cannot suppose that it could have been itself part of a building either for religious or secular uses, from the entire absence of windows. The pilaster, as well as the rest of the masonry, has a distinctive character—neither exactly Greek or Roman, though resembling it enough to fix its construction, at about that period when a modification of this architecture was used in Palestine. It is utterly unlike any subsequent style. This historical and architectural evidence is corroborated by the account of the position of the cave of Machpelah, which is described in the Old Testament as “at the end of the field, over against Mamre, the same is Hebron.” The existence of the pools and the obvious convenience of the position, almost certify that the town has always stood on the same spot, and as sepulchres were usually hewn in rocky hill-sides (on one of which the building stands,) being sometimes an enlargement of natural caverns, we cannot, standing on the spot, figure to ourselves a more complete correspondence of site. All entry into this venerable structure, which the Jews regard as the work of their pious ancestors, is forbidden both to themselves and Christians, so that we have no clear account of what it contains. Even when Sir Moses Montefiore visited the place, though conducted within the inclosure by the Governor himself, the almost frenzied excitement of the Turks, from which the worst consequences to the Jewish population were to be feared, compelled him to renounce a close examination of the locality. It would not be surprising were the original tomb or cave to be ultimately found to be decorated in the same architectural style, or a still earlier one.

We left the town by the lower road to Bethlehem, and

thus missed that striking view of it, from the hill, which I have already described. The morning was remarkably fine, and the scene of cultivation, of mingled fig, vine, olive, and pomegranate through which we passed, raised us to a pitch of high mental enjoyment, and recalled most vividly the poetry of the Psalms and Canticles. We were particularly struck with the beauty of the vineyards, with their little towers for the husbandmen during the vintage. I was grievously disappointed, however, in missing the noble oak in the vicinity, which tradition has connected with Abraham, and which is described as one of the finest trees in Palestine. On leaving the town I was under the impression that we were going to it, but some mistake occurred, which I did not discover till we were too far advanced on our way to go back.

We did not return by the high-road, but branching from it near the remarkable wall we have previously noticed, struck across through a region of narrow valleys and woody hills, affording many scenes of a very pleasing character. As we approach Tekoa, the contrast is very marked; a desert region extending to the Jordan now opened before us, shut in with the long range of the distant Mountains of Moab. On a bold ridge, above the wild expanse, are the inconsiderable ruins of Tekoa, consisting chiefly of some traces of a Christian church; and straight before us, piled up on a desert hill-side, the conical mountain, or rather mount, of the Herodion* —the fortress-tomb of the Jewish monarch. A little below Tekoa we descended to a ruined site on the edge of a tremendous ravine, similar to that in which the Convent of St.

* Had time admitted, we should have ascended this remarkable mount, where there are still remaining ruins, which clearly identify it with the building supposed.—See ROBINSON's *Bib. Res.* Vol. II. p. 173.

Saba is situated, but even more precipitous, in search of the remarkable cavern of Ku-reitun, traditionally called that of Adullam; which, by the assistance of a peasant, we reached along a wild path, skirting the ledges of rock.

The narrow mouth of the cavern is one of the strangest spots that could be found: it was necessary to leap into it from a huge crag which has fallen from the cliffs above. Stationing an Arab at the mouth, with one end of a ball of string, which we had brought with us, in his hand, we proceeded to explore the interior, holding the other end as a clue to ensure our safe return through the winding passages, and carrying a few candles, which hardly enabled us to see the roof. Here we might have figured the very scenes of romantic incident in 1 Samuel, xxii.—xxiv., where Saul with his men was unconsciously surrounded by David and his fellow fugitives, concealed in the different branches of the cavern of Engedi. But beyond this striking resemblance, which probably suggested the tradition, there is nothing to justify it. We were unable to penetrate far, on account of our candles giving out, but the ramifications of the cave seemed endless, and it is said have never been fully explored, though on occasion it has afforded a refuge for the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. We were glad not to have missed the sight of this remarkable spot, so characteristic of the awful wilderness of the Dead Sea, and of the holds to which David fled from the pursuit of Saul. Not a tree or shrub, scarce a blade of grass grow among the horizontal limestone ribs of this sullen glen; no sound of the echoing torrent, or of the wind rousing the sublime notes of the pine forest, as in Alpine solitudes; nothing but the horrid shriek of the jackal, wakes its dreary and eternal silence. It is like some fragment of an earlier world, untenanted by man.

The way now lay across rugged hill and ravine to Bethlehem. Our Arab chief pointed out his group of black tents on the side of one of them, and earnestly invited us to accept his hospitality ; but to our regret time did not permit this. At Bethlehem, we dismissed him and his retainers, to return to their tents and flocks, while we hastened to gain Jerusalem before shutting of the gates, which by hard riding we contrived to accomplish.

To SANTA SABA, three hours ; thence to DEAD SEA, three hours ; THE JORDAN, half an hour ; JERICHO, two hours ; JERUSALEM, about six hours.

THE district of Bethlehem and Hebron, through which we have just passed, is one in general of smiling fertility, presenting us at every turn with incidents characteristic of simple pastoral life. Our next tour from Jerusalem was through a far different region, which from the earliest time has been, in a great measure, a dreary desert, the immemorial haunt of the robber and the outlaw.

The journey to the shores of the Dead Sea, though one but of a few hours from the city, is at times very unsafe, more than one instance having taken place of English travellers, as well as others, being robbed and wounded. The state of Palestine being very unsettled at the period of my visit, several parties at Jerusalem agreed to go together, and engage the services of an Arab sheik, and a number of his retainers, whose business it was to feel the way, going before us in dangerous passes, and bearing the brunt of any open attack or secret ambush. This sense of risk attending the excursion was just sufficient to add to it a spice of excitement, and to lead to an ostentatious furbishing

and display of warlike weapons, while the Arabs dashing about at the head of our party, armed with gun, lance, sword, and pistol, gave a wild and highly picturesque character to our motley group of travellers from many lands.

Our plan was to go only as far as the Convent of Santa Saba the first evening, which is a ride of three hours from Jerusalem. The descent from the top of Mount Zion to the fountain of En Rogel, in the Valley of the Kidron, is exceedingly steep, (*See p. 66*). The path for a short distance descends this valley, and then suddenly climbs the side of the wild hills that enclose it. In half-an-hour we had lost sight of the city, and were completely in the desert, unrelieved but by a few black Arab tents and flocks; for two hours



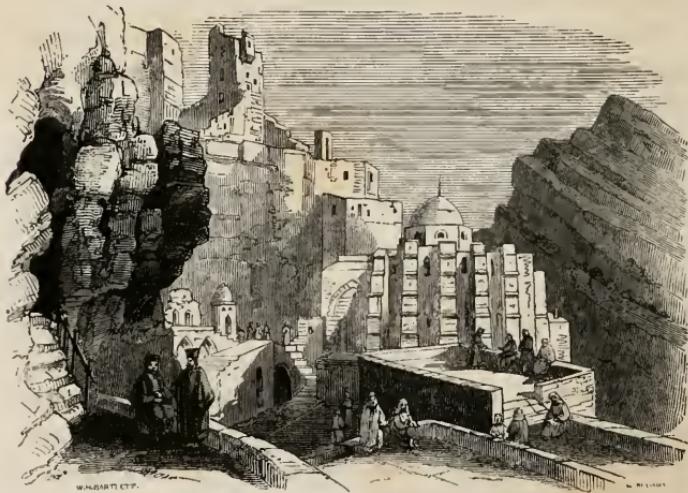
more we traversed its monotonous sterile wastes, when suddenly we found ourselves on the very brink of one of the tremendous chasms with which the face of the wilderness is seamed. This was the Glen of the Kidron, in which the Convent of Santa Saba is situated, and the approach to it is one of the most singular and startling scenes imaginable.

Winding along a shelf of the horizontal limestone, protected only by a low wall, we looked down into the dry bed of the abyss, which is unrelieved by a single tree or patch of verdure, presenting a spectacle of indescribable dreariness, sunk in a dead and mournful stillness, unbroken even by the wild sound of the rushing torrent. Its sides are full of natural caverns, evidently shaped as abodes by the labouring hands of the thousands of ascetics, who once followed St. Saba into the desert, so apparently inaccessible are many, that we are at a loss to conceive how their tenants could have clambered up to them.

Imagination peoples these ancient cells with the saints and martyrs of an age for ever passed away, such as they are depicted with terrible truthfulness on the canvass of Spagnoletto, and his school. Here the pale recluse, his knees worn by the flinty rock, his head resting on his hand, bends over some divine work of the early fathers—or with his crucifix before him, and his emaciated face streaming with tears, pours forth his penitential agonies; or thrown back on his rocky bed, with thin hands outspread, and a supernatural glow upon his face, lies fixed in a state of blissful ecstacy, like that of St. Paul when in the “third heaven;” or startled in his wild retreat by the Saracen spoiler, with the sword at his throat, welcomes with rapture the visionary crown of martyrdom, and as his blood pours forth, casts his dim eyes in rapture up to the far-seen angelic choir, expiring in prayer and blessing.

On turning a corner on our right hand, the watch-tower of the convent itself suddenly appeared; its defensive wall, church dome, and inexplicable maze of terraces and rock-hewn cells hanging over the glen: a scene so singularly wild, that verbal description can give little or no idea of it.

Arriving at the high dead wall which surrounds the convent, where it does not rest on perpendicular precipices, we were admitted, after a previous scrutiny, by a low heavy doorway, into its gloomy and mysterious precincts; but our Arab escort was not allowed to proceed beyond a flat terrace at the entry. Full of excitement at the novelty of the scene, we were led through a labyrinth of winding passages, till we came out on the little esplanade, half way down the side of the precipice, where stand the heavy buttressed church, and the apartment of the pilgrims looking into the glen below.



Certainly, if there exist a spot where the wildest dreams of imagination appear realized, it is within this convent, overhung and surrounded by horrid precipices, full of arched vaults and caverns, adorned with lamps and pictures of saints and martyrs, and all the paraphernalia of monkish inventions, seen as they were by the gathering gloom of twilight.

Our evening meal was prepared in the pilgrims' apart-

ment, which was more comfortable than we should have expected to find in such a spot. On looking round, I missed one of our party, a German lady, who had accompanied me to Jerusalem ; if that conventional term may be applied to one, who, on account of some religious motive, and with an insurmountable wish to tread the scenes of Biblical story, travelled without any attendant or any protector from the risks of such a journey, but such as chance turned up. She was a quiet enthusiast, who gave no one any trouble, enjoyed everything in silence, and never uttered a murmur during the heat and fatigue of our journey. On inquiry, I found that the admission of women into the convent was prohibited, and that she was shut up alone in a solitary tower without its walls, two stories high, with a heavy grated door, some twenty feet from the rock on which it stood. Here I repaired with the lay brother, who, bearing in one hand her supper, with the other balanced on his shoulder a ladder, with which we made good our ascent into the upper story. We found her in a small apartment, having attached to it a chapel, where lamps were lighted, and every necessary provision made for those pious exercises, in which, if she chose, she might engage without fear of the slightest interruption. To be left in such a situation might have made many women nervous ; and I have indeed heard that certain English ladies refused to comply, and fairly stormed the monks into submission ; but our quiet German, after her supper was ended, bid us good night without the smallest discernible sign of tremor.

Wild in the extreme was the scene as we stood at the base of the lonely tower, and glanced over the dreary wilderness around. Below, sunk into the depth of the glen was the melancholy convent, lighted up by the glare of a huge fire, made by the Arabs on their terrace, while the moon,

just appearing above the distant Mountains of Moab, gleamed upon a portion of the Dead Sea, visible between the openings of the desert hills. The pilgrims' apartment resounded with the mirth of our party, who, as the night advanced, stretched themselves on the divan, or on the floor, wrapped in their cloaks, and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight, and was startled by the shrill unearthly shriek of the jackal, echoing among the caverns of the desolate ravine.

Long before sun-rise we had all mustered without the gate of the convent, of which, ere I leave it, I ought to give a brief account. It was founded in the fourth century by St. Saba, who led after him into the wilderness a vast number of anchorites, tenanting the convent and the surrounding caverns which we have alluded to, at a period when ascetic seclusion was a passion. During the successive revolutions of Palestine, it has been more than once stormed, and the inmates massacred, and there is a vast collection of the bones of these martyrs shown in the convent. The wild Bedouin still hovers about its walls, so that great precaution is observed against any surprise. It is said to be one of the richest in the Holy Land.

We left the glen of the Kidron, and struck among the sandy hills, in the delicious coolness of dawn, inhaling the musky odour of the desert heath. The hour before sun-rise is peculiarly beautiful in the East; the gradual diffusion of light through the vast concave of the sky, its transparent clearness and beauty of colour, and the solemn uprising of the glorious orb in effulgent splendour, can be but faintly conceived in our cloudy clime. It lent beauty even to the desolate region of heath and sand which we were traversing, till the growing light disclosed its waste and sterility, and the sunbeams beating on the arid soil, gave us a foretaste of the heat we should have to encounter in the

Valley of the Jordan. The light glanced on the arms of our party, defiling in a long and straggling train through the sandy swells and hollows. The Arabs, who had hitherto slowly paced on to the low music of a wild chant, seemed to wake into life, the sheik brandished his spear with loud outcries, the foremost dashed off at a gallop, and we all followed at the utmost speed of our horses, in a cloud of dust, till, on gaining the summit of a knoll, he threw himself on the ground, planted his spear in the sand, which was soon surrounded by those of a group of his followers, and lighting his pipe, was sunk in a moment into a state of listless apathy. Here we waited the arrival of one or two stragglers, in order to muster in a compact body before descending to the shores of the Dead Sea.

Entering a narrow pass in the sand rock, we came out upon a lofty plateau, from which we obtained our first view of the N. end of the accursed lake, still lying far beneath us in its deep caldron, which is much lower than the Mediterranean. The desert valley of the Jordan, in which it is embedded, is bounded on the W. side by the mountains we were traversing, and on the E. by the parallel range of those of the Land of Moab. It presented a most extraordinary and blasted aspect—its surface resembling, as Chateaubriand well describes it, the dry bed of the ocean, with stagnant slimy pools, and furrowed with crested ridges, and irregular crevices or ravines. Its white and scorching sands, and yellow sulphurous heaps, the evidences of awful convulsion, clothe it with hues of eternal desolation.* The lake sunk into this dreary valley is of a deep blue, above which hung the steam of its saline evaporation. A long line of thickets marks the course of the Jordan towards its waters, and at its embouchure is a marsh, on

* Description by Moses—Deuteronomy, xxix. 23.

the left a dark dense spot of wild verdure occupies the site of the Gardens of Jericho. Saving our long and straggling party, there was not the smallest sign of life. As we descended lower and lower towards the valley, we became painfully sensible of the change of climate; a growing lassitude replaced the elasticity of our spirits, which had been braced by the pure air of the lofty region we had traversed. We reached the head of the lake, through a shrubby thicket, where we noticed several small birds. It was but three hours since we left the convent, and the heat was already oppressive; but it became necessary to halt for refreshment on the shadeless shore, on a ridge about twenty feet above the present level of the water. Our carpets were spread, and happy were those who had brought their umbrellas with them; some sat in the shadow of their horses, as they browsed the salt-encrusted shrubs; the Arabs alone, burying their heads in their ample shawls, seemed insensible to the enervating influence of the climate.*

* The length of the sea is about thirty-nine geographical miles; breadth at the widest point, Ain Jidy, (Engedi,) about nine. Mountains, everywhere limestone, and generally precipitous down to the sea. There is a black, shining stone, emitting a bituminous smell, of which bowls and various little articles are made. Nitre and sulphur are found in various parts, as well as asphaltum, of which large masses are sometimes cast on shore. At the south extremity is an entire cliff of salt. The level of the lake is about 500 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, but is not exactly determined: it is higher during the rainy season than in summer and autumn, owing to the evaporation which then takes place, and which deposits its salts on the shores, serving as a supply to the Arabs. No fish in the water, though shells have been found, either of land-snails or fish, brought down by the Jordan and deposited. "Apple of Sodom," supposed to be the Osher of the Arabs, "*Asclepias gigantea vel procera* of botanists; fruit resem-

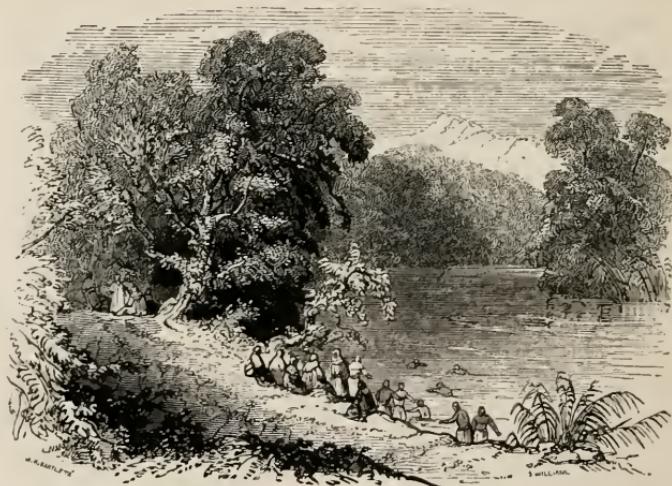
The lake spread out before us, widening gradually from the northern extremity where we stood, between the parallel ranges of mountains, whose volcanic precipices seemed to drop into its still and unbroken waters, utterly and mournfully lifeless. We satisfied ourselves of their extreme bitterness as well as buoyancy, and picking up portions of the stems of plants which had been washed down by the Jordan and deposited on the shore, hastened from our unsheltered position, to seek the shade of the thickets which border the sacred river.

We did not, however, ride along the lake shore to its marshy embouchure, but struck obliquely across the sandy plain, to the bathing-place of the Greek pilgrims; and never, certainly, during many wanderings in the East, do I remember to have seen or felt so complete and sudden a prostration of energy as was apparent in all our party. The reader will bear in mind, that this was at the very height of summer heat; at every step, our horses sunk into the sandy crust, which emitted sulphurous odours, and reflected the fiery glow of the cloudless sky into our faces. We thought of the Crusaders and their armour, and wondered not that exhaustion and thirst should often have been more fatal than their Saracen enemies. On such a day, poor Costigan, after his unfortunate coasting voyage round the Dead Sea, was found expiring on the sand. The moment

bles a large apple, or orange in clusters of three or four, yellow when ripe, fair to the eye; but when struck exploding with a puff, being chiefly filled with air," agrees well with Josephus's account of it—found at Ain Jidy, and in the plain near the N. end; too fragile to be transported.—ROBINSON.

We brought home a small yellow fruit, the rind of which is hard, though brittle; the seed within much resembles ashes.—ED.

we reached the outskirts of the thickets, there was a general gallop, the Arabs, uttering wild cries of satisfaction, which were echoed by ourselves, ranged their horses in the shade, and in a few moments were swimming about in the rapid current, and splashing each other in the height of their blessedness. In fact, to our exhausted frames the waters of the Jordan were like the bath of the Mahomedan paradise.



Even at this season, when in this sultry region the grass is dried up, the banks of the river* presented a comparative

* The broad valley (el Ghor) through which it flows from the Lake of Tiberias is a sandy desert, uniform in character; the river's banks generally wooded; channel sometimes broad and shallow, sometimes rapid and deep, (as at the Greek bathing-place,) often obliging those who ford to swim their horses. Annual rise of the river after the rains, extends as far back as the line of vegetation which borders it, and *not far over* the plain, as has sometimes been supposed.—ROBINSON.

oasis; but in the spring all travellers, Lamartine especially, dwell with delight on the vivid green of its banks, and the tangled luxuriance of its brakes and groves. The bathing-place of the Greek pilgrims appeared to us beautiful by contrast with the sandy desert: the thickets are here more dense and picturesque than below, and the intermixture of tall reeds, wild vines, and climbing plants, gave a somewhat tropical look to the spot; the river sweeps by in a full and rapid current of a brownish hue, between its wooded covert. But this character is lost as it approaches the Dead Sea, where its shores are dull and uninteresting.

The extraordinary scene which takes place here at the Greek Easter, has been described by no one better than by Dr Olin. The band of pilgrims, often consisting of thousands, descends by night through the defiles of the mountains, illuminating the savage scenery with the glare of their countless torches, and startling its silence with their penitential chants. So strange a spectacle is probably unequalled. He first describes their appearance near the Fountain of Elisha, when assembled on their way to the river.

“I estimated the number of persons encamped upon the plain before Jericho at 2500, including a singular variety of languages and costumes. There was scarcely a people under heaven among whom Christianity is professed, without its representatives here. There were Copts, Greeks, Armenians, Catholics, Protestants, from Abyssinia, Egypt, Asia Minor, Turkey, Greece, Malta, Italy, France, Spain, Austria, Poland, Prussia, Russia, Great Britain, America, and I believe all, or nearly all other Christian lands. Cossacks were very numerous, and were distinguished for their equipages and personal bearing among a motley assemblage, which could hardly claim to be less than semi-barbarous.

“A large part of the pilgrims slept in the open air, upon carpets, mats, blankets, &c. The forest of thorns was all alive with

them, and almost every clump of trees gave shade in the heat of the day and shelter from the dews at night to a pilgrim group.

“This was no mean opportunity to study customs and costumes, when a walk of two or three minutes brought under your inspection the Egyptian dining upon an onion and a doura cake, the Syrian with his hands full of curds, the Armenian feasting on pickled olives or preserved dates, the Cossack devouring huge pieces of boiled mutton, and the European and American seated around a box, serving the purpose of a table, covered with the usual variety of meats and drinks demanded by the pampered appetite of civilized man. As it grew dark, a multitude of fires were kindled throughout the camp and in the grove adjoining, which threw their strong glare upon these very characteristic, curious groups, and gave the fullest effect to the picturesque scene. The red caps, the huge turbans, the vast, flaunting robes of striped silk or scarlet, the coarse, shaggy jacket and bag trousers of the Cossacks, the venerable, huge beards, and bare feet and legs of the Orientals, all seemed part and parcel of the human beings who lay nestled together upon the ground like domestic animals, or moved about the illuminated area, thus varying and multiplying, by every possible change of light and shade, the phases and hues of all that appears grotesque and fantastic to an eye accustomed to the graver modes of the western world.

“Between two and three o’clock in the morning I sallied forth again, and was surprised to find every one upon his feet, by the side of his horse or donkey, ready equipped for a start. There had been no bustle of preparation; the camp was still covered with darkness, and we had received no intimation that so unseasonable a movement was to be made. I soon fell in with a gentleman of our party, who was beset with the prevailing tendency to watchfulness, and we walked together to the north side of the camp. A moment after, a man at a little distance from us mounted a horse, and, lifting a blazing flambeau on high, shouted, at the top of his voice, ‘Yellah! ‘Go!’ A hundred torches were blazing in an instant, and the whole field was illuminated as by a flash of lightning. In the same breath, as if moved by a single volition, the whole pilgrim army was mounted and in motion towards Jordan. In five minutes more the

governor and his suite followed, attended by a band of music, which struck up a lively air. Whether this simultaneous movement was the result of previous concert, or of the universal eagerness and excitement, I know not, but it had almost the appearance of enchantment.

“ We rode at a quick step for half an hour or more, and were full two miles from the river when we met the head of the returning cavalcade. The religious function and the ablution in the sacred river had been performed a little after daybreak, and the multitude were now on their way back to the camp, where their tents had been left standing. We halted to observe the passing train, which moved slowly by us, while the rear still rested upon the bank of the Jordan. All were engaged in singing hymns, and I thought I had never seen so many happy faces. They had attained the summit of earthly bliss, and an indescribable air of satisfaction, the beaming forth of heartfelt joy, rested upon every countenance. There was in many an expression of ecstasy, and many eyes overflowed under the influence of strong emotions. All saluted us as they passed, with a warmth and cordiality that went directly to my heart.

Nearly every one of the vast multitude exhibited some memorial of his visit to the holy waters. Some had long branches of the Jordan willow, with tufts of foliage left upon the extremity, waving above their heads. Almost all had walking-sticks of the same material, and several, less affected by the prevailing enthusiasm than the desire of gain, had their beasts loaded with the trunks of considerable trees, which were to be wrought into crucifixes, caskets, and toys, or small articles of furniture, and thus to become the basis of profitable traffic. I observed a number of very aged people, who were unable to sit upon their beasts without aid from some one walking by their side or sitting behind them. Two or three were pale and emaciated figures, evidently far gone with incurable disease. They were held upon their horses by vigorous young men, probably their sons, who sat behind, grasping them in their brawny, naked arms. There were a good many camels, with three or four persons upon their backs, or hanging down upon their sides in immense panniers or baskets; and many of the horses and diminutive donkeys carried pairs in the same way.”

We halted here for some time, crouching among the brakes, which afforded us but a poor shelter from the penetrating beams of the noon-day sun. At length it became necessary to leave even this covert for the open sandy plain, and trace our way again across its desert waste in the direction of Jericho. Overcome with lassitude and heat, we straggled slowly among the thorny shrubs, bright with yellow fruit, which spotted the wide expanse, remarking a few black, shapeless walls of convents, seen here and there, which resembled, as has been well observed, wrecks stranded on a sandy coast, and falling to pieces. It was with great satisfaction that, as we approached the opposite side of the broad plain, we entered the region of woody thickets which surround Rihhah, the site of ancient Jericho, and its famous groves of palm and balsam. Here a square tower of the middle ages rises above the ruins of a few mud huts, which mark the vengeance of Ibrahim Pasha, for some outbreak of their inhabitants; small patches of corn and melons around, alone indicated human activity; the vegetation surrounding them is quite impervious, attesting the ancient fertility of the soil, and presenting, at a short distance, the appearance of rich gardens; though but a rank and profitless forest of thorny shrubs, the haunt of the wild boar and shelter of birds of prey. Much of this luxuriance is owing to the waters of the stream, which comes down from the traditional fountain of Elisha, a bright and beautiful brook, rushing among the trees, along whose borders we proceeded to our halting-place for the night.

The reader must have endured the heat and glare of such a day as was now drawing to a close, to enter into the satisfaction with which we threw ourselves off our jaded horses, beneath the spreading trees which were to shelter us for the night. From our sortie from the convent, our progress had been one of constant excitement; the solemn interest of the

region, its wild and awful appearance, the vivid contrasts it had presented, and the picturesque incidents of our mode of travel, the very toil and thirst we had suffered, altogether formed one of the most perfectly and strikingly oriental passages in our journey. And now, conscious of having written this page indelibly in memory, stretched at full length on our carpets, the solacing pipe in hand, and drinking, with a never-ending relish, fresh draughts of the cold water from the spring, we watched the serene glow of the evening sky, as it gradually veiled the fierce light, that had for hours dazzled and pained us; and welcomed the influence of the growing coolness upon our wearied frames. At such moments is felt that exquisite charm of oriental life, which often haunts the memory of the traveller, after he has returned to the monotonous comforts of the west. Our horses were picqueted about under the trees, enjoying their corn; the servants were busy building up with stones a temporary cooking-place, and the smoke of our evening meal soon curled among the trees; while the Arabs, hanging their arms on the branches, drew a cordon round the unsheltered side of our little camp.

Before the last glow of evening was gone, I ascended a small sandy mound, commanding the whole plain we had traversed. Below was our party, moving brightly among the trees and the broad sea of dark foliage I have described; beyond the sandy plain appeared the woody line of the Jordan, and the northern extremity of the Dead Sea; while the red light rested on the long range of the Mountains of Moab, and every glen and hollow was shadowed out with intense purple. I have before spoken of the beautiful hues that invest this range at sunset, a peculiarity fresh in every traveller's recollection. Their summit is singularly level, and we look in vain for the crest of Pisgah, such as the imagination figures it, rising far into the sky. Yet here undoubt-

edly is its site, and some forgotten spot on the highest part of the mountains must be that* whence Moses beheld the outstretched valley of the Jordan, and the hill region of Judea extending to the sea, while among the mountain glens is his mysterious burial-place. Descending from the desert, the Israelites under Joshua here crossed the Jordan, over against Jericho: on its banks, and somewhere within the range of the view, was the scene of the baptism of our Saviour by St. John. Jericho was close at hand, with its vanished groves of palm and balsam, and the rich culture of its fertile plain; but the research of the antiquary has as yet lighted on nothing of importance. The abrupt and perpendicular mountain of Quarantania, the traditional scene of the temptation, rising just above it, forms the western boundary of the plain. Its face is hewn into countless cells, apparently inaccessible, singular relics of the period of ascetic enthusiasm. From near the base of this mountain another stream descends into the plain, whose ancient luxuriance might easily be restored by irrigation. The climate, while it is favourable to the utmost developement of vegetable life, is manifestly enervating both to the body and mind of man.

Arranging our carpets under the trees, with our travelling-bags for pillows, and well wrapped in cloaks to protect us against the heavy dews, we lay down to repose; looking up from time to time into the wide heavens, and rejoicing "at the glorious companionship of the stars," till we fell into that deep sleep that fatigue alone can give. From this we were awakened by the officious haste of our Arab guides, who, with their customary perversity, chose the moment of needful and blessed repose to urge upon us the advantage of reaching Jerusalem before the heat of day. Grumbling, we mounted our horses, while the stars were yet shining with lus-

* Prophecy of Balaam from Pisgah, *Numbers*, xxiv.

Encampment of Israel, and death of Moses, *Deuteronomy*, xxxiv.

trous brilliancy; but got so entangled among thickets and broken ground, that after bestowing on our guides much merited objurgation for their unseasonable haste, we came to a halt, and lay down again till dawn. The sun rose upon us as we ascended the sterile mountains, through which runs the road to Jerusalem, just in time to afford us a parting view of the plain of Jericho; and we pursued our way through this dreary region, the appropriate seat of the parable of the good Samaritan, and from that day famous for its insecurity; indeed, we came upon a caravan of peasants who had crossed part of the plain, one of whom, severely wounded by the Bedouins, was propped up on the back of a camel. Though excessively wild, there is not the least compensation in grandeur of scenery, and we were heartily glad to catch sight at some distance of the crest of the Mount of Olives, and Bethany, hanging like a nest on its eastward slope, and looking out from its dark patch of olives, over the dreary, uncultivated region. After refreshing ourselves at a way-side fountain, probably of very ancient establishment, we climbed past the little village; and, as we came suddenly on the Hill of Offence by the same road as that by which Christ drew near to Jerusalem, the temple wall, and city struck us with an air of imposing grandeur, even in decay; and we could well imagine the splendour it must have assumed to the provincial Jews repairing to the pass-over, when the temple front, rising above its huge protecting wall, reflected, with insufferable gleams, the light of the morning sun.

Winding down the side of the Mount of Olives we crossed the glen of the Kidron, passing the Garden of Gethsemane and the Tomb of the Virgin, and thus reaching St. Stephen's Gate, were impressed with the conviction, that from the very nature of the ground, which admitted of no other practicable

approach, we must nearly have trodden the ancient highway from Jericho and the eastern provinces. Thence by the steep ascent of the Via Dolorosa, we reached again our quarters on Mount Zion.

To ANATA, one hour and three-quarters ; thence to GIBEAH, one hour and a quarter ; to MICHMASH, fifty minutes ; to BETHEL, one hour and a half.

The road from Jerusalem into the district of Samaria and Galilee, keeps as far as possible the high level of the table-land, whence valleys diverge on the W. towards the Mediterranean, and on the E. towards the Valley of the Jordan. Another line, however, nearly parallel, crosses these latter valleys, and though very rugged and difficult, and utterly devoid of picturesque beauty, is preferable, at least to the traveller whose time is not short, and who is interested in viewing a region which witnessed the fierce struggle of the idolatrous tribes with their Jewish invaders.

The identification of the places at the head of this chapter, as well as of many others of higher Biblical interest, is entirely due to the labours of Robinson and Smith, who found their ancient names still in the mouth of the Arab population.

I have dwelt upon the parting view of Jerusalem from the brow of the hill on the road to Anata. No sooner do the domes and towers of the city disappear, than the eye plunges into a wild sea of hills, apparently quite sterile—and following their sides, in about an hour and a half's ride from the city, the little village itself appears, consisting simply of a group of flat-roofed dwellings, with an old tower, and a few olive-trees around them, and scattered down the slopes of the

hill, while afar gleams the valley of the Jordan, sunk deep between the hills of Judea on which we stand, and those of Moab. This is the Anathoth mentioned in Scripture as the birth-place of Jeremiah. Passing through it, there is a deep descent into another valley, and in about forty minutes we reach the village of Hizmeh, and in about the same time the ruinous tower and huts of Jeba, or Gibeah. The position of this place is advantageous, a level corn-covered plateau, defended by ravines. There is nothing about it of the slightest interest beyond its Biblical associations. Shortly after leaving the village we descend an exceedingly steep and rugged ravine, on the further side of which, at some little distance, we see Muk-mas (Michmash) on a bold eminence; a village of the same character as Jeba, and further on the conical hill of Rummon (Rimmon). This appears to be the scene of the adventurous exploit of Jonathan, described in 1 Samuel xxiv., the passage of Michmash. The two rocks mentioned have been identified, or rather suggested by Robinson. This may be fanciful, but the general features of the region strikingly correspond with the scriptural account—fit either for secret ambush or daring assault.

Descending with some difficulty into the depth of this ravine, we crossed through some olive-groves and vineyards, to the height of Michmash, which commands a view over Gibeah and the surrounding tract of stern and rock-ribbed hills. Not far to the right is Rama; and the spot where Deborah the prophetess lived under her palm-tree, was in this wild vicinity. We were received very civilly by the chief of the village, a fine looking mountaineer, who offered his services to guide us to Beitin, (Bethel.) Great complaints were made to us of the extortion of the Turkish petty officers, which often drove the otherwise peaceable tiller of the soil to embrace

the rock for a shelter, and adopt the trade of the robber. But for this and the consequent insecurity that prevails, these hardy peasants of the hilly region of Judea might lead a life of tolerable comfort; as notwithstanding the unpromising look of the district, we found a good deal of corn in the bed of the glens, and on their rock-terraced sides, where the vine and olive flourish; while, from the ages when the patriarchs led their flocks over them, the neighbouring hills have, to use the Scriptural metaphor, “flowed with milk and honey;” and their owners are more than compensated for the ruggedness of their abode, by the salubrity of the air they inhale. There is a look of rural wealth about these villages in the time of harvest, when the corn brought in by camels and asses, lies in rich heaps around, almost burying the little houses; and here, as in the district of Hebron, many a scene of patriarchal times is vividly presented at the present day.

We pursued our way to Beitin, above the edge of a deep rocky valley, whose sides are in some places hewn into tombs, and where a sudden fall of my horse upon a slippery ledge, throwing me over his head, warned me to proceed with greater care. We did not, like Robinson, deviate to visit Taiyibeh, but crossing the valley and passing another village, (Burka,) reached Beitin about noon. On our way, we had everywhere been greeted by the salutations of the peasants, a pleasing circumstance which added to the picture of ancient manners, which was ever before us in this rugged but interesting region. We passed the ruin of the “small square fortress, enclosing a church” on a hill side, mentioned by Robinson, and soon after reached the site, and halted above the large pool, of which but a part of the walls remains. The two springs in the green area of the dry reservoir were surrounded by flocks of sheep and goats, who were receiving their supply; and Arab

maidens, bearing vases of a peculiar form we had not elsewhere seen, and whose costume struck us as remarkably simple and graceful, were passing and repassing from the ruinous village above; while the venerable figure of an old shepherd, seated on a broken pillar, whose robe and beard might have been those of a patriarch himself, completed the picture of a state of life subsisting unchanged for ages, on the same spot, after all the revolutions which it has witnessed.*

The ruins remaining here are unimportant, but indicate, like those we passed on the hill before reaching the reservoir, the former existence of a considerable Christian population. Robinson remarks, indeed, with surprise, that "no allusion to the place as then existing occurs in the historians of the Crusades."

At a short distance from Beitin, the traveller strikes into the highway from Jerusalem to Nabulus, at about fourteen miles from the city.

NEBY SAMWIL.

As the traveller looks from the Mount of Olives over Jerusalem and its surrounding hills, or rather hilly plateau, one isolated eminence, crowned with a ruined mosque, rises prominently from the general level, challenging attention from its singular and prominent form. (See View, p. 100.)

* NOTICES OF BETHEL.

Abraham pitches there	.	.	<i>Genesis</i> , xii.
Returns there from Egypt	.	.	„ xiii.
Jacob builds an altar	.	.	„ XXXV.
Bethel taken by house of Joseph	.	.	<i>Judges</i> , i.
Jeroboam builds an altar	.	.	<i>1 Kings</i> , xiii.
Story of old prophet and lion	.	.	„ xiii.
Elijah and Elisha pass there	.	.	<i>2 Kings</i> , ii.
Finally ruined by idolatry	.	.	<i>Amos</i> , v.

This is the hill of Neby Samwil, about five miles N. of the city, and an excursion to its summit will repay the brief two or three hours it occupies.

Little can be said for the ride for an hour after leaving the Damascus Gate; bleak, stony, and destitute of any kind of interest. On descending into the valley (Wady Beit Hanina) a more pleasing character of scenery succeeds: on the right is the village of Beit Hanina, above, its olive-groves, resting as usual on terraces, and every practicable spot is bright with corn. We missed the direct way, which lies to the left of this little place, and had to make a short circuit under the guidance of a peasant, who conducted us by a pleasanter track than the appearance of the country would have led us to expect, up to the breezy crest of Neby Samwil.

We immediately mounted to the roof of the mosque, to lunch, inhaling with delight the pure bracing air, and looking from our lofty vantage ground, over a district of great interest, specially in connexion with the earlier scenes of Old Testament history.

No station could better have commanded the high plateau on which Jerusalem is situated, with its waving ridges and swells—deep ravines, and crested prominences, almost all occupied by some village of ancient note; of these latter the most striking is the hill of El Jib, or Gibeon,* just below, oval in form, and built up, as it were, picturesquely, with successive layers of limestone; a small village occupies the level on its summit, surrounded by olive-trees and gardens; others are scattered down its side, and at its foot is a small plain, full of corn, occupying the hollow between El Jib and the lofty eminence on which we stood. Other villages were scattered about the wide and irregular expanse, among

* Joshua, ix. and x.—2 Samuel xx. and xxi.

which Rama* (Er Ram) is prominent; and in this direction the view is bounded by the Rock Rimmon and the high pasturages of Bethel; while on the left the view extends over the hills of Bethhoron, which guard Jerusalem on the W., to the plain of the Mediterranean. The scene is striking from its wide expanse, but is totally devoid of any beauty but that of association. Here, in fact, is a considerable portion of that region, the theatre of so many events recorded in the Old Testament, and still, as we should imagine, much in the same condition. The corn-fields were full of reapers; we could see the trains of camels and asses, laden with their wealth, ascending to the hill villages, accompanied by the sheik on horseback, presenting a lively and interesting picture of that early time, when the Jewish nation was engaged in agricultural pursuits, and the venerable figure of some Old Testament seer might be seen seated on his ass, tracing the stony path from village to village.

The building, on the roof of which we sat, was once a Christian church, but has been converted into a mosque, which contains the tomb of Samuel, so reputed by the Turks; a tradition we have already classed with that of the modern sepulchre of David on Mount Zion, with this difference, however, that it is very doubtful, to say the least, if this is the Ramah where the prophet was born and buried. There can be no doubt, however, that Neby Samwil was an important ancient site. As we had left the city without any idea of topographical investigation, rather as a pleasurable excursion, we noticed but slightly what afterwards struck us as some remarkable masonry, as well as inclosures for some purpose hewn in the rock, and which we should imagine to be of high antiquity. Robinson supposes the hill to have been occupied by the ancient Mizpeh.† To enter into his

* Not the Ramah of Samuel.

† 1 Samuel, vii.

arguments without the assistance of his excellent maps would only perplex the reader.

BETHER (BEITIR).

IN the recently published work of Mr. Williams, (The Holy City*) is an account of his visit to the supposed site of the long lost city of *Bether*, where the second insurrection of the Jews under Barcochebas (See chapter on the ancient city and Milman's History of the Jews) was brought to a tragical close. With a Mussulman guide, Mr. W. set off from Jerusalem, "leaving," he says, "the Convent of the Cross and Ain Malakh on the right, and Beit Safâfa and es-She-râfât on the left, I followed the deep Wady Hannieh, until, after passing the fountains of Yalo and Wellager, I found a valley running into it from the left, which comes down from the neighbourhood of Beit Jala. The first feature that attracted my attention, as I approached the spot, was a lofty hill projecting into the valley, which surrounds it on three sides, attached to the modern village by a rocky isthmus. On this hill my guide pointed out Khirbet-el-Yehûd," (the ruins of the Jews). On further examination Mr. W. found traces of a very strong fortified post, a trench being cut through the isthmus, and while engaged in surveying the hill, the sheik of the village, pointing to the high ground above, said, "They shot at them from that hill," a remarkable instance of the preservation of tradition, as he was entirely ignorant as to what people it referred.

The distance is so very trifling to this place from the city, that no traveller should omit to visit it.—A guide appears necessary.

* Page 136.

ACRA—THE TEMPLE AREA.

As the Appendix to this book was passing through the press, (April 20th,) a volume appeared, called "The Holy City," by the Rev. G. Williams, M.A., the avowed object of which is to supersede Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches," so far as relates to the topography of Jerusalem. The purpose of these notes is not to defend the learned Doctor, who will reply far better than we can do to the objections of Mr. Williams; but as some of his views (for others have been questioned in these pages) have been adopted by the writer, not in the spirit of "marvellous subserviency," complained of by Mr. W., but because they appeared well founded, and as, besides, the views of Mr. Catherwood and the deductions of the writer from them are no less called in question, it has been judged advisable to enter into some examination of those it is proposed to substitute in their place.

To defend the genuineness of the site of the Holy Sepulchre is confessedly a principal object of Mr. W.'s work. We have already stated our opinion on this subject, and see no occasion to modify it by anything brought forward by him, because, far from implicitly following Dr. Robinson, we have always ventured to suggest that his topographical arguments against the site, strong as they are, yet appear inconclusive, while he perhaps underrates the traditional evidence in favour of it. So far then we lean to the views of Mr. W. But when this gentleman proceeds to change to such an extent the divisions of the ancient City and Temple, it is right to inquire upon what grounds he is justified in doing so.

According to Mr. W., Dr. Robinson has entirely mistaken the *Acra* of Josephus, as well as the Tyropeon, which is described by him, as well as in these pages, (see Introduction,) as running from the Tower of Hippicus, down the line of the present bazaar, till it falls into a wider and shallow valley, which bisects the city obliquely from the Damascus Gate to the Pool of Siloam, whereas the latter valley is, as Mr. W. thinks, the real Tyropeon.

In affirming this, however, Mr. W. does not attempt to disturb the position of *Hippicus*, and admits that the old or first wall ran eastward from it to the Temple, along the precipitous northern side of Zion, of which, however, there is no trace in his illustrations. Now, nothing at least seems more clear than that this wall enclosed the whole of the Upper City, or hill of Zion, and that the second wall was thrown out afterwards, to include the second quarter, or lower hill of Acra. This is obvious from Josephus, as well as from the ground; as Zion is higher than Acra, a point on which Mr. W. insists, but which his theory appears to contradict. For while he reproaches Dr. R. for making his Acra higher than Zion, by including the higher part of the ridge, he himself places Acra on the high precipitous ground N. of the Temple, scarcely less elevated than Zion itself.

As the two hills of the city are described by Josephus as divided by a ravine so steep that on both sides the streets broke off, Dr. R. probably sought for something answering to this on the northern boundary of Zion, where even now the steepness is most remarkable, and was induced to fix on the hollow beneath as the real Tyropeon. According to Mr. Williams, there is really no valley here at all. But while we admit with him that the streets running N. and S. across Acra, are nearly or quite level, still it is equally true, that taking the line from the Church of the Sepulchre obliquely down to the Jews' Wailing Place, there is a palpable descent, though certainly not answering in abruptness to the opposite cliff

of Zion. If the broad valley, which Mr. W. would substitute for this, is the real Tyropeon, the inference is obvious and undeniable, that as it divided the two hills of the city, the whole space now covered by the buildings of the Holy Sepulchre, &c., down to its northern edge, must properly be included in Zion itself, while Aera, or the lower city, is transplanted to the high rocky ground of Bezetha, which, as already remarked, is nearly as high as Zion. Thus, we must still feel compelled to regard Aera as at any rate including the lower hill, under Zion, sloping down towards the Temple, as well of course as the valley below, which may have been partly levelled, though the exact extent and boundaries of this quarter of the city are doubtful.

With regard to the position of the gate Gennath, Mr. W., in order to make a corner for the Church of the Sepulchre, brings it *below* the three towers, inclosing Herod's palace, half-way down to the Temple; denying that it *could* have been near Hippicus, as the road through it must have passed by the palace: but while he thus maintains the privacy of the inmates, he is certainly not studying their convenience; for instead of affording them a level communication with the high ground without, such as now exists at the Jaffa Gate, he obliges them to *descend* and *reascend* a considerable declivity. It is incredible that such can ever have been the case. Mr. W.'s allegation of "absurdity" against Dr. R. and others is unfounded, when he accuses them of placing the gate in question *on the brink of a precipice*, since, in fact, they place it near Hippicus, just on the level verge of the declivity of the upper city.

The idea that the Tyropeon, as the great natural division of the two quarters of the city, may be identical with the broad valley, before spoken of, running from the Damascus Gate, perhaps requires some further consideration; but, as before stated, if it is admitted to be true, we must then define this valley as separating, *not* Zion and Aera, so much as Zion and Moriah.

The theory of Mr. Williams, on the TEMPLE AREA, is in exact contradiction to that adopted in this book, as instead of reducing the oblong form of the existing enclosure to a square, by cutting off its *northern* portion, Mr. W. prefers taking off the *southern* side; considering the whole of the subterranean vaults, and fragment of the bridge, solely as foundations laid by Justinian to support his church, now the Mosque el-Aksa; while he regards the gateway which leads through them up into the area, simply as an approach to that structure.

Mr. W. appears to be aware of the difficulties that beset this favourite theory, though it may be doubted if he fully appreciates them. In his historical introduction he says, "nor is it improbable that the large stones at the exterior of the eastern wall (he says nothing of the western) of the inclosure above the valley of Jehoshaphat, noticed by all travellers, form part of one of those stupendous foundations mentioned with so much admiration by the Jewish historian." Thus, with Dr. R., he attributes even perhaps a Solomonic origin to this remarkable masonry. But as one of its most striking portions, *viz.*, that at the precipitous S. E. angle (see views,) projects further to the south than his imaginary southern extremity of the Temple wall requires, he is of course obliged to give some explanation of its existence. It cannot, he says, be the *Temple* wall, therefore it must be part of the *city* wall, which ran up to the eastern cloister of the *Temple*, and (as he conjectures) made a bend just at this point. Now, not to mention what will be obvious to every one, that there is not the slightest trace of any such termination of the *Temple* wall proper, and the commencement of the *city* wall, as is here assumed, but on the contrary, that the whole line of masonry is level and unbroken from the N. E. to the S. E. corner, what are we to do with the *corresponding masonry* at the S. W. corner, which surely is not also the city wall? This, however, we are not informed of; nay, the existence of such masonry there is not even hinted at. The inconsistency increases as we advance from this S. W. angle along the wall to the Place

of Wailing, for this Mr. W. includes within his southern boundary of the Temple, admitting, as indeed he needs must, that the wall at this spot is Jewish. But is it not evident to demonstration, that if this be so, all the rest as far as the S. W. angle must so too, since the masonry is the same? How can the N. E. angle of the area be that of the ancient *Temple* wall, the corresponding S. E. the angle of the *city* wall; the masonry at the Jews' Wailing-Place, again, part of the *Temple* wall; while the remaining portion of the *same* masonry, at the S. W. angle, is of the time of Justinian? It is clear that we are in this dilemma—if the fragment of the wall at the Place of Wailing is of Jewish origin, so is the remaining portion, as far as the S. W. corner, including the bridge; but if this latter be a Byzantine arch, then must the wall it mitres into be also Byzantine, and as a matter of course, the Wailing Place too. Whichever alternative is adopted is fatal to the theory; and that one or the other is really involved is evident, as, in order to dispose of Dr. Robinson's bridge, and puzzled at the projecting fragment of it, after describing what he considers Justinian's vaults, Mr. W. proceeds to join another range of them at the western extremity, in order to bring in the ruined arch, and says, beside, "that he is borne out in so doing by Mr. Catherwood and his brother architects!" But, to say nothing of the contradiction cited, we will venture to affirm, that those gentlemen would at once assure Mr. W. of the architectural impossibility of what he here supposes. They would first call his attention to the fact, so strangely overlooked, that the same masonry runs all along the W. wall of the Haram, forming a positive enclosure to the interior vaults, and that it must have been pulled down before an additional arcade could have been joined to those within. They would next also show him that the arch is mitred into the ancient masonry, which he, himself, if he reasons from his own premises, *must* admit to be Jewish. Finally, they would observe, that this arch is of a far more massive character than those within, and that its solitary apparition here is, unless it be part of a bridge, or some mode of communication, absolutely inexplicable.

To turn next to the vaults and gateways. The gate under the el-Aksa Mr. W. entered, and his description corroborates that of Mr. Catherwood, who considers it of the same date as the Golden, from the striking conformity of architectural style; yet Mr. W. attributes the latter gate to Agrippa—the former to Justinian. We are bound to say, that his observation as to the interior of the Golden Gate, "that we can but conjecture what it would be if the (Saracenic) masonry were removed," is in glaring contradiction both to Mr. C.'s words, and to the very clear drawing of it he inserts. (See p. 158-9.) It may well excite our surprise that one of these gates, so similar in style, should have belonged to the ancient Temple, while the other is attributed (to fit the rest of the theory) to Justinian, both because Josephus mentions a gate, on the S. side of the area, to communicate with Ophel and the Tyropeon, to which this answers well enough, and also because this magnificent gate, if built by Justinian, must, if we mistake not, have led in his day without the walls, far from any highway, and have been useless as an entry from the interior of the city, for which alone we can suppose it would have been erected.

For the various reasons adduced, and many others might be stated, the reader will be able to judge how far Mr. W.'s theory is admissible, and what singular contradictions it involves. But the whole subject is obscure, and every hypothesis that seeks to explain it is open to some difficulty. Perhaps, after all, the suggestion, that the masonry round the area, the vaults, bridge, and gateways, are all to be attributed to Herod, may not be the least probable. We have seen that the *arch* can hardly be referred to the Solomonic period, but is of later date; neither is it probable that at the second building of the Temple, its works presented the same magnificence as they subsequently assumed. We cannot but think that not only the Temple, but also the cloisters and walls were restored by Herod, in a style of superior and uniform splendour, and that

the bridge might have then been constructed, to add both to its magnificence, and to the convenience of the approach from Zion. This, indeed, seems plainly involved in Josephus's account of Herod's operations, which were continued for the space of nine years. "Accordingly, in the fifteenth year of his reign, Herod rebuilt the Temple, and encompassed a piece of land about it with a wall, *which land was twice as large as that before enclosed*. The expences he laid out upon it were vastly large also, and the riches about it were unspeakable. A sign of which you have in the *great cloisters* that were erected about the Temple, and the citadel which was on its north side. *The cloisters he built from the foundation*, but the citadel he repaired at a vast expense, nor was it other than a royal palace, which he called Antonia, in honour of Antony." It is very improbable he would have thus rebuilt the cloisters without also rebuilding the walls on which they must have rested. Perhaps, though working on the old foundations, he might have extended the area of the Temple itself; built up vaults, and constructed the gateways. At any rate these works must be referred to a period later, we think, than Dr. Robinson supposes, but still anterior to the destruction of Jerusalem. The ruinous vaults may have been built up again by Justinian to support his church. Perhaps the old city wall may have terminated against the Temple cloister *by this arch*, in order to admit of a passage through it: but this appears less probable than the existence of a bridge. Mr. W. is strongly persuaded of the contrary, because it would have landed near the base of the opposite cliff of Zion. But is not this precisely the best object for its construction, viz.: a near and direct communication with the upper city?

The view taken by Mr. W. of the position of Fort Antonia, so far from corroborating the rest of his theory, appears to be *decisive* against it. It appears from Josephus that this fortress stood on a rock at the N. W. angle of the Temple courts, and that its buildings were so included within the Temple area, as that while the Temple court itself was square, the whole enclosure, including the Fort, was oblong; and a remark is subsequently made, that the Jews, by destroying the Antonia, rendered their Temple *four-square*, which precisely corresponds with this previous definition. Mr. W.'s theory brings the northern wall of the temple up to the rock on which the Fort obviously stood, and thus, by leaving no space whatever between that building and the northern cloister, is in flat contradiction with Josephus, who represents it as considerable. Mr. W. labours to avoid this dilemma, by throwing out an imaginary Antonia, far to the N. W., but this does not get rid of the difficulty, because the rock is unfortunately in the way. For, if the Temple wall rested *on* the rock, how or where could there have been any space between that and the Fort? and if it ran just *under* it, how could Titus have had any difficulty in forcing it? Thus, whether we regard the southern or northern boundary of the Haram, and compare it with the Ancient Temple as described by Josephus, we find it equally to contradict the theory laid down by Mr. Williams.

While we are thus compelled to differ from Mr. W. on what he justly deems these important points, we cannot but point out that his chapter on the remarkable *SUBTERRANEAN CISTERNS AND AQUEDUCTS* is highly interesting, and advances a step towards the solution of this curious subject of inquiry. It seems impossible to doubt that there has always existed a copious supply beneath the Haram, in chambers hollowed in the rock of Moriah, and communicating by channels with wells in other parts of the city. One of these was partly explored by Mr. Woolcot, an American missionary, of whose descent there is a most thrilling account, and it seems beyond question, that it was supplied from thence. We cannot help thinking it most probable that the supply is partly from a natural spring there; but Mr. Williams proposes another theory, which we quote, "to recapitulate very briefly, the upper spring of Gihon had once its issue on the north side of the city, not far from the Tombs of the Kings. Its water was originally received into a pool, called the Serpent's Pool, out of

which it flowed, probably, down the valley of Jehoshaphat. In order to divert it from the uses of the enemy, and make it available to his own people in case of siege, Hezekiah stopped the upper fountain, and brought the water of the upper pool, by an aqueduct, down the valley, which bisected the city, as far as the Temple, where it supplied the reservoirs, prepared by himself or former kings, and then flowed off by an old channel to the Fountain of the Virgin, and was continued through a new bore to the pool of Siloam, otherwise, called the 'Lower Pool,' and 'King's Pool,' being in fact the veritable Pool of Hezekiah."

Considering the importance of these subterranean works for the supply of the city, we should rather be disposed to attribute them, at least in part, to an earlier period; but the mystery of their connexion and origin cannot fully be solved without further excavations.

The work contains an historical account of the city, and much information as to the different sects in Palestine, both coloured of course by the peculiar views of the writer. There is also a Journal by the Rev. J. Rowlands, describing his discovery of Beersheba, Kadesh, the well La-hai-roi, and the "House of Hagar," in the wilderness, which will be perused with deep interest.

ROUTES, ARRANGEMENTS, BOOKS, &c.

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